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CHRYSLER cars—"52," "62," "72" and Imperial "80"—are designed and built for people who want that extra something which makes all the difference between value and performance that are merely satisfactory and value and performance that are truly distinctive.

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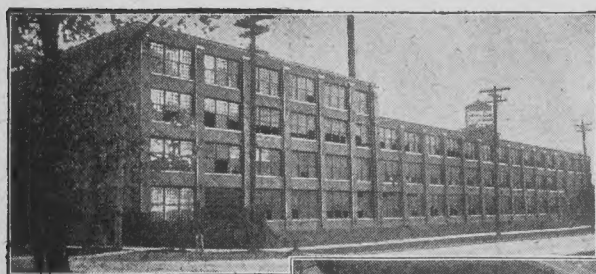
cares—alluring smartness of line and color.

You will find these qualities vividly outstanding in every Chrysler—inbuilt and inevitable because of the unique Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality manufacture.

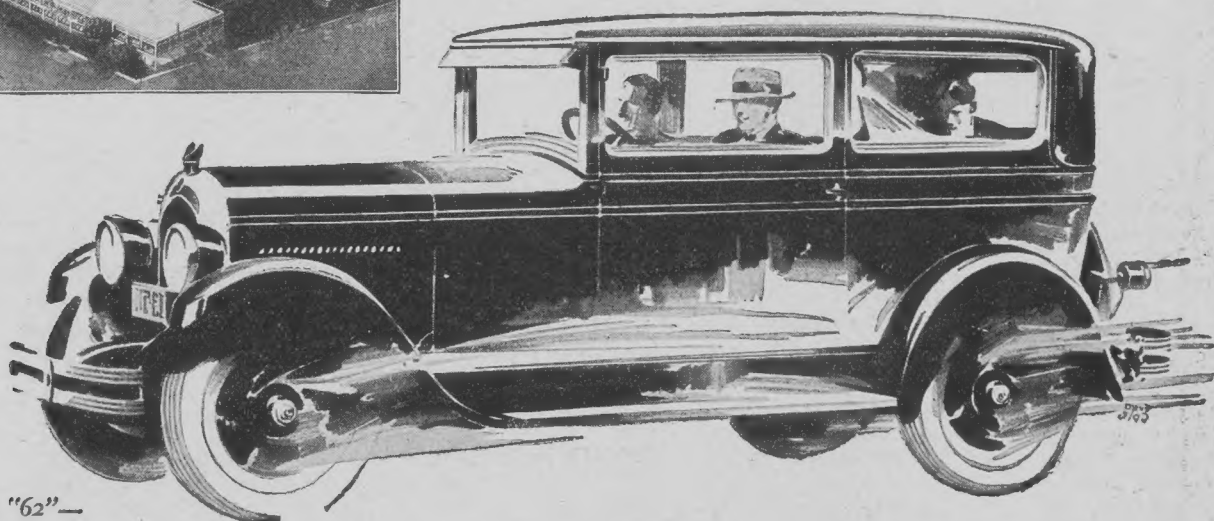
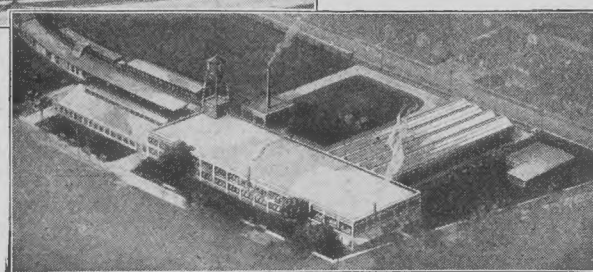
Through Standardized Quality each Chrysler clearly is the beneficiary of all the pioneering in design, precision in manufacturing and vast resources concentrated in the development and building of all other Chrysler models. Through it, Chrysler applies refinements required by its cars of top price to those in lower price ranges.

That the public has been quick to grasp the significance of its benefits is best evidenced by the sweeping acceptance which, in three years, has brought about the amazing increase of 491 per cent in production of the Canadian-built Chrysler.

Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario
Walter P. Chrysler, Chairman of the Board

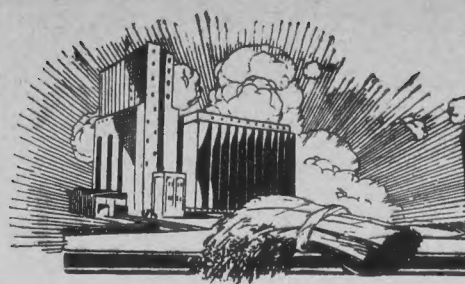


Today the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, operates two plants at Windsor, Ontario—(1) the chassis manufacturing plant shown at right and (2) the body building plant above.

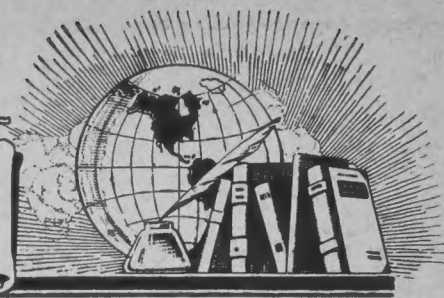


GREAT NEW CHRYSLER "62"—
2-door Sedan (illustrated), \$1500.

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EDITORIAL



National Greatness

IT DOES Canadians no harm to call to mind from time to time the greatness of their heritage and the boundless possibilities that are open to those who are willing to labor and to wait.

The volume of foreign trade is fifth among the nations of the world and yet Canada has but ten million people. This year the field crops will be over a billion dollars, dairy products will be three hundred million, forest products will be five hundred million. Canada has practically a monopoly in production of nickel and asbestos, and although she now stands third in production of gold and silver, no one can be certain that she will not soon stand first after the Laurentian shield has been thoroughly explored.

These facts, and the promise of development that is implied in stating them, has led to recent investments in the country. From the United States alone have come three billion dollars. Not only wealth but people are steadily flowing into the country. Optimism is the prevailing spirit, and it is based on the recognition of realities that cannot be denied. Canada is a great country; she has grown from childhood to strong manhood in fifty years; and the rate of expansion promises to be even greater during the next half-century than the last.

True, she must become a manufacturing country as well as a producer of raw materials, but in this she is to be guided by wisdom. She cannot manufacture everything, and she dare not manufacture unless there is sale for her wares. She is not in the centre of world production—that is, the population likely to buy manufactured products—and the cost of transportation is great. So there is risk. Fortunately power is cheap—the cheapest in the world, and there is raw material in abundance—minerals, wood, furs, wool, and a thousand other products that might be listed. Yet growth must be in many lines simultaneously—population, production of raw materials, manufacture, transportation facilities, development of water power. To rush one ahead of the others is to court disaster.

There are difficulties to be overcome. Canada is forced to buy much that she cannot yet produce and which she will never be able to produce. She imports chiefly from the United States and the Mother Land. With the former it is a somewhat one-sided transaction, since imports exceed exports by over two hundred million dollars a year. The United States tariff is gradually compelling Canadians to seek exchange with the Mother Land and other countries, just as an unduly high Canadian tariff would drive away customers from our markets. By-and-by the world will see that the imposition of high tariff is ruinous. "There is a way that seemeth right to a man but the end thereof is death."

Canadians cannot say a word with regard to the tariff imposed by the United States on goods going into that country, but they sometimes marvel that a great country will deliberately strive to curtail exchange with her nearest and best neighbor. That is just what it amounts to.

The Conservative Convention

AS a political gathering, the Conservative Convention held in Winnipeg, established a new Canadian record, not only as to numbers present but as to organization, enthusiasm and dispatch of business. Naturally the interest centred in the resolutions adopted, and in the election of a president, who is to all intents and purposes the dictator for the party.

The choice of Mr. Bennett is a very happy one. He has no domestic ties to hamper his movements; poverty does not restrain his efforts, for he is a man of great wealth; he is intelligent, cultured, possesses great ability as a public speaker, is an acknowledge authority in law and finance, and he has had parliamentary experience in provincial legislatures and at Ottawa. Those who know him personally say that he has a fine charm of manner,

becoming to one in his position. Others say that he has been so closely tied up to the great corporations that his sympathies are not with people of little means. Naturally when he was working with the money-kings his interests were there, but now that he is the servant of the people, to use his own phrasing, his interests must of necessity broaden. This will be no effort, for he is a man with democratic leanings, as is shown in his speaking and his general demeanor. It is particularly gratifying to the West to have a Western man in the position.

Turning now to the resolutions: the first thing that is observable is the vagueness of those that touch on disputable points. They lend themselves to several interpretations. They are such as would delight a lawyer's heart. One who reads them carelessly, giving the meaning that lies on the surface, will say at once that they are just such as Canadians generally will approve. Indeed, they might have been penned by Liberals or Progressives. They lack punch and precision. Maybe this is unavoidable in resolutions, yet one would like to see, for example, how the difficulties shadowed in the resolution on the tariff are to be solved. The whole trouble in this case is that there are conflicting interests, and the Convention hopes to solve the problems by appointing a commission representing our three great industries—agriculture, labor, manufacture. That is not how the great party dealt with the question when the National Policy was first inaugurated. Maybe it is a much better way.

Other resolutions are not vague, but are rather colorless. Everybody will agree with them in the main. This can be said with regard to the resolutions concerning the Hudson Bay Railway, the fuel policy, forest protection, railway transportation, agriculture, mining, fishing. There are, however, three or four points on which people will differ, but strange to say these are not party, but sectional issues. This applies to the resolutions touching immigration, national resources, the St. Lawrence project, the freight rates. It is to the credit of the party that even on these issues there was a give and take which was on the whole commendable. There are, unfortunately, evidences that some of the provinces seem to wish to curtail the liberties of others in what are purely provincial matters, but here time may be trusted to bring proper understanding. Yet on such a matter as Oriental immigration British Columbia must not imagine that other provinces are attempting to ignore her protestations. This is not in reality a provincial problem, though British Columbia has to suffer what she considers to be a misfortune. It is a national problem and Sir George Foster clearly was within his rights in treating it as such. His advice may not be sound as to the treatment of Orientals, but the grounds of exclusion must be set forth by the Dominion and not dictated by a province.

On the whole the Conservative Convention was a great success. There was no great speaking, not even one masterly speech, but there was good sense displayed, great wisdom shown in debate and the little conflict of demi-gods will soon be forgotten. The most pleasing feature of all was that the influence of Western opinion was so apparent in everything.

The Dollar in Your Pocket

"THE problems of commerce, transportation and finance are all intertwined," says Sir Henry Thornton, the head of the Canadian National Railways. They are. And they are the fundamental economic problems. Primitive men began by bartering. Then they used tokens of value. Now we use coins, but mostly bits of paper. The history of the change which separates modern man from the cave man, the whole story of the development of trading, carrying, saving and spending, the working of an immensely complicated system which is world-wide—all this is summed up in the dollar in your pocket.

The Future of the West

SHOULD a person ask a Westerner what we need today to ensure his country's greatness, he would likely receive one of two answers, according as the speaker had in his mind the thought of immediate prosperity or permanent development.

Were he thinking of immediate prosperity he would say that we require men and money, as both are necessary to till the land, to open the mines, to make use of the forest growth, to develop the fisheries, to build towns and cities, to set up factories, to open up means of transportation. Were he thinking of permanent development he might use all these phrases and yet he would be careful to add that the men must be of the right type and the conditions of living endurable.

We can all think of countries that have failed because there was something lacking in their manhood, and we can name others that have grown and then decayed because human relationships have been such as to invite disaster. When people remain ignorant or choose to be lazy or to live in luxury there is only one end—they cease to be. When there is tyranny in any form—the despotism of a sovereign, a titled aristocracy, a plutocracy, a union of employers or of workers, there will certainly be bitterness, misunderstanding, conflict and ultimate ruin.

Western Canada requires wealth, but it will choose to do without it, if it means that the resources of the country are to be developed for the benefit of the few and at the expense of the many. It requires men, but only such as give their first loyalty to the land of their adoption. They must have the intellectual and moral qualities that will make them worthy of Canadian citizenship.

Given men and money, there are certain conditions to be observed if success is to be attained. First of all a conscious effort must be put forth to develop qualities of mind and heart that are commendable and enduring. Towards this end there should be encouragement of education in all its forms. There must also be a ready recognition that every educational agency may be a curse as well as a blessing. It is not enough to open libraries, to conduct schools, to encourage amusement halls, to increase the circulation of newspapers. Every force has negative as well as positive possibilities. When we urge support of education it is therefore understood that it must be such education as promotes intelligence, morality, and good citizenship generally.

We cannot spend too much upon those things that really educate, nor too little upon those that degrade. The building of roads and bridges, of railways and factories, is as nothing compared with the building of character. A nation's greatness depends ultimately upon the qualities that are found in its manhood and womanhood. There are nations today glorying in their wealth and power that had better take a second thought. Self-sufficiency, parade of wealth, dissipation and luxurious display are the forerunners of ruin. Western Canada can well afford to seek greatness of another type—a greatness that will ensure the observance or right social, political and industrial relationships. Where the hearts of the people are established in justice and friendliness, business will prosper, civic righteousness will be practised, and social inequalities will disappear.

The Best Season of Life

COMMENTING on the statement made by Dr. Charles Mayo that science can add ten years to human life, the Manitoba Free Press says that in this age probably most people would want the extension in the form of ten years more of youth. That may be. But surely the season of life in which happiness is most fully within reach of us mortals is not youth but middle age, in which, looking back on the storm and stress of our youth and the deep agitations we then suffered, we have the full capacity to enjoy and are able to understand our experiences and make the most of them.

One day we were talking about the effect of health on beauty

.. then I learned this
"Thrice-a-day" Secret.



TWO of my girl friends were a constant source of wonder to me. They went everywhere, did everything, yet never seemed tired or dull. Their boundless energy amazed me so that one day I spoke of it.

Joan told me that it was no secret—just good health preserved by eating the right corrective food—Fleischmann's Yeast.

The beauty of clear healthiness

The clearing of the digestive system is greatly stimulated by the millions upon millions of tiny living plants that are in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast. Your tired feeling vanishes. Your appetite improves. Your skin clears and your complexion acquires fresh beauty.

Thousands of healthy Canadians are eating Fleischmann's Yeast as a corrective health food. It will aid you, too. Start eating it today. You can get it, always fresh, at your grocer's.



FOR TWENTY YEARS I had been a martyr to sick headaches and constipation. I tried different doctors and all kinds of medicines but got very little relief. One day a friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast cakes, I readily accepted it as a possible means of escape. The effect seems miraculous at the end of three months, taking two yeast cakes a day, I have had only one bad headache and the constipation is a thing of the past. I am still taking one cake a day and shall continue to do so. All my friends are remarking how well I am looking. My complexion is clearer and I feel and look ten years younger. I give all credit to the little yeast cake, which in my estimation cannot be praised too highly.

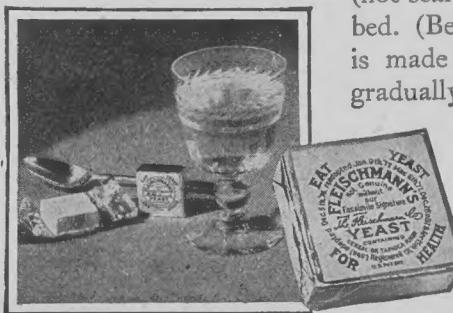
MRS. F. W. TAPPEN, Halifax, N. S.

A daily health habit

You would admit at once that keeping clean is an essential health habit. It is just as essential to keep clean internally, through the purifying of the intestinal tract. Regularly eating Fleischmann's Yeast helps you to achieve this healthy condition.

A new easy way to keep well

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain or



I GREATLY ENJOY SOCIAL activities, go out a great deal, especially in the winter months, and the result was a year ago this spring I found myself quite run-down due to continuous wear on my strength. I became nervous and lacking in pep and even lost interest in going out. When I found myself even getting impatient with the children, I thought it was high time to turn my attention to my physical welfare. I had heard a number of people recommend Fleischmann's Yeast and was told it was very good as a tonic and health-builder. I started taking one cake in the morning and one in the evening. After taking it a short while and not noticing any great improvement I discontinued it. Later I became convinced I had not given yeast a fair trial and started again taking it this time with great regularity. At the end of three months I felt so much better and looked so much better that everyone commented on my improvement. I find Fleischmann's Yeast is certainly wonderful as a health-builder.

MRS. W. CLARK, Hamilton, Ont.

salted in small pieces or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation, physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health—Health Research Department, MC-117 The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe Street, Toronto, Canada.

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada.

THRICE-A-DAY BRINGS HEALTH TO STAY



I AM A PHOTOGRAPHER and Fleischmann's Yeast has been a wonderful thing for me during the past year. I was suffering from a very bad case of boils and general run-down condition. A friend of mine recommended Fleischmann's Yeast and I have taken it three times a day for the past five months and as a result my complexion has cleared up and I have not been troubled with boils since. I send you this letter because I want to pass on the good suggestion to all who may be afflicted with boils.

H. C. IRVINE, Montreal, P. Q.

The Truant Soul



"Who's running this business?" shouted Lancaster, striding toward her

"LET him see I wouldn't stand for any language like that, and I reckon he understood, even if I didn't have to say much," remarked the dark-haired girl to Joan Wentworth. "It doesn't seem to have occurred to Doctor Lancaster yet that a nurse is a human being under her uniform."

"If he'd treat us half as nicely as he treats some of his lady friends," she added, in a suggestive tone that changed into an accentuation of ordinary speech under Joan's discouraging look. "I've seen him driving them round town nights in his auto, and I've never seen the same one twice. I guess he takes it out on us when they've been mean to him."

Joan did not answer her. She was watching the head surgeon as he came into the operating theatre. At his entrance the general buzz of conversation ceased, as if the outpouring of words had been cut off with a knife. The students on the benches settled themselves in their places and craned their heads forward intently. The two assistant surgeons, Ivers and MacPherson, assumed attitudes of constraint, for everybody was constrained in Lancaster's presence. The orderly, who had been peering through the crack of the swinging door into the anesthetic room, where the head nurse was holding the patient's wrist and watching the face beneath the mask intently, straightened himself and stood up in military fashion. Only the visiting doctors seemed at their ease as they advanced to shake hands with John Lancaster.

They had come from several neighboring cities, drawn by the news that Lancaster was to perform his famous operation of arterial excision, which was just then the subject of discussion in the medical press. Plenty of surgeons had tried to remove a section of one of the larger blood vessels, but only Lancaster had succeeded in bringing down the mortality to 15 per cent.

Lancaster was something of a mystery both to his colleagues and to the nursing staff. The Lancaster fund supported the Southern hospital, and John Lancaster was firmly established at the head of the institution. The board of guardians, which existed according to the terms laid down in his father's will, had apparently only an advisory capacity, and it was supple and plastic in Lancaster's hands. And John Lancaster was more feared and admired than any doctor in the country.

By Victor Rousseau

Author of "Wooden Spoil," "The Big Muskeg," Etc.

Illustrated by J. Clymer

Feared by most for his tyranny, admired by a very few on account of his extraordinary skill, he seemed to have a dual personality. The man whose fast life was the scandal of the conservative little southern seaport, who was ostracized by the better families, whose infrequent appearances in the hospital were usually the occasion for injustice, storms and dismissals, changed in the operating theatre to a man whose gentleness and humility and skill made him adored for the time by all who came into contact with him. But it was only rarely that a case occurred that required his attention.

On such occasions his manner was in itself remarkable. He would slip stealthily into his private room, dress there, and emerge masked like a mummy to perform his miracle almost in silence, and afterward to make his escape in a way suggestive of his having performed some shameful action.

So much Joan Wentworth had heard. Naturally she watched his entrance on this, her first day of surgical work, with absorbed interest. But Lancaster came in unmasked, and Joan could discern nothing humble or secretive in the self-satisfied face or the brisk manner in which he greeted the visiting surgeons.

He looked a man of seven or eight and thirty, and he bore his years heavily. The eyes were lined and a little sunken; the features, which Joan had seen only a few times during her eighteen months of work at the hospital, exercised, as they had always done, a rather repellent effect upon the girl. The face was eminently cruel and hard. Nevertheless the man obviously dominated the assembly.

He dominated her. She was much more afraid of some nervous relapse in Lancaster's presence than of seeing the use of the knife. The hissing of the steam tank, the nervous movements of the spectators upon the benches, whose heads seemed to swing with a uniform and rhythmical motion, the deepening sense of constraint, acted upon her with a sort of hypnotic effect not lessened by Lancaster's decisive manner.

She pulled the tray of instruments out of the boiling water and set it down upon the table, by the side of the bichloride solution. Lancaster, who had been pulling on his rubber gloves, came to her side and plunged both hands into the antiseptic fluid. There was a look of self-conscious satisfaction upon

his face, and Joan thought that every gesture and each movement was designed to impress the visitors. Presently she became sure of it. The man was acting. A feeling of disgust came over her.

Lancaster cast a quick glance at Joan.

"New nurse?" he asked.

"My first morning of surgical work, Doctor Lancaster," she answered.

He grunted in a contemptuous sort of way. Joan flushed to the hair. He turned to the other girl.

"You there!" he shouted. "Look alive with those sponges!" And he cast a quick glance toward the visitors, as if to see whether they appreciated his harshness.

A look of chagrin came over the dark-haired girl's face, but she ran to obey and dropped the wet sponges into the bichloride with shaking fingers. At the same moment the swing door opened and the stretcher with the patient appeared, wheeled by the orderly. Behind it walked the head nurse, still maintaining her crouching attitude as she moved. The stretcher stopped inside the theatre, and the head nurse and orderly lifted the man who lay upon it on the glass table.

He mumbled and tried to raise himself. The nurse put her hands about his shoulders, pressing them down, while the orderly held the body, protesting against the indignity about to be offered to it, to which it had emphatically not consented, whatever arrangement had been decreed by the brain. Lancaster's harsh voice boomed through the theatre: "That's no way to bring a patient here, Miss Symons! Deep anesthesia!"

The head nurse lifted her face for an instant. "There's a history of nephritis, Doctor Lancaster," she said. "The pulse is 150, and Doctor MacPherson said—"

"Who's running this business?" shouted Lancaster, striding toward her; and Joan was sure that he looked out of the corner of his eye toward the visitors.

He snatched the green ether bottle out of the nurse's hand and poured a quantity of the fluid

upon the mask. The struggle ceased, the man sighed deeply, and his limbs relaxed. The nauseating stench of the ether fumes made Joan's head reel. It seemed to fill the theatre. Miss Symons, but displaying no resentment, took the bottle from Lancaster's hand and resumed her position, holding the patient's wrist and peering into his face, the green bottle upraised.

The girl who was in charge of the sponges whispered bitterly to her:

"He doesn't know how to treat a woman—not a lady. He isn't our kind. My! He must have been on a terrible racket last night! He can't keep up that gait much longer unless he gives up his work here."

Joan ignored her; she had concentrated all her attention upon Lancaster's probable demands; she was resolved not to be found wanting. It was said that Lancaster was absolutely merciless and had ruined many a girl's career by refusing to allow her to complete her graduating course. He was tyrannical, overlooked nothing, and never appreciated good work. Rumor went that when a certain nurse had once handed him benzine instead of alcohol he had taken her by the shoulders and run her bodily out of the hospital, forbidding her to show her face there again.

"He can't last long if he leads that sort of life," the dark-haired girl repeated. "You'd think he'd be old enough to have learned how to pretend to be a gentleman even if he isn't one."

Joan shook her off mentally as one chases away a persistent fly. For the tenth time she counted the instruments in the tray. Lancaster picked up a scalpel, and MacPherson and Ivers took up their positions, one on either side of him. The operation was beginning.

The visiting surgeons watched with an occasional whispered remark. The assistants already were snapping the little forceps upon the ends of the divided arteries. Lancaster issued his commands from time to time, without looking back:

"Sponges!"

"One—two," whispered the dark-haired girl.

"Three—four—five—"

"Bistoury. Scissors. Dilator. Number four Simms."

Joan never faltered. She felt easier in her mind, her quick hands found the instruments in the tray the moment Lancaster demanded them. Meanwhile the dark-haired girl never ceased counting the sponges:

"Six—seven—eight—nine—"

Suddenly Lancaster stopped, wheeled and turned fiercely upon her. "For God's sake, stop that chatter!" he cried.

The girl let a sponge fall, snatched it up, and shot an apprehensive glance at him. Joan saw that she was losing her nerve in spite of her brave talk of a few minutes before. It was the critical time of a very dangerous and difficult process. She tried to pull herself together.

Yet, without looking up, she realized that a sense of general apprehension had stolen through the operating theatre. The nurse at the head of the table, looking like a veiled Vestal, had not shifted her position since the beginning of the operation, except that from time to time her hand shifted slightly as she let one or two drops of ether fall upon the mask. MacPherson and Ivers stirred busily, their heads bent level with their chief's as they moved to and fro at their work. The patient began to mutter. Then a hand, upraised in weak protest, struck a clamp from Ivers' fingers. It rattled upon the floor.

"Keep him quiet, Miss Symons, confound you!" shouted Lancaster.

"Doctor Lancaster, the pulse—" she began. But, after a quick glance at the head surgeon, she shrugged her shoulders, tilted the bottle, and deliberately poured out nearly all the ether remaining in it. The renewed stench of the anesthetic filled the room. Joan saw the benches swing, the craning faces seemed to become multiplied; Lancaster and the two assistants, the visiting surgeons were tiny gnomes, an immense distance away, surrounding a tiny table on which a doll-like figure lay extended. She tried to bring them back into focus, but could not; and, what was worse, she felt that she had

lost her nurse's sense of divining the surgeon's requirements before he gave expression to them.

The feeling of suspense was growing. Something was wrong, and although nothing had been said, even the students on the top row of benches farthest from the table were aware of it. The assistant doctors appeared as busy as ever, and yet they seemed at a loss, and once or twice looked up at Lancaster as if his technic was puzzling them. Joan saw two of the visiting surgeons exchange brief glances, one with inquiry, the other, answering, with uplifted eyebrows. Once Lancaster stopped; he resumed his work, stopped again, and stood staring at his work. Then he wheeled round upon Joan, the upper part of his body seeming to move upon a pivot, while his lower limbs remained stationary.

"The scalpel—quick!" he cried.

Joan started and stretched out her hands toward the tray, which gleamed afar off, elusively through a black cloud.

"The one I handed you. Don't stare at me like a fool."

Joan bent over the tray, putting out one hand to the table to support herself. She was conscious that everything was suspended and that everyone was watching her. In the interminable interval she heard the patient's gasping sighs, as if he was breathing the last wisps of life away.

She fingered the instruments in the tray feebly and nervelessly, and her hands seemed numbed and useless. Her fingers closed on something and brought it out. Then Lancaster's hand closed over hers, tore it away, and flung it back with a splash. Joan's hand dropped to her side, paralyzed by the painful pressure. The next instant Lancaster had the scalpel and whirled swiftly back toward the table, upsetting the bichloride, which lapped over the patient's feet.

THE moments went by like hours. At last Joan became aware, through the sudden unraveling of the suspense, that the crux of the operation was over. Her head grew clear again. She saw the assistant surgeons unfastening the artery clamps. The head nurse rose to her feet, not looking at the patient. Joan realized that she was crying, and her strong, epicene face looked grotesque in grief. The orderly came up, and together they placed the patient on the stretcher. And suddenly Joan knew that the man was dead.

As the stretcher was wheeled out of the theatre Lancaster turned toward his visitors.

"A very successful piece of work," he said. "It's a pity the poor fellow will never know how much I have done for him."

Joan felt the visiting surgeons' disgust at the execrable jest. Lancaster seemed to sense it, too.

"Unfortunately," he continued, "the best of surgeons is not proof against the stupidity of a nurse."

And he turned upon Joan fiercely. "What is your name?" he demanded.

"Miss Wentworth, Doctor Lancaster."

"Well, you're no use here. You're wasting your time. You've killed a man this morning," he bellowed. "If I can't have women about me with rational heads on their shoulders I'll get a gang of Chinese chop-suey men. Get out and earn your living as a stenographer or saleslady. That's all your talents are fit for, Miss Wentworth!"

Joan looked at him in amazement. At his first words, at his tone, she had felt the shock of anger in her heart gather itself and leap to meet his own. But his rage frightened her, her head ached, and she was sick from the fumes which still penetrated the theatre. She tried to answer him, but could not utter a word and broke into tears instead, sobbing in complete nervous abandonment.

Lancaster turned from her with a wry face. "Well, gentlemen," he said with an affectation of jovialness, "better luck next time. I'm sorry the operation was not successful, but, after all, the patient's life is not the principal thing. The method was correct, you see, but I did not reckon on an incompetent assistant."

"Put the blame on the anesthetic, Doctor Lancaster," said a white-bearded surgeon, with chivalrous intent. "With a nephritis history operation's useless. Better let them die peacefully."

"I did not quite grasp the technical innovation you spoke of, Doctor Lancaster," said another. "To my mind it was the original Leonard operation, except that—"

"Why did you divide the arterial coats below the site of the aneurism?" queried a third.

Lancaster led them from the theatre, expostulating and explaining. The dark-haired girl lingered, with the sponges. The assistant surgeons had already gone hurriedly out. Joan put her tray away. She still was unable to control her sobs.

Suddenly Lancaster reappeared, furious after the cross-examination to which he had been subjected. He came straight toward Joan with a face of malice. Unconscious of her pitiful aspect as a child might have been, she raised her streaming face and looked at him.

"You had no right to speak to me like that, whatever I did," she said.

"Whatever you did? Whatever you failed to do! What do you think you are here for?" he stormed.

He glared at her, turned away, hesitated, and then came back.

"That's just the way with you women," he cried. "You lost that case for me. And now you are thinking about your dignity. You shouldn't have taken up a nurse's vocation. You women don't know what you can do and what you can't till you find yourselves in a post of responsibility, and then you fall down. What made you take up nursing, anyway. Thought our style of caps becoming, I suppose?"

"I've done my best to qualify. I've never been blamed before."

"Well, you've made a big mistake," said Lancaster. "That's all. A—very—big—mistake," he added, emphasizing each word with a nod. "And my work and patients' lives are too important to allow mistakes to happen. You're too pretty to be a nurse, anyway," he added in a lower tone.

"You don't need to tell me that, Doctor Lancaster!" cried Joan furiously.

He made a gesture of mock despair.

"That's right; get on your high horse again!" he said. "Just remember that I'm at the head of the Southern Hospital, and what I say goes, that's all."

He swung upon his heel and went out of the room, leaving her gripping the table fiercely in her humiliation. The dark-haired girl, who had been fussing in a corner, came up to her.

"He's a beast!" she exclaimed passionately. "He hates women—decent women. My! if he dared to speak that way to me I'd have told him what I thought of him, right in the middle of the operation. I don't care for anybody when my temper's up. I could tell you a few things I've heard about him if I were minded to. Do you know he went on a five years' spree once?"

"I don't care what he did!" cried Joan passionately.

"Well, I guess you could make it your business to know," answered the other. "A girl's got to fight her way, the same as a man. He threw up his job and just went away for five years, drinking and living with tramps, and then had the nerve to come back as if nothing had happened. I got it from a girl who used to be friendly with him. He's—"

She broke off abruptly as the orderly appeared with his rubber broom and bucket.

"What are you going to do about it?" inquired the girl in a low voice. "I reckon you don't want to forfeit your diploma any more than the rest of us."

"Listen! You go and see him."

"Never," said Joan.

"Don't be a fool, Miss Wentworth! You go and see him at his house. It's what anyone would do in your place. Fool him by making him think he can do what he likes with you; play with him and hold him off by hook or crook until you're graduated, and then laugh at him. I'd do it if I had to. My! if you heard some of the stories that are going around—"

The head nurse beckoned at the door. "The lady superintendent wants to see you at once, Miss Wentworth," she said. "You're to go right into her office."

She looked at Joan resentfully. Her face was quite composed again, but her eyes were reddened. She knew that Lancaster had been at fault, but she had seen Joan's blunder, too. Miss Symons was one



"What are you going to do about it?" enquired the girl in a low voice



Myers

of those women who can acquire the faculty of a man's strength without losing their own sex. She was a tower of strength toward weakness, but she had no pity for a lapse of duty.

Joan walked the dreary length of the corridor to the lady superintendent's room. The white-haired woman was seated at her desk, pretending to be making up her accounts and composing herself for the interview.

"Miss Wentworth," she began, turning round in her chair as Joan appeared at the door. "You have made Doctor Lancaster very angry. He says you are totally inefficient. What was it that happened this morning?"

"The ether made me faint and I couldn't see the instruments for a moment, and Doctor Lancaster happened to want a scalpel quickly," answered Joan.

"Well, it's a great pity," said the other, "because it was your first day and we had to get somebody to take Miss Martin's place and I selected you because I relied on you particularly. Anyway, you are suspended."

Joan looked at her stupefied. "You mean—that I am to leave the hospital and lose my diploma?" she asked.

"I don't know yet," answered the lady superintendent evasively. "I suppose Doctor Lancaster will decide that later after he has laid the matter before the board at their next meeting and looked over your record. Anyway, Miss Wentworth, you may as well take a holiday for a week or so until you hear from us."

She turned back to her books while Joan, after looking at her for a moment in silence, turned and went into the corridor. She made her way toward the hospital entrance. And the great wooden arch, through which she had passed hundreds of times without noticing it, suddenly became vivid with detail; the hospital, which had been a part of her unconscious life, looked strange and new to her.

JOAN had a room in a nurses' boarding house a few minutes' walk away. She walked mechanically homeward, hardly even yet realizing the magnitude of the blow which had befallen her. Avonmouth lay almost deserted in the noontide glare. The shuttered houses, gay with striped awnings, looked down on the white, dusty streets. The little park that contained the Confederate monument was bright with geraniums, but the grass was parched and withered, and the feeble efforts of an automatic sprinkler seemed almost instantly absorbed by the thirsty ground.

Joan made her way toward an overhanging tree, brushed away a prickly caterpillar from a seat beneath it, and sat down. She was trying to estimate the magnitude of the catastrophe that had happened to her, to free herself from the stupefied wonder and passionate resentment that held her. Two hours before life had seemed reasonably bright; now its entire course was changed. For she did not doubt that the lady superintendent had been trying to soften the news of her dismissal.

Her mind ran back to the beginning of all things for her—her father's death. That had happened ten years before, and the mortgage on the estate, ruined after the war, had grown like a spreading sore, eating away field after field, until it swallowed everything except nine hundred dollars. After the enforced sale, Mrs. Wentworth and her daughter had gone to Avonmouth for the sole reason that the mother remembered a wealthy godmother there, distantly related, whose activities she hoped to enlist on be-

half of her daughter. It was characteristic of her that she should not have known the woman had died six years previously.

Still, Avonmouth was the nearest large town in which a girl, flung on the world untrained, might hope to support two people. Joan had long before wanted to be a nurse. She decided to attempt to enter a hospital; but now her mother's slow, mortal illness kept her nursing her at home. Six months after their arrival Mrs. Wentworth died. What remained of their nine hundred dollars after the doctor's and funeral expenses had been paid would suffice for Joan's merest needs until she had graduated from the Southern Hospital. But the physician who attended Mrs. Wentworth in her last illness had secured the girl a position as a probationer, and Joan was as happy as she could expect to be. Since that date he had moved away, and Joan was altogether alone.

At home they had known hardly anyone, for the whole region was in that condition of resettlement that began in the seventies and is still proceeding. Their friends had scattered to the north and west; their letters had long since ceased. Prosperity, stalking through the nation, had left a little ridge of poverty between the swaths of its progress through the foothills of the back country. In Avonmouth, Mrs. Wentworth's illness, and afterward, the hospital work had kept the girl both from making friends and from the realization of her need of them. Her whole mind was set upon obtaining that diploma which would mean an assured living, and before her eyes was ever the spectacle of such poverty as she had known at home among others and had seen approaching her mother. After she graduated, perhaps, life might begin to unfold before her eyes. But even this she realized only vaguely; she lived altogether in the moment.

In the town of forty thousand inhabitants Joan was as isolated as she had been in the latter years at home. Her life was as unsophisticated and as simple, and she was so unacquainted with the conditions and circumstances of existence that her dismissal seemed to her an irreparable disaster. She had won good opinions, she had been praised, and it seemed monstrous that her faintness at a critical moment should have ruined her whole life prospects. What made the tragedy the less tolerable was the admixture of the farcical. There was a simple and absurd explanation. Mrs. Webb's col-

ored cook, Amanda, had quarreled with her mistress that morning, and Joan had had to go to the hospital without her breakfast.

She got up and walked slowly homeward without having solved her problem. Inside the boarding house the air was like a furnace, and the smell of cooking was triumphant and dominant.

Inside the kitchen, seen through the open door, was Amanda, the cook, and Mrs. Webb, the landlady.

"Here's Amanda again!" Mrs. Webb called to Joan. "My dear, the idea of your running away without your breakfast this morning! Now you sit right down and have your lunch, Miss Wentworth!"

Joan was not hungry, but it was impossible to oppose the resolute insistence of Mrs. Webb, backed by the penitent cook, whose black face, as she flitted from the kitchen to the dining room, radiated remorse and good intentions.

"One can't get along without the proper food at the proper times," said Mrs. Webb as she set down the dishes before Joan. "But I call it real sensible of you to have come home early. Some girls wouldn't have thought of that."

Joan choked suddenly, and Mrs. Webb perceived her distress. She bent over her and placed a kitchen-roughened hand upon her shoulder.

"My dear, what is it? What is the matter? Something go wrong at that old hospital?" she asked. "Tell me, now, honey!"

"It isn't anything, Mrs. Webb," said Joan, striving valiantly to keep back her tears. "Well, then, I'm—I'm discharged."

Mrs. Webb withdrew her hand and placed it upon one hip, bringing the other into corresponding position. She glared at Joan, as the convenient focus of her indignation.

"I never heard of such a thing!" she cried. "Who's dared to discharge you, Miss Wentworth? Why, it was only yesterday Miss Gray was saying you were the only one in the hospital that attended to her work instead of trying to make dates with the doctors! I've had the nurses two years now, Miss Wentworth, and they ain't a snap better than the salesladies that I used to keep. A pack of featherheads! If some of them had been discharged 'twould serve them right. But not you, my dear. It's that old Doctor Lancaster!"

"It was, and I think he was right. I felt faint from the smell of ether."

"Of course you did!" cried Mrs. Webb. "I always knew the day would come when you would. Those smells make my head go round and round whenever I take the short cut that side of the park. I always said you weren't cut out for that sort of work. It's all right for them strong he-horse girls that's made for it, but what you need is to marry some good man who can take care of you, not to go nursing a lot of dock-hands and seeing people's insides opened up. It's my belief that when the Lord put our insides inside and our outsides outside he mean 'em to stay there," snorted Mrs. Webb.

"Well," said Joan, wearily, it's ended now. And I don't know what I'm going to do."

"But I say it isn't ended!" cried Mrs. Webb, concentrating all her indignation against Lancaster in a venomous glare at Joan. "It's only just begun. If that old Doctor Lancaster dares to discharge

Continued on page 50



"Tell me the trouble," he began, as she seated herself, drawing up his own chair toward hers

The Sage

Illustrated by
Kathleen Allen



"The ice of speechlessness being broken
by the sight of the trouble depths in the
lustrous black eyes"

CHRYSOLITE lies in the hollow of the mountain's palm, with the Boiling Water racing down its line of life, Short Devlin's dance hall standing upon the plain of Mars, and the mine-scarred spurs of Chrysolite Peak posturing as the up-curved fingers. East and west through the hollowed palm runs the two-steeled strand of the D. & U.P., emerging from the gateway of the upper canyon at the old placers, and threading the portal of Black Rock Canyon on the thumb side of the hand.

In Clagett's time, besides the shaft-houses, crushers, and mining utilities, there were two or three miners' boarding houses, many bar-rooms, a scattering of shack cabins, a shed to shelter the three heavy ten-wheelers kept to double-head on trains to the summit of Shunt Pass, and the red-painted, bungalow-roofed station, Clagett's office by day and his sleeping-room at night.

Men lived in Chrysolite because the industrial gods so decreed; and of women there was a dearth. For this cause Kate Shannon, who would have been accounted fair in even a kindlier region, figured as Clagett's divinity. Kate presided over the lunch counter in the station waiting-room; and thereby hangs a tale of corporation soulfulness. Nine months before Clagett took the Chrysolite agency Patrick Shannon was killed by a passing train while walking his section in Black Rock Canyon, leaving to the tender mercies of Chrysolite—and the railway company, a daughter of eighteen and a cub of a boy one year Kate's junior.

Chrysolite buried the section boss with A.O.H. honors, made up a purse for the orphans—which the cub, Mickey, promptly returned to the donors by way of the many bars and gambling tables of the camp—and retired from the field. But the railway company did better. Chrysolite was a relay station for extra freight crews and pushing-engines. The lunch counter was established, and Pat Shannon's daughter placed in charge. Her earnings paid for her room in Mother Sheedy's cabin, and kept the cub scantily in spending money; the last-named use of them being a secret which Clagett had discovered in the third week of his worship of Saint Catherine.

After the discovery Clagett lived for a purpose: to win promotion to one of the growing agricultural stations on the Western Division; to marry Kate Shannon and to carry her far from the womanless desolation of the mining camps. It was a swelling

ambition, and the marrying part of it made him turn pale and grow short-breathed when he fronted the daring-ness of it. Who was he, the fag-end of a Pike County swamp hunter's family of fourteen, to mate with a black-eyed, fit, vigorous, lithe-limbed and gloriously

beautiful young woman whose lightest word robbed him of speech, and whose laughing eye-glance sent little shivers of shamed desire thrilling up and down his spine?

At such a question crisis, Clagett would rise from his pen-scratchings over the freight-manifest book and go to summarize himself in the cracked mirror hanging above the wash-hand stand in the corner of his office bedroom. Inconsequence was the accent of the picture flung back by the cracked looking-glass. Once—it was when he had applied for his job at the Castle Cliff headquarters—he had chanced to overhear Superintendent Upham's comment upon himself briefed to the chief clerk in a single terse sentence: "He's only a two-by-four man, Cranston—a sage-brush operator; and he'll never amount to much; but you may send him to Chrysolite, if you like."

Under the spur of that comment Clagett had done his small best, doing it still more faithfully after the birth of a great Love. There were never any auditor's corrections to come in the train-mail for Chrysolite station, no shuffling of cash balances, no bungling of train orders. Yet Clagett knew in

his heart of hearts that he should never rise to the great opportunity; possibly not to the last unnerving opportunity which must come when he should have a home in the agricultural paradise to offer Kate Shannon. He was not left to imagine what she would say. Magoon, the big Irish driver of the 1106, deviling him in the presence of a waiting freight crew, had prefigured it in words, as thus:

"Me to marry that thin-legged, yellow-eyed scrap of a lightnin'-jerker?" says Katie. "For what did God give me eyes an' common sense, then? Sure, I could have the biggest and brainiest of thim f'r the crookin' of me little finger!"

Clagett had wanly joined the laugh on himself, as the price one pays for comradeship with one's kind. Yet the gibe went deep. Magoon's prophetic paraphrase was not at all what a tender-hearted Irish Saint Catherine would say; but it might well be what she would think.

IT WAS on a bitter winter evening in the year of many wrecks on the D. & U.P. that this same Michael Magoon, being bulletined to go out as second engine on Number Three, dropped into the office to ask weather questions of the man at the wires. With the cold snow cloud settling low upon Chrysolite Peak, and the tense humming of a mountain storm in the upper air, the climb of Number Three to Shunt Pass promised to be wasteful of fuel and abrasive of the nerve of man.

"What are they saying up along, Danny?" he queried, lounging comradely across the counter rail. "A heap more snow on the Pass, and the coldest night of the year," replied Clagett, turning from the clicking sounder.

"And how will it be down below?"

"Everything's late, and three of the wires down between Broken Arrow and Castle Cliff. Dawson's working over the commercial wire, now. The weather office says it will go twenty below at the summit."

Magoon shivered—in all the big bulk of him.

"'Tis enticin' f'r a man to go out and pound th' ballast on a tin-wheeler!" he grumbled. And then, more personally: "'Tis these nights I'd invy you your job, Danny, me son: nothin' to do but to go and hang your elbows on th' lunch counter and work your jaw at the purty girl behind it."

Clagett always suffered a dull resentment in this field of familiarities, but it was inarticulate. Magoon went on, undisturbed by the lack of response.

"Speakin' of Katie: 'tis some man's job to break th' back o' that brother of hers. Mother Sheedy tells me he's wheedled Katie into sellin' the bit of a cabin that ould Pat built; and by the same token Short Devlin had the money in two runs o' the car-rds. He's a bad lot, that Mickey boy."

Clagett nodded assent; how bad a lot he knew to his cost, since young Shannon, trading upon the round-house talk of the station agent's love-stroke, had borrowed from Clagett when other streams ran dry.

"He'll be doin' time before he's a man grown," volunteered Magoon.

Clagett got up to shut the ticket case and to close the door of the iron safe beneath it. Mickey Shannon's latest baseness was dividing attention with the duty of the moment, else he would have

Brush Operator

By Francis Lynde

Author of "The Cruise of the Cuttlefish", "The Fire Bringers", "The Golden Spider" etc.

spun the combination of the safe, as he always did on leaving the office to go to his meals. On this night of nights there was the more reason, since the Ophir Company had a few hours earlier paid a considerable freight bill, and paid it in cash. But Clagett was thinking of Kate, and of her cruel loss of the bit of patrimonial real estate; so he merely shot the bolts and turned the combination dial a few numbers past the opening index.

Magoon was gone to prepare for his hard night run when Clagett snapped the spring latch of his office door and breasted the rising storm around to the lunch counter entrance. He was shivering with the chill of the frosty night when he perched himself upon his own particular high stool opposite the fragrant coffee urn, but the sight of Kate frying his customary two eggs over the tiny gasoline blaze on the serving-shelf warmed him like a breath of bud-bursting spring.

Unhappily, the waiting-room was quite thickly peopled with passengers for the belated Number Three, and there were other expectant ones lining up their stools on Clagett's side of the board. Hence there was small chance for a word with Kate about the wayward Mickey until he had drained his second cup of coffee, and not then until he had waited longer than he should. At the crisis, however, he made the chance, the ice of speechlessness being broken by the sight of the trouble depths in the lustrous black eyes.

"I wouldn't be worrying, if I was you, Kittie," he whispered hoarsely across the counter. "It'll all come out straight, some day."

"It's not the money, Dan; I care little for that," she rejoined, matching his low whisper of confidence; it's Mickey, himself. I'm that worried I can't sleep, thinking what will become of him. Oh, Danny, dear, can't you do something for him? He likes you."

Clagett felt hero-yeast working in his blood; a new implantation that swelled his heart to bursting and choked him far beyond the power of articulate expression. She had looked at him with tears in the beatific eyes; had called him "Danny, dear," with an appeal for help. At such moments clouds turn to serviceable stones; paste becomes diamond of the purest water.

"I—I'd go to jail for him this minute, Kittie, if that would take the hurt out o' your heart," he stammered, and just then someone opened the door. On the incoming blast was borne the shout of the belated train's whistle, and he had to vanish.

Now one of Clagett's safeguards against bungs, the safeguard always of the small man and the careful, was to allow himself plenty of time for the duty next in order. Confusion and a huddling of ideas went hand-in-hand with haste; and, going from the lamplight of the waiting-room to the cloud-banked darkness of out-of-doors, he stumbled first over an uptilted baggage truck and again into a pile of castings littering the freight end of the platform. There were a dozen things to be done in the next ten minutes; tickets to be sold to the intending passengers, baggage to be checked and put aboard, train orders, if any there were, to be taken; and he had killed time recklessly in trying for that ameliorating word with Kate.

When he turned the angle of the building to face the blast, Magoon was bringing the 1106 up to the house track to get in ahead of Number Three on the main line. As the big engine shrilled around the snow-covered rails of the curve, the great white beam of the headlight swept down the station platform, half blinding Clagett as he faced it. In the brief instant of illumination he saw young Shannon with his hand on the latch of the office door. It made no impression upon the realizing part of him at the moment. Number Three was thundering up through the lower yard, and his ticket window was not yet open. There was no room for other thoughts.

In the rush of the next ten minutes Clagett would have been insensible to the trump of the archangel sounding the summons for the last great day. In some hurried fashion the waiting passen-

gers were served, the clearance order was taken, the baggage was checked, and the express packages were made ready.

When he ran out to put the baggage aboard, Magoon was already coupled in ahead of the train engine, and Halsey, the conductor, was calling the coffee drinkers from the lunch counter. Clagett wrought furiously for sixty straining seconds, and with the tumbling of the last trunk into the baggage car, the two huge engines coughed sharply in unison, the snow screamed under the wheels, and the passenger who is always late made a mad dash for the moving train.

Clagett drew a long breath of relief when the red tail-lights on the rear sleeper stared back at him through the blinding snow-spume, and went around to his office to take up the disordered threads of routine. A man in a hooded enveloping overcoat was waiting to be let in, and Clagett gasped when he recognized French, the travelling auditor.

It is an unsolved riddle why the railway rank and file, or at least the honest moiety of it, should tremble in the presence of the company's check-up official, but the fact remains. The visitations of the travelling auditor are always so unexpected, his movements are so carefully unpredicted, and his authority, from the very nature of his office so tyrannically absolute, that the brotherhood bond of the service is stretched to its utmost to include him, even tentatively. For Clagett the company's money was alien as if it would be so much waste paper in his or other unauthorized pockets; yet when French strode ahead of him into the dingy, stuffy little office, and said, curtly: "I'll take your keys, Clagett," the heat from the glowing cannon stove became suddenly overpowering, and no thief caught redhanded could have advertised his perturbation more openly.

French made nothing of the agent's palpable nervousness. He knew Clagett—or thought he did—and the swamp hunter's soil of unreadiness from which he had sprung. Flinging off his overcoat he found his check-list and fell to work quite ignoring Clagett, who sat on the edge of his cot-bed, nursing a knee and sweating in an agony of apprehension for which, so far as he was aware, there was absolutely no foundation whatever in fact.

Slowly and methodically the auditor counted the cash in the ticket drawer.

Then he knelt before the safe, twirled the combination dial swiftly back and forth to the figures on a slip of paper pinned to the check-list, and swung the door. Clagett heard him turn the key in the lock of the inner cash-box, heard the squeak of uncoiled hinges. Then, out of a void of terrible silence came the death-sentence:

"You seem to be short five hundred and forty dollars, Clagett. Where is the money?"

Clagett heard, and he did not hear. Swiftness of thought was ever beyond him, yet now he saw clearly, instantly, as one lifted suddenly to a high mountain top sees for the first time the earth-vastnesses in their proper perspective. The paid freight-bill of the Ophir Company, totalling the exact sum of the shortage; his leaving of the safe on the latch when he went to supper; the vanishing glimpse of young Shannon standing before the office door when Magoon's headlight had pricked him out. But French was waiting for his answer.

"The Ophir people paid their freight bill this afternoon. It—it ought to be in the s-safe," he stammered.

"But it isn't. What have you done with that money, Clagett?"

"I—I haven't got it," said Clagett, helplessly. Beating through the denser part of his brain was the thought that somehow, in some way, he must stand between Kate and this last miserable smirch of dishonor.

The auditor got up and went to sit in the pivot-chair at the telegraph table. He did not like to admit that his estimate of Clagett was wrong. Like Upham, the superintendent, he had been calling him a small man, a man over whose head the ceiling of limitations hung low; but he had set him down as narrowly honest and loyal to his salt.

On the other hand, French knew of Clagett's late dip into the pool of sentiment. It was his business to know all of the little ins and outs in the lives of the company's fiduciary servants. And with a woman in the field, all things were possible.

"Tell me about it, Clagett," he urged. "You can't afford to be stubborn. You are a bonded man, and this thing will chase you to your grave."

Clagett had been dumbly realizing this, and the thought was lighting a slow fire of madness. He knew the grim, mechanical relentlessness of the bonding companies: how the break in his record would lie in wait for him always and everywhere.

He could never explain, not even to Kate. But for her sake the thief would go free.

"I don't allow to be stubborn, Mr. French," he answered at length. "But what's the use? The money's gone, and I can't make it good."

The auditor tried once more.

"Think well of it, Daniel," he said, with the official abruptness conspicuously lacking. "It means

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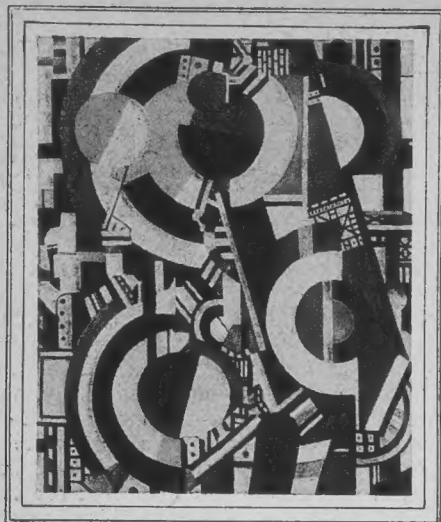


Then out of the void of terrible silence came the death sentence: "You seem to be short five hundred and forty dollars, Clagett, where is the money?"

The Year's Great Art Exhibitions in Paris

By Francis Dickie

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In this article Mr. Dickie describes the two greatest art exhibitions of the year in Paris. The Spring Salon of the Artistes Independants, and the Salon of Des Artistes Francais, and gives a brief description of some of the outstanding pictures mirroring modern trends in art. Passing from this he reviews as fully as possible in limited space that treasure house of great art works, "The Louvre."



This picture is an example of the type of painting called "Sur-Realist" or Advanced Subjective



A Cubist Picture "Portrait of a Woman" by Paul Bletry

DURING the months from February to September I saw the two great art events of the year in Paris, the Spring Salon of the Society des Artistes Independants, 38th Exposition, and the Summer Salon of the Societe des Artistes Francais, 140th Exposition. In the former there were 3,724 pictures catalogued, and 100 more shown too late to be listed. In the latter there were 4422. I will deal with them in the order mentioned. In addition to these two most important art events in the yearly life of Paris, I visited between February and September forty other smaller exhibitions. Out of these 19 were of outstanding interest, and from these I have selected a few for brief mention.

The two Salons were held in the Grand Palais, the largest public building in Paris, on whose vast wall space two miles of canvases can hang. A strikingly ironical note upon the first exhibition, that of the Salon des Artistes Independants, in February, was the simultaneous holding of the Rubber Show in the same building, covering all phases of rubber growing and production. This was given the choice position on the ground floor formerly always granted the Salon. Truly an outstanding mark of the commercial tendencies of the age.

The Spring Salon opened this year the earliest in its history. It was in reality the first "Spring Salon" as far as dates go, and the 38th Exposition of the Artistes Independants that had been held yearly since 1884, with the exception of the years of the Great War.

Last year a "Retrospective Exposition" was given of the work of some of the now great artists who began in obscurity with the starting of the Independants; such men as Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, H. Rousseau, Odilon Redon and many others whose work, which in some cases once could not command above a hundred francs, now sells for tens of thousands of dollars. Before dealing further with this year's Salon, which closed on February 27th, after 37 days of showing, the history of the Independants, and a brief review of its beginning, and the amazing scenes which marked the first exhibition in 1884, are well worth citing, for of all the art revolts and new movements none is more tremendously rich in human interest than this one.

Previous to the year 1884 all paintings offered for exhibition in the Spring Salon of Paris had to be passed upon by a jury. As this Salon was the unique annual manifestation of French art, all painters were naturally exceedingly anxious to have one of their works accepted. But in the few years immediately preceding 1884, and in that one, the ruling of the jury was so arbitrary and the work of so many aspiring painters had been refused a hanging at this only great art festival that much discontent was aroused among a group of painters. For in those days there were no private galleries, no

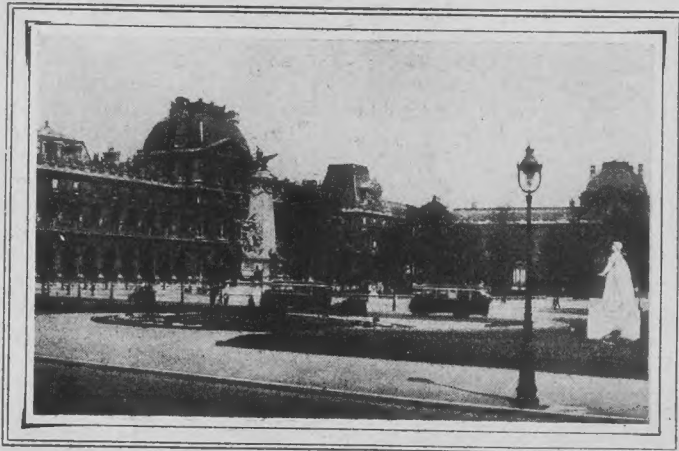
group exhibitions, no dealers who warmly welcomed the work of young artists. Thus a refusal to the Salon made it impossible for a painter to get a proper showing of his work where he could have a public opinion of it, and a wider chance to sell.

So, when the pictures for the 1884 Exposition had been selected, the storm of the discontented ones broke with full fury. It was a fitting time:

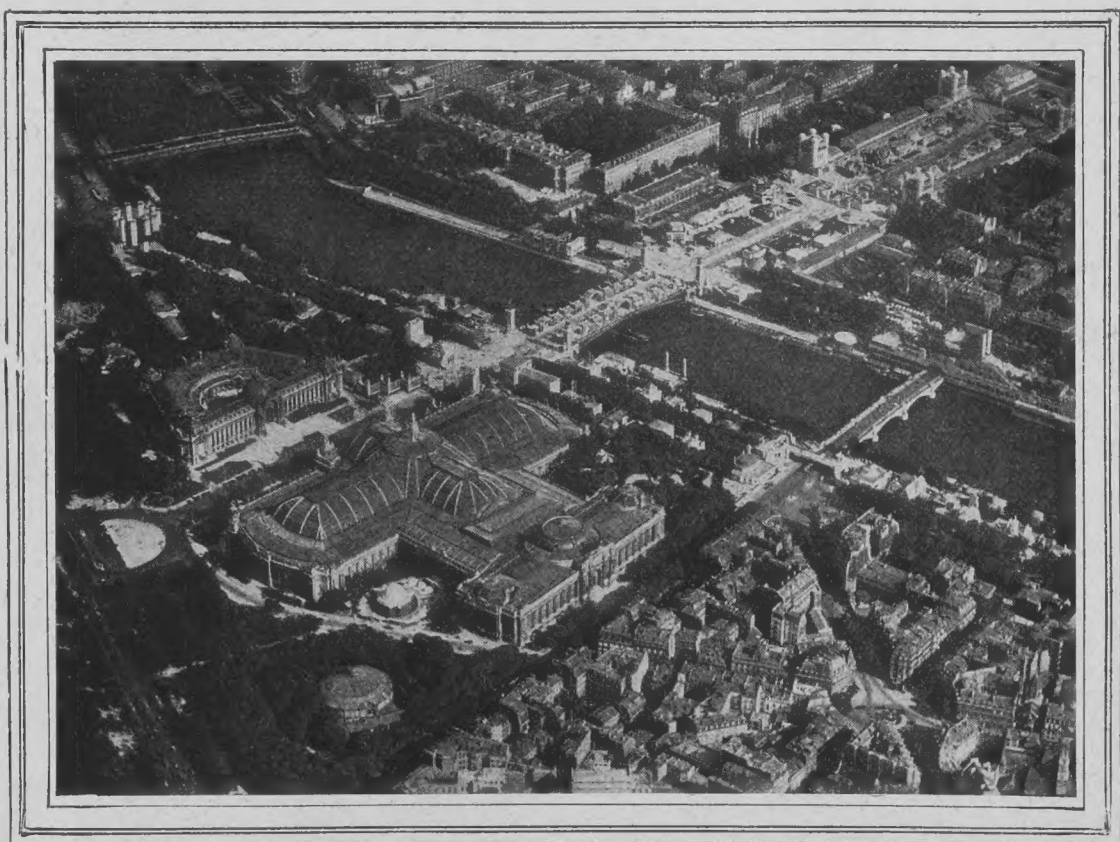
Never was French art so low. The glorious Romantics, the masters of the Barbizon School, or Ville d'Avray, had passed; the future great ones that were to succeed them were fighting poverty and obscurity. Some of these were Manet, Degas, Renoir, Pissaro, Sisley and Gauguin, whose work at this time — which now brings many thousands of dollars per picture — was viewed

with ridicule, anger or disgust by other painters, critics and the public. One critic in the "Gaulois" newspaper said of the painters just mentioned: "Revolutionists whom someone had forgotten to shoot."

How strange are the changing opinions of men:



View of The Louvre and gardens lying in the inner square



View of the Grand Palais, Paris, the largest public building in France, which houses all the great Art Exhibitions of Modern Paintings

that these painters, "who someone forgot to shoot" rank today among the great names of modern art. The revolt of this group of unknown painters took active form in 1884, towards the middle of April, less than a month after the regular Spring Salon had closed, when placards on the walls and circulars sent among the dealers announced another exhibition. The premises were some old wooden buildings on the ground where the Palace had stood before it was burned by the Communists in 1871. These buildings, fittingly known as the Barracks B. rue des Tuileries, were lent by the city council to a new group of artists who had taken the name of Independants Artistes. This first showing lasted from the 15th of May until June 29th.

Crowds came to witness works which had nearly all been refused by the Official Spring Salon. Many of the pictures were mediocre or stupid. Only about twenty pictures of men already mentioned showed any personality, and many of these were badly hung, indicating that the Independants were just as intolerant in their attitude as the jury they had revolted from.

However, the press was very favorable to the new showing. Visitors were many, and the box office profited by satisfactory sales. This unexpected good fortune to a group of penniless artists caused trouble in the new camp. The book-keeping was of an exceedingly fantastic order. Some of the members helped themselves to the till. Numerous fist-fights took place over questions of settlement. Affairs got in such a bad state that before the Exposition ended, a committee was appointed to take control, when it was found that five thousand

frances were missing. Certain members were accused, and ordered to appear at a mass meeting. This was presided over by the painter Redon, who opened the meeting with these memorable words: "Gentlemen, the meeting is adjourned." The accused members had not appeared. Following this



A Modern Cubist Picture entitled "Rugby" by Pierre Berjole

the group went into liquidation, and then a new body was formed known as "The Society of Artistes Independants," from which it will be noted that no great straining of brains was done for an original title. The new society was incorporated in a most business-like manner. The main feature

of it was doing away forever with a jury, and the free admission of any and all pictures to the annual hanging. The statutes have not been changed in 43 years. In the years following 1884, the Society of Artistes Independants were a great force in the liberation of French art from outworn traditions. It was within it that French art was renewed and perpetuated.

BUT while this was true in the past, the Artistes Independants Exposition this year did not bear out the results of former ones. Indeed, French critics of note agree that since 1905 the Exposition has been retrograding. That original character which marked the earlier years is gone; no longer are the representatives of a school brought together. Today the most contrasted types appear. The Salons in the past few seasons have been crowded with ever more and more paintings, and mighty few good pictures. (A use of the vernacular seems most descriptive of the situation.)

Thus the early Spring Exposition of 1927 broke all records for the number of paintings shown.

I know of no more tiring work than looking at a display of paintings. When one is faced with nearly 4,000 of them, hung around nearly a mile of wall in the coldest, draughtiest building I have ever been in, it is doubly difficult to be absolutely sure in one's judgment. Yet out of the 4,000 canvases, after two days of careful examination, I found only twenty pictures really deserving the name, and only one which I feel could be called great. This outstanding figure was a view of the back of a crouched nude by Medard Tytgat, the lines wonderful, the flesh tints marvellous.

Something particularly noticeable at this Exposition was the large number of nudes showing views of the back only, as though the painters were distrustful of their ability with faces. Hundreds of pictures cried eloquently that their creators had departed from, or never mastered, what seems to



An Egyptian Antiquity in the Louvre

me to be a fundamental of painting—the ability to draw.

Man, not content to look at life, must interpret it in words, in music, in stone, or upon canvas; and a painting exhibition of the extraordinary magnitude of this one brings out the strange complexity and variation of the human mind perhaps more than other arts. Among the nearly 4,000 pictures at the Spring Salon there were hundreds which, as examples of the work of the affiliated order of kalsominers and house painters might be acceptable. But judged from the viewpoint of art they never should be hung.

There were hundreds of canvases after the cubist manner, and about twenty of what, for want of better description, I shall call the "advanced subjective" school, the latter so incomprehensible that one marvels they could be produced—unless, of course, the eyes of the average person are at fault. Still, I must be fairly correct in my reaction of bafflement before these pictures, for I have talked with numerous art lovers who are as mystified as myself, and they were men and women of wide experience in judging pictures. One example of the "sur-realiste" or "advanced subjective" is shown herewith.

What one does not understand, one should perhaps not criticize. I refer to these canvases which were hung under the name of paintings or compositions (see illustration), and to which I have given the title "advanced subjective." There is only space here for describing a few. I would that I could show many photographs to more exactly convey these vagaries of the inner mind to which their creators have given the name pictures. But with the exception of one man the painters of these I approached would not permit any reproductions going to the eagerly awaiting world. With four exceptions these queer daubs bore no titles other than the words composition or paintings. It was as well. Where they bore names, the onlooker was not advanced a whit. I will tell of three which had titles in order to convey as best I can the puzzle which confronted me. One was called the "Dream of the Swan." It was a riot of triangular-shaped patches, black and red predominating, and looked for all the world like the surface of an old-fashioned crazy-quilt our grandmothers were so fond of making. A second was called "The Seaport." The only possible description of this is to compare it with a lot of thin wooden strips, red, white, black and brown, laid parallel and across each other. A third was called "The Ships." It looked not unlike the "Seaport," except laid among the strips were several figures resembling the outline of a keyhole, a veritable card of paint colors jumbled together in a body of lines and angles. This was the painter's inner vision; many painters' inner vision of certain objects looked very much alike. I could not understand any fashioned after these strange designs. No one else I talked with did.

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1 "The Infant with the Cards" by Mademoiselle Geraldine

2 Jacques Cancalet's picture of a dancer of the Paris Opera

3 "The Cross beneath the Mutilated Elm," by Walter Le Wino, a gifted English Landscape Painter



Flooded Meadows

By C. C. Inderwick

"I'll do something!" cried Louise Sherritt. Her wistful young face was grim, as she looked over the flooded meadows where the long luxuriant grass stood with only the tips showing above the glistening surface, as if striving to breathe.

The McLeod Lumber Company was all-powerful in that district, employing most of the men, with the result that the community looked upon Sandy McLeod as a sort of tin god. He built dams on the rivers and lakes wherever he needed them, and now he had flooded the Sherritt's meadows, without troubling to warn them. It was this that made Louise's blood boil: Not her father's blood, but the blood of the Meridiths, her mother's people, who in the early settlement of the country had been prominent. However, after the death of Colonel Meridith the family fortune dwindled, followed by an inevitable sale, and move from the large house, the final blow being the runaway match between the only daughter and Jim Sherritt, a good-looking but useless fellow who eventually took up land on the Swift River.

Louise walked up the hill to the weather-beaten house that nestled among straggling apple trees and entered the small porch, where her father was lolling back in a tilted chair.

"Why haven't you got the supper ready?" he growled. "Dreaming again," he added, with sarcasm which fell on unheeding ears.

"Do you know the meadows are flooded — ruined!" cried Louise, glaring at him.

"Who told you?"

"I saw them myself—old Sandy McLeod has raised the dam at the falls; but what does he care if he floods our meadows!" Wild satisfaction seized her as she noticed rage possessing him.

"I'll fix that old land grabber!" he cried, getting to his feet.

"Poof, what can you do? Old McLeod does what he likes around here," she said in scorn, knowing she was throwing oil on the fire.

"Do!" he cried. "I'll show them; I'll blow them to hell, that's what I'll do!"

For the moment Louise felt alarmed. She ran to the door to watch her father striding toward the meadows. Perhaps she had gone too far. She should not have allowed herself to become revengeful and yet—her father was always going to do things but that was all it ever amounted to. That was the worst of it, she thought with disgust; he was always raging and threatening someone, with the result that no one paid any attention to him.

That anyone connected with her should be treated with contempt inflamed her pride, making her long for revenge. Why should anyone dare to do such a thing as flood their land? especially this man McLeod, who was a nobody, she reminded herself.

As she got their frugal meal ready, so engrossed were her thoughts in the things she wanted to do to the McLeod Lumber Company she found herself pouring hot water into the sugar bowl instead of the teapot. As her eyes caught the faded photograph of her mother she realized her mother's life of patient drudgery. The same pride had sealed her mother's lips against complaint, or to ever admit her mistake in marrying Sherritt. She looked about the room with its few treasured possessions: her books, a miniature of her grandfather, and a few good pieces of furniture that her mother had managed to bring with her, all giving the place an atmosphere of refinement. She pictured her mother as she used to read to her and try to teach her the better things of life. And now it seemed one had to fight for everything, or else people just made use of one.

IT WAS with a feeling of relief that she finished up her work the next afternoon and hurried to her favorite spot by the river. She wanted to be alone, to get away from her father's indolent complaining. She hastened her steps as she neared the great sombre pines that edged the ragged bank.

This was her favorite spot; near by she kept her canoe. Today she liked the solitude, with just the sounds of the woods and the ripple of water. She



Illustrated
by
J. Proster

"Hector," she murmured as he carried her to dry ground; "it was all my fault, I blew up the dam."

shut her ears to the deeper note of the dam above. She had spent many happy hours in this spot and of late years had fought continuously to save the tall trees that sheltered the luxuriant ferns; her father had sold the best of the timber and this last piece was repeatedly threatened with the woodman's axe. But this spot to Louise was sacred. Her mother had sat with her work while she played with imaginary playmates, and pretended to be different people that took her childish fancy.

Today as she stood by the edge of the bank the water lapped at her feet in a coaxing way, as if beckoning her to follow; she longed to get into her canoe and be carried to distant places, and to the sea—her dream place. When she thought of it, she could imagine she heard great seas thundering against cliffs; she felt it was in her blood to imagine these things; she knew her early ancestors had lived by the sea. She looked up suddenly as her train of thought was broken by the sound of someone moving along the bank. She half turned on a sudden impulse to get away, then her curiosity held her as a tall young fisherman stood on a shelving rock and proceeded to cast. She knew he was not a native by his well-fitting clothes. The quick f-l-i-p of his line, as the bait flew like an arrow, fascinated her, but so absorbed was he in playing his fly he didn't notice her; she found herself enjoying the position of onlooker. She liked to watch his eagerness when he cast, and as she watched him his rod bent to a strong tug on the line as a large trout jumped in a graceful curve to escape.

"Damn!" he said aloud, reeling in his line.

"Oh, what a pity!" broke in Louise, suddenly embarrassed as the fisherman quickly turned to look at her in startled surprise, which vanished in a genial smile as he noticed her embarrassment.

"I've had that lad on before, or his brother," he laughed. "I'll get him yet, too," he added with a serious frown as he glanced across the shining water that reflected the tall hemlock trees on the opposite bank.

"You think I'll never catch him?" he said, turning to her with a slow smile.

"Of course you will, if you stick to it long enough," she said, thinking at the same time he looked the type that generally stuck to things.

"Do you believe that too? I mean, if you stick to a thing long enough you will succeed?" he said, lighting his pipe and sitting opposite her.

"Why, certainly I do; but you don't always find people who are the sticking kind."

"I see where I will have to catch that fish," he said, with his half-serious frown, "but you will have to help me," he added eagerly.

"But how could I help?"

"Why, you could help land him."

And as they talked, each finding an interest in the other, the sun sank lower in the sky, the tall hemlocks threw their heavy shadows across the stream, reminding Louise of a supper that she alone was responsible for.

As Louise neared the ramshackle porch of her home, the lank form of her father lurched out of the door.

"No supper, no anything—away dreaming,

I suppose," he growled. She passed him as if he were not there. She went about her work mechanically, making the fire, preparing fried potatoes for their evening meal, but all the while she thought of the young fisherman she had met. She supposed he was camping somewhere, or boarding with some of the neighbors; it must be nice, she

thought, to be able to take holidays and go fishing; she wondered if she would go back again on the chance of finding him fishing in the same spot; she inwardly wanted to; she liked talking to him. She longed at times for young people; their few neighbors were elderly and talked about trivial things that had happened through the day. At the thought of her life a great longing swept over her to get away, to go anywhere; to see more of the world. Suppose this young chap should know of any kind of work she could get in the city, some sort of office work. She felt elated at the thought. She

pictured herself in some large office wearing smart clothes, and in her holidays she could go away on trips; she had read of office girls going to Bermuda on excursions, and other enticing places. She could imagine she saw palms blowing in an off-sea breeze. But her dreams faded like mist before a driving wind at her father's insistent call for his supper. She glanced down at her worn shoes and blushed. "Did he notice them," she wondered. Her very soul cried out for pretty things; she was sick of the futile routine of just getting the three meals a day with nothing to do in the evenings but go to bed. It made her feel desperate at times when she thought of herself getting older and seeing and accomplishing nothing. She began to long for the morning to ask this chap about positions in the city. Still, she realized, she didn't know him well enough to ask. She liked him, though; he was so straightforward; he appeared to be everything she thought a man should be. He was so different from the usual type of hunter who came to the upper lakes for the fishing and hunting; they always tried to be smart and show off before the natives. That was the type she despised; but this chap was different. She smiled at the thought of falling in love with him; the sort of thing that always happened in stories. She had an easier feeling now that she had decided on a definite plan. It seemed strange that so short a time ago she had been unhappy and upset over the flooded meadows. Still, she knew that deep in her mind she was raging at the high-handedness of McLeod—and that she must force him to respect them. She was determined to let him see he was not going to do as he pleased with their land. She would see to that.

THE next afternoon Louise approached the river with misgivings, but at the thought, "Perhaps he wouldn't be there," she quickened her pace. When she reached the river he was standing on the bank intently fixing his reel, the rod resting on his shoulder. As she came up behind him on the moss-covered ground she caught his line, giving it a tug; he turned to confront a sparkling pair of eyes. Louise, with burning cheeks at her sudden impulse, backed away in confusion.

"Oh, hello," he cried.

"Where's the fish?" she asked, glancing about.

"Come and see them," he said jubilantly, leaning

his rod against a tree, and showing her a good catch lying in a crevice of rock.

"But the big one?" she asked in mock surprise. "Oh, I was waiting for you to help catch him," he laughed.

The conversation drifted from fishing to various topics, but not once did Louise mention the dam, or a position in the city. Somehow she felt sure she didn't want to change the conversation; another time would do. He told her he would be in the neighborhood for some time. And so in the afternoons when her work was finished, she could be seen strolling casually down toward the river's edge where the tall pines whispered and nodded. The fisherman still came to the same spot, where a large trout idly rested behind the protection of a rock, but was never tempted to follow a fly that played along the shore at certain times.

Louise had almost forgotten the meadows; she had quieted her feelings by thinking the water would go down; that it was on account of the spring freshet; but now the water had risen, the very path she had always followed to the river was flooded. They had put more stop-logs in the dam and heightened the water. And as she gazed over the shimmering fields where long, luscious grass used to grow, she realized that when the hot dry weather came there would be no pasture on the high land, leaving no grazing at all. Again that same feeling of boiling arose within her. How dared they raise the water? How dared McLeod think he might use their land as a reservoir? She raged at the very thought. She would go herself to see old McLeod. She knew her father only went to the lumber camps and made threats that no one bothered about. The thought of her father's failings and his being considered of no account, made her squirm.

It was nearly noon when Louise rode into the village where the sawmills and offices of the McLeod Lumber Company were situated. She pulled up in front of a frame building with the word "Office" over the door. From nearby came the shriek and scream of many saws, where pine logs entered low-lying buildings to come out as clean yellow boards, to be piled in neat rows, with intervening roads between, giving the appearance of a miniature city.

As Louise approached the door she knew exactly what she was going to say. She wasn't afraid of Sandy McLeod. Why should she be. She considered herself much above him, and besides, he was entirely in the wrong over the dam. Her knock got no response. She opened the door to enter a narrow passage with doors on both sides, from which resounded the quick tapping of typewriters. A boy crossing the passage, she asked to see Mr. McLeod.

"Got an appointment?" he asked, eyeing her up and down.

"Just a minute, I'll see," answered the boy, shutting the door behind him. She felt a hot wave pass through her. Why should she have to wait while a brat of a boy went to inquire if she could speak to Sandy McLeod. She waited for what seemed ages, then made up her mind she would stand no longer. She opened the door nearest to her and walked in. A stout man sat at a desk writing. He seemed not to have noticed her, although he had hastily looked up when she entered. She noticed his eyes. It flashed across her mind she had seen him once when she was a child and remembered remarking that she didn't like "pig eyes." She noted his sandy-colored hair mixed with grey, giving a faded appearance, and realized why he had been nicknamed "Sandy." She tried to fight down an instant dislike for the man, but at the same time felt awkward and uneasy standing before him.

"Mr. McLeod!" she said, stepping nearer the desk. She was surprised at the sureness of her own voice. The man at the desk grunted and continued writing. She had not really intended intruding, but now she was in his office, she expected him to be at least civil. The dam rose up before her mind; she could almost hear its roar.

"Mr. McLeod, I am Louise Sherritt, and I have

come to warn you that the dam on the long rapids has flooded our meadows."

"You the daughter of Rip Sherritt?" he inquired, laying down his pen, and leaning indolently back, looking at Louise inquisitively. She felt herself straighten under his insolent stare.

"I am the daughter of James Sherritt, whose land borders the long rapids."

"Didn't know there was any land in that part of the country worth bothering about," he said, taking a cigar out of his vest pocket and preparing to light it.

"Since you heightened the dam," continued Louise in a steady voice, "our meadows have been flooded."

"A little water won't hurt them, and it will be down soon," he said, puffing out clouds of smoke from his cigar, and deliberately reached out to take up his pen and end the interview. At this, Louise stepped to the desk. Her determined action made the man before her fumble uneasily with his pen.

"But there shouldn't be any water on the meadows, and I want to warn you that if the water is not lowered right away, I'll take action." She waited for no reply, but walked from the room. The door banged behind her. She hadn't intended banging it, but it swung out of her hand, and now she was glad it had; she felt it emphasized her interview.

Louise mounted her horse and rode quickly up the street. In spite of her wrath she felt like a movie heroine in some wild-west show, jumping onto her horse and galloping back to the hills to escape the villain. She noticed people turning with disparaging looks as they watched her pass. She rather prided herself on her reputation of being queer, different to other people; she always rode a horse and paid little or no attention to her neighbors. They considered her proud. But her thoughts couldn't dwell on such petty things. Her mind seethed with bitter hatred of old McLeod. She felt she had been talking to some evil beast. How dare he refer to her as being the daughter of "Rip" Sherritt! If only she were a man! Thoughts raced through her mind of the things she would do! She would work for the sole purpose of ruining the McLeod Lumber Company, and make old McLeod crawl to her, and, as she thought, she realized that she had nothing to back her threat. It was all bluff on her part. What could she do to fight him? She knew they could go to law, but where could they get the money to fight a case; it would mean mortgaging the farm and they would never be able to redeem it. And then the farm was not altogether hers, and she was sure her

father would not exert himself to help her. He always followed the lines of least resistance, just drifting, and always a little downward.

AS SHE walked from the barn after tending her tired horse, a feeling of relief came over her at the thought of her new friend, the young fisherman. She had a feeling that she had always known him; that their friendship was old, although she really didn't know his name yet, somehow they had never bothered to introduce each other; but she would confide in him and he would be sympathetic and understanding. She looked forward eagerly as a child to a proposed picnic on the river. He had carried her canoe up to the rapids, where they intended to shoot the surging water and then float idly along the smooth river below, where they could try the fishing. Then she could tell him her troubles.

As she entered the house her father was sitting outside the door; he looked up to greet her with a new interest, as if he had been contemplating some good news. Noting her worried expression, he followed her into the house.

"Lou, I wouldn't bother about those meadows; they aren't worth worrying about, especially when you're going with young McLeod, and by the look on his face he sure wants you," he smirked.

"What do you mean?" Louise wheeled, glaring at him.

"Well, you know what I mean," he smiled in a knowing way that made the blood rush to her face. "You meeting Hector McLeod down by the rapids, and you're sure good friends," he said. "You know it would be a good match. He's got lots of money," he said, his eyes lighting up with the thought of it, "and he's crazy about you," he continued, lowering his voice in a confidential way.

"He's not!" flared Louise, "and I'm not crazy about him; and who told you?"

"Oh, never mind, Lou, who told me; but listen," he said, leaning closer to her, "he's crazy about you."

"He's not," cried Louise, her mind in a whirl over the new turn of events.

"Listen, Lou," pleaded her father. "It's natural for you to take on like this, but seriously, you take him. I know he's plumb crazy about you. In fact, he says so." He knew he was drawing on his imagination, but was trying in a stupid way to convince his daughter of a chance he didn't want to lose. A daughter with money meant money for himself.

"I don't believe you," answered Louise slowly, looking through the open door across country to the limitless sky beyond.

Louise threw herself on her cot, burying her head in the pillows. A feeling of physical nausea swept through her as she realized what had been pure sunshine to her had suddenly been darkened by impenetrable clouds. "Hector McLeod," she whispered into her pillow. He couldn't be any relation to the insolent beast who sat in an office and did and said just what he liked. She could see no resemblance between them. And his name was Hector! She liked the name. She admitted to herself that

she had been fond of him, and had until so recently looked forward to their picnic. She pictured him as he carried her canoe to a spot below the dam; she had gone ahead holding back branches out of his way and had admired his strength. But now, she half whispered, sitting up on the side of her bed, it was all different. Her father's insinuating remarks disgusted her. So obviously selfish thoughts of his own to better his surroundings. No, she thought, she could not go on seeing him now. It was all so changed. She buried her head to stop the sobs that took possession of her. But she controlled

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"You the daughter of Rip Sherritt?" he inquired, laying down his pen, and leaning indolently back, looking at Louise inquisitively. She felt herself straighten under his insolent stare.



A treacherous side-hill where the carriage was forever threatening to cut off the trail and go rolling over and over down to the water

Many Little Feet

By John Beames

Illustrated by J. Clymer

IT WAS ten o'clock in the morning and the great two hundred mile, non-stop Northern Dog Derby was about to start. Nine teams, each tethered to a post in the river ice, awaited the starting gun. The sun glittered on the snow and a thin cold wind kept the waiting crowd on the bank stamping its feet.

It was Billy Fairlight's first big race, and while he had every confidence in his own team, he knew he was facing the pick of the mid-North. He looked the teams over keenly, noting the beautiful husky hounds of the two Chipok Brothers, John and Andrew, Wolf Curry's tall wolfhound huskies, and Alaska Trape's malamute hounds. The Chipok boys had won the race alternately four years in succession, and Wolf had been runner-up in three races. It was generally conceded that the race would go to one of the three.

A small yellow dog strayed onto the river and began leisurely to cross. Sixty-odd dogs rose to their feet, necks bristling, teeth bared, tugging at the tie-ropes and barking. Their barks had the wolf-note in them that turned the blood cold.

In ten seconds more some of them would have wriggled out of their harness and that little yellow dog would have been a blood-stained memory. But a starter rushed out and kicked him ten feet back on the way he had come. He fled with a loud yelp; and the sleigh-dogs settled back on quivering haunches, baying defiance at each other.

A man blared unintelligibly through a megaphone, and then the word was given to cast off the tie-lines. The starting-gun cracked, each musher threw his weight against the guide-bar of his carriage, the dogs dug their claws into the snow.

They were away with a scrambling rush, the drivers yelling, "Tcha, tcha, tcha!" and cracking their whips, while the crowd along the bank cheered.

Billy got away to a good start and went sweeping down the river in third place at a swift canter. But he had to cross the trail by which he had come to town, and Paddy, his lead-dog, promptly turned up it, Billy bearing down hard on his drag and yelling for him to stop. Paddy kept right on going.

Sleigh dogs are independent creatures, and Paddy, being quite certain he was going in the right direction, persevered in his course until the weight of the drag became too much for the team and they had to stop.

"Paddy, Paddy," censured Billy, more in sorrow than in anger, "you did ought to know better than serve me a trick like that. Now we're lost and you'll have to mush like blue blazes to catch up."

He swung the train back onto the course and away they went full gallop, Billy hanging onto the guide-bar, and standing one foot on a runner, struck out with the other, something after the manner of a man mounting a bicycle.

He soon overtook the tail-enders enjoying themselves in customary sleigh-dog fashion. A team of nine mongrels had got entangled with a team of six big black huskies, and the huskies had most joyfully seized the opportunity for perpetrating a massacre. The drivers were trying frantically to part them before murder was done.

Billy swung wide, forestalling the earnest desire of his own team to join in so beautiful a melee by sending the long lash of his whip curling through the air in a series of sharp cracks. Not that the whip ever actually touched a hair; no good dog musher ever uses his whip on a dog except as a

very last resort. Still travelling at a fast pace, Billy caught up with Chuck Mileny in the next half-hour. Chuck was driving a team of five huge half-breed Newfoundlands, going at a steady six-mile trot, a pace they could maintain indefinitely.

The winning time would be very much faster than that, but Chuck did not care. There was always a chance of some disaster befalling the leaders that would let him in on the money, and for the rest, it was good sport. Billy soon left him far in the rear.

Now the course turned northward out of the river bed across low, forest-clad hills. Here was the opportunity of a clever driver. Up the inclines Billy ran, even pushing on the guide-bar in steep places; on the dips he jumped on the runners and coasted down, while the dogs galloped like mad to keep the long carriage from running up their backs.

On the level the pace was too swift for any man to run for long at a time, so Billy stood on one foot and took great strides with the other. When that foot tired, he hopped across to the opposite runner and pushed with his other foot.

Most of the time he talked to his dogs in cheery, encouraging tones: "Come away there, Paddy; that's the boy. Get up in the collar, Slick, you bum. Good boy, Misery. All there, ain't you, Bucko? Roll your tail, Flip. Come on there, Thunder, Doughnut. Mush, boys, mush. Tcha, tcha, tcha!"

The sky was cloudless, and the low sun was beginning to have some power, for it was now March, but the keen wind kept the temperature comfortably cool, a few degrees above zero. The northern sleigh-dog's heavy coat makes fast travelling very hot and exhausting work for him in temperatures above freezing-point. It was an ideal day for dog-racing.

Billy Fairlight was happy. He had perfect confidence in himself, and his seven dogs. He was young, lithe, wiry, in superb physical condition. His dogs were young, too, not one over two years old. They were of the collie-hound-husky cross



Andy

that combines speed and strength with endurance. He loved them all, but particularly Paddy, his leader. Paddy was eighteen months old, with the drooping lips and wonderful eyes of a hound, and the compact body, clean legs and small feet of the husky. The collie showed in him hardly at all. He was dove-gray all over except for his black muzzle and tail.

Across the silent sparkling landscape they flew, with the only sound the patter of many little feet on the dry snow, and the soft hiss of the runners. The hours slid by. The sun began to decline. Still they kept on, swift, silent, apparently tireless.

"Tcha, tcha, tcha! Mush, boys, mush. Atta boy, Paddy. Smile a little, Misery, you're doing fine. Slick, I'm taking the whip to you in a minute. Bucko, Flip, Thunder, Doughnut, come away there, come away."

He wondered when he would catch up with the next team. The pace had been terrific. Whoever was leading must be going all out. Nothing living could maintain such a speed over a two-hundred-mile, non-stop course. Somebody was bound to come to grief soon.

Down a steep hill with a whoop and a rush, out upon a big pond set about with mournful black firs, and here was Aristide Baillargeon, the big French half-breed, driving five very, very tired huskies.

The pure-bred husky is a magnificent trail dog in bad weather and heavy going, but he is not fast; and forty miles at close to ten miles an hour spells exhaustion for him. Aristide's were going at a very slow trot, tongues out and heads low.

Billy's short-coated husky hounds went by them in a flash, and Billy turned to wave his hand. Baillargeon flung up a huge paw and sent him a merry shout.

Billy grunted contentedly. He must be close to the leaders now. Aristide, Indian fashion, had run his dogs to the last ounce in an effort to keep up, and there must be more tired dogs ahead.

His own team were still running well, but their heads were lower and their tongues were out. Slick, the shirker, was beginning to hang back cunningly, just carrying his own harness.

"Slick, I'll nail your hide to the barn door in about six minutes. Paddy, you're a dandy. Good for you, Misery, you ain't much for looks but you're all there. Not so flip now, Flip, eh? Never mind, you're doing all right. Bucko, Thunder, Doughnut, come on now. Tcha, tcha, tcha!"

Stand on the right foot, kick with the left; hop over to the other runner, stand on the left foot and kick with the right; run on the up-grade, ride on the down. Patter of many little feet on the packed trail and the dry swish of the runners.

Billy's throat was dry. He was not hungry; he would not eat for hours yet, but he was very thirsty, and the dogs' tongues were right out.

Hurrah! There was Elk Lake, glistening in the low sun. There would be a water-hole cut in the ice there, and they would all have a drink. Fifty miles in five hours and thirty minutes. What a pace.

Down the long slope to the lake, and suddenly another team in sight. In the name of wonder, Andy Chipok! But his dogs did not look * * * and, their tongues were out but they moved easily, and all the seven were in harness, none in the carriage.

By the rules of the race, every driver must carry in his sleigh any worn out or injured dog for the rest of the course. It is a wise and merciful rule.

Andy obligingly pulled out and let Billy by, waving to him in a friendly fashion.

Billy wondered. There

was something here that called for thought. Why was Andy taking things so easily? He was too experienced a musher to let down unless his team was in difficulties or he confidently expected those ahead of him shortly were going to be.

They reached the lake and the water hole cut by the race committee. Billy gave the dogs a drink all round, out of a little tin pail, and then took one himself. Away again, nibbling at a bit of dry bannock. The dogs would get nothing until about midnight.

"Tcha, tcha, tcha! Come away there. Mush, boys, mush! Slick, you've had your drink, ain't you? Then mush, or by Jupiter, I'll hang you up and split you like a hog."

Stand on one foot and push with the other. All level going now for twelve miles. The reflection of the sun's rays from the vast snowfield was blinding, but they were travelling north by east and the light was not in their eyes. The wind out in the open was keen, though, and little beads of frost formed on the eyelashes of man and dogs.

BILLY'S mind was very busy. How far ahead were the others, and who was making the running? Had Alaska Trape got it into his Yankee head that a two-hundred-mile course could be run at a gallop, or was that the way they ran in Alaska? There must be some mighty mushers in that land. Were Wolf Curry and Johnny Chipok trying to beat him at his own game? How long could they hold the pace? No such time had ever been made in the history of the race.

His own team were plainly flagging; even Paddy, the glorious, the unparalleled, no longer ran with a spring.

"No, I'll be damned if I run my dogs to death for nobody," said Billy suddenly aloud. "At this gait they'll never finish at all. I'll have to load the whole works into the carriage and drag 'em myself."

He stopped urging the dogs with his voice and

they soon settled into an easier gait, coming down from the canter to a trot. But he himself continued to help the carriage along by kicking steadily, and got off now and then for a short run.

Across Elk Lake and over some low jackpine ridges. Another big sheet of ice. The sun had sunk, there were gray shadows on the snow and the sky above was gray. The wind had fallen. It was very still. The patter of many little feet on the trail was quite loud and the song of the runners had changed to a thin whine, proof that the temperature was falling.

Another team ahead. Who? Billy craned his neck as he drew abreast. It was Johnny Chipok. But he was only driving seven dogs. That meant that the other two were curled up in the carriage, exhausted.

More food for thought. Johnny had plainly and with deliberate intent run his train out. Had he been making the pace for the purpose of killing out competition, or had he been betrayed into an over-estimation of the powers of his dogs?

That left only Wolf Curry and Alaska ahead of him. Who was making the running now? Would it be wise to speed up and try to pass?

"No," said Billy aloud again. "No, sir. I aim to finish, and whether them boys is going to win or not, it's a sure thing they can't go no faster and not blow up."

Into the forest again, heavy timber on either hand towering up to the stars. Just a narrow strip of purple-black sky overhead, with the pale green tongues of the northern lights flickering across it. The runners had taken on a deeper note, more of a groan than a whine, and the snow squeaked under the feet of the dogs. It was getting very cold. Billy shivered in his sweaty shirt and picked his jacket of dressed beaver skins out of the carriage.

How far now to the log shanty that marked the first hundred miles of the course? It was too dark to see the hands of his watch and he could not stay to light a match. The dogs seemed to be going at a walk, yet when he got off to run he found difficulty in keeping up. But perhaps that was because he was getting tired himself. He did not feel tired yet, though his legs ached from the incessant kicking.

His mouth was parched again.

Only the patter of little feet and the snarl of the runners to listen to, only the flickering lances of the northern lights above to look at. How slowly the time passed? How far, O God—how far to that infernal shanty?

Lights and voices. He must have fallen into a doze, still kicking out mechanically. The dogs halted. They had come to a house. They had run a very long way and they were tired. It was long past supper-time and they were hungry; they were quite firmly determined to go no further that night.

A lantern was flashed in Billy's face. "Who's that?"

"Number four; Billy Fairlight."

"Number four, eh? Say, you boys are sure hitting some gait. Nobody ever made this post in eleven hours before."

To some person invisible, "Hey there, Joe, away you go now. Wolf Curry, first, ten hours forty minutes; Alaska Trape, second, ten hours fifty-six minutes; Billy Fairlight third, eleven hours nineteen minutes."

A whip cracked in the darkness. A voice shouted: "Mush, huskies; tcha, tcha, tcha!" And a dog train started off at full speed on the thirty-mile direct trail to carry the news.

"Going to camp?" inquired the post manager.

Billy looked wistfully at
Continued on page 93



Billy



The gallant brutes dug their claws into the yielding snow, checked a moment, and then the whole mass began to slide under them

The Romance of Manitoba's Proposed National Park



On Winnipeg River at the Northwestern limit of Manitoba's proposed National Park



The wide majestic sweep of a stately river



Falls from Crow Duck to Eagle Nest Lake

By

Albert E. Bingham

*"And thus our life,
Exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees,
Books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything."*

THESE words of Shakespeare came into my mind as we paddled leisurely across the lakes in that part of Northeastern Manitoba which is ear-marked for a new National Park for the Province of Manitoba.

Its great natural beauties are a revelation to one who is accustomed to thinking of Manitoba as merely a great expanse of flat and monotonous prairie land.

Here is a country of hills and lakes, trees, rocks and wild flowers, furnishing an infinite variety of scenery which delights the lover of nature; a paradise for those who would escape the dust and turmoil of city life.

Woods filled with wild life: partridge, jumping deer caribou, bear and moose; lakes teeming with trout and other fish, and in the rivers giant sturgeon move silently in the deep places, throughout the lakes are wild fowl in abundance, and over all the quietness of the wilderness.

Yonder soars the majestic eagle—high in the heavens—alone in this solitude, but a companion to us as we work our way north, far from the habitation of man.

Starting from Ophir on the Canadian National Railway, one can take a canoe and travel northwards throughout the whole extent of the proposed Park. This covers approximately an area thirty-five miles north and south by about thirty miles east and west, enclosing nine hundred square miles of unspoiled and beautiful country.

Bounded on the north and on the west by the splendid Winnipeg River, on the east by the Ontario boundary, and extending south of the transcontinental railways, there is enclosed in this area a wonderful expanse of virgin country, glorious in its wildness, splendid in the simplicity of its natural beauty.

Throughout is a complete network of lakes and streams, a Venetian Utopia, where one may revel in the pure joy of living.

Over these natural waterways one can travel day after day, crossing by short portages from one lake to another, fishing, exploring, making excursions into every nook and cranny of this vast park. Going by way of Sailing Lake and Little White Shell, we pass into a small lake filled with wild rice which grows so freely that the lake is

literally choked, and we have, perforce, to push our way through. Here are the favorite feeding grounds of the wild fowl and their rendezvous year after year.

Then, skirting the southerly end of the larger Whiteshell, we arrive at Crow Duck Lake. Stretching north for a distance of ten miles and with a maximum width of about six miles, Crow Duck is the lake par excellence.

This is indeed the fulfilment of a long-cherished dream. A wide vista of sun-flecked water, stretching away as far as the eye can reach, numerous islands dotting the surface of the lake, our canoe glides slowly along, in keeping with the stately dignity of the tree-covered shores, broken here and there by huge masses of rock rising high out of the water. We hear the call of the loon, its clarion notes echoing through the stillness, and, ever and anon, the quiet surface of the lake is disturbed by the splashing of a big speckled trout rising at some particularly choice specimen of the insect world.

Off in the distance the silence is broken by a covey of ducks which, disturbed in their feeding,

now race across our path, their wings threshing the water, as they hurriedly seek safety in flight.

Evening falls, and with the lengthening shadows the trees are mirrored in the translucent depths of the shimmering waters.

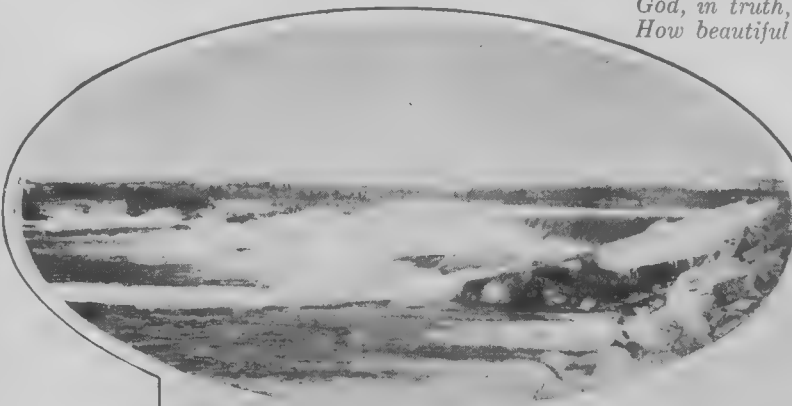
The sun, a radiant glowing sphere, sinks slowly down to the horizon, sending its dying rays across the calm surface of the lake ever-changing in varied hues the glorious splendor of exalted nature.

Drawing quietly to the shore, we select a dry open space, and, under the clear canopy of the star-lit heavens, prepare ourselves for refreshing slumber.

Lying there, breathing in the pure night air, and pondering over the beauties of the day, these words of Ella Wheeler Wilcox came into my waning consciousness:

*"Life is a privilege; its youthful days
Shine with the radiance of continuous Mays;
To live, to breathe, to wonder and desire;
To feed with dreams the heart's perpetual fire;
To thrill with virtuous passions,
And to glow with great ambitions;
In one hour to know the depths and
heights of feeling;
God, in truth, how beautiful,
How beautiful is youth!"*

Continued on page 54



Power House at Pointe du Bois, Man.



Rock fill and spillway Pointe du Bois, Man.



PLENTY of naptha—brisk and busy—down under the suds loosening the dirt. As if you had hundreds of tiny helpers doing the rubbing for you. That's the extra washing help Fels-Naptha brings you!

Naptha is a marvelous cleaner! It is the basis of dry cleaning. It is far and away the leader among harmless dirt-looseners. It takes out grease without an effort. It quickly loosens the clinging dirt.

There is *lots* of naptha in Fels-Naptha. It is held in by the natural cleansing elements that give Fels-Naptha its golden yellow color. You can *smell* the naptha—and it stays in until the bar is down to its last thin sliver.

So Fels-Naptha gives you *extra help*—two helpers instead of one. Naptha

to loosen the dirt—unusually good soap to wash it away. And they work together to give you clean, bright, sweet-smelling clothes with heaps less work and rubbing. Isn't that extra help worth a penny or two more a week?

Fels-Naptha works perfectly in cool, lukewarm or hot water, so colors stay fresh. It is bland and mild—kind to your hands as well as your clothes.

In machine or washtub you need the hundreds of extra helpers that are under Fels-Naptha's suds. Order from your grocer and have Fels-Naptha ready for your next wash.

FELS & CO., Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Illustrations by
Carl Michel Boog

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*The Royal Weaver was no
other than Old Spot,
the Spider*

The Princess and the Fairy Tapestry

By William Thompson, F.R.G.S.

SCRIBBLE SPRITE, all unknown to the Princess, had ordered a lot of Mr. and Mrs. Insects to go to the mulberry tree and carry a cocoon that held an unborn Moth to the Royal Weaver, as he was the only one who understood how to convert the silk into a number of delightful garments for the Fairy Princess.

The Royal Weaver was none other than Old Spot, the Spider, who made clothes for the Cupid Boys, who were caught in his snare so long ago that you have forgotten all about it.

The first thing the Royal Weaver did with the cocoon was to soak it in water that had had a sun bath. This softened the thread so that it could be unwound without any danger of breaking, when winding it on a reel.

After he had wound all the fine pearl-colored silk, he made it into a dainty lot of little skeins and hung them up until the fairies had collected baskets full of many colored flowers, with which he dyed the skeins, all the colors you have seen, many that you have never seen, or never will see unless you see a Fairy Princess—and, of course, that is quite possible if you wait long enough and are very good.

Everyone knows that real first-class fairies never show themselves to people who ever do anything that is wrong. This rule of Fairyland applies to folks from one year up to one hundred down, up or down, it makes no difference. If you want to see a Fairy Princess with her best bib and tucker on,

you have got to be good. That is the long and short of the matter. "Good" is the only word that the fairies know the meaning of. They haven't a dictionary; if they had, words like cross, unkind, lie, deceive, scold, selfish, peevish, lazy, disrespect, and a whole lot of words that have about the same meaning would all be crossed out.

Why?

You must ask Princess TeeNee WeeNee, Goddess of the Silk-Worm, and the Sovereign Lady of Fairyland, why.

If any one did know the meaning of these words, and did not promise to be good, Scribble would be asked to hitch up his little wagon, and take that person for a ride to the frontier, and when they arrived, Scribble would dump them over the fence into the Land of the Mortals, and never again would they be allowed to see the lovely Princess or any of her fairies.

If anyone can think of anything worse than that to happen, I am sure the fairies would not want to hear of it.

Little by little, Scribble Sprite became on more intimate terms with the weaver and with the Silk-Worm, and between the two he picked up a great deal of information about matters of which he knew little.

THE Weaver was by nature a very kindly chap; of course, he had his spells of being cross, like most mortals. But altogether he would be called

a very good-natured and agreeable person. There were times when no one could blame him for losing a little piece of his temper. The thing that was very vexing and caused him the most trouble was, to have the fairies who wore very long trains on their dresses, come so near his looms that the wind would blow them into the machinery, doing the beautiful garments a great deal of damage. The machinery would have to be stopped, and the gauzy costumes would have to be repaired. Who was to do it? No one but the Royal Weaver, for he was the only one who knew how.

Time and time again this happened, and one day he vowed and declared that if it happened again during the busy season, he'd weave short skirts only; like it or not, he could not be bothered any more.

Realizing how modest fairies are, this was a threat that caused a great deal of feeling among the women-folk of fairyland. If he should keep his promise, and make only short skirts, fairies would never be seen on the streets. Their natural modesty would not allow them to expose their pretty little ankles to the gaze of the men-folks, never for one moment realizing that the zephyrs and fairy breezes took many saucy liberties with their lacy skirts.

It seems very strange, but the very day that the Weaver threatened to change the style for the ladies of the Court, there was a regular monthly

Continued on page 81

Announcing the



HUPMOBILE 1928 SIX

A Complete New
Line of Sixes



Hupmobile Through
and Through, but how
Wonderfully Transformed to the
Eye! New Bodies - New Colors - New
Hupmobile-Midland (Steeldraulic) Brakes



WE BELIEVE THE HUPMOBILE TO BE THE BEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD



Norway House



"The Wolverine" taking on wood at Bullhead for her fuel

Canada's Inland Sea Fisheries

By Robert Watson

Author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman", "The Spoilers of the Valley," "Me—and PETER," Etc.

IN THESE days, when one hears of commercial fishing, thoughts naturally fly to deep-sea, salt water fishing, where salmon, halibut, cod and herring are the chief products.

Little, after all, seems to be known of the large enterprises in operation on Canada's great inland lakes, summer and winter, in which thousands of men are engaged and where almost unbelievable quantities of most toothsome fish are harvested.

It was the writer's privilege to make a trip up Lake Winnipeg recently, when he witnessed, in part, the operating of this fascinating industry.

The ship "Wolverine," 200 tons burden, 125 feet long and 20 years old, owned by the Northern Fish Company, was making her first voyage of the season from Selkirk to Warren's Landing, a distance of some 300 miles by water.

In addition to about a dozen general passengers, consisting of members of the Air Force going up to Norway House, some Hudson's Bay Company men, surveyors, geologists and prospectors, there were fifty or sixty fishermen aboard, bound for Warren's Landing fishing station. These latter were chiefly half-breeds—or natives, as they prefer to be designated—and the majority of them were in a happy, carefree mood. The scene on the Selkirk wharf was almost as lively as the departure of a troopship in time of war.

Old women draped in shawls, young women and girls in flaring, summery colors, presented a garish picture as they crowded forward, shouting sentimental or would-be humorous remarks to their husbands, sweethearts and friends who hung over the ship's rail. Many fond partings were enacted and re-enacted at the gangway, money was tossed by the men on board to other men on the pier, with instructions to bring some forgotten dainty or requisite when they came up the week following. Freight kept trundling in until the boat was down to her water-line. The usual last-minute passenger arrived on the scene, balanced precariously on the shaky gang-plank had just succeeded in getting aboard as the "Wolverine" began to edge out into the river.

Seventy or eighty passengers were a little too many for the berthing accommodation on this Noah's Ark of a boat—cribbed, cabined and confined—built for cargo, with passenger facilities not too bad, but something of an afterthought. In consequence, most of the men aboard had to sleep or rest anywhere as best they could. This trip was, of course, made on the Company's cargo boat, not on their summer tourist steamer, "Keenora," which at this time had not taken up her summer run.

The older men cluttered the decks and the alleyways, in blankets, lying full length or propped up against

the deck houses. The younger ones, happy and noisy, and feeling that if they couldn't sleep, others had no right to, scraped on fiddles, tinkled ukeleles and blew into mouth organs, while others jiggered on deck all night long, within a foot overhead of those fortunate, or unfortunate enough to have secured the doubtful benefit of a cabin and a berth. And always the tunes these natives churled and scraped and droned were the adaptations of the old bagpipe and other highland melodies of the early Red River settlers. Amidships another crowd yelled and sang the latest jazzy, sloshy, sentimental ditties.

Between the mirk and the dawn, there may have been some two hours of quiet, but at 5 a.m. the jiggering overhead began again. At 6 a.m. a bell clanged noisily in the passageway calling us from a doubtful rest to what proved to be a very good refreshment.

All night and all day on this boat, a kippered-herring sort of smell, a moccasin smell, invaded the nostrils.

Morning found us well up that magnificent expanse of fresh water, Lake Winnipeg. The bedlam creators of the night before were now an exceedingly solemn, rather thick-tongued, decent-looking lot of husky fellows—their rowdiness over and now ready for the two and a half months' steady, hard, hazardous fishing ahead of them: hazardous, advisedly, for it can storm on Lake Winnipeg as madly as it can on the Atlantic, and Canada's inland seamen are far indeed removed from being "dry-land sailors" and they

"Lowering sail just at the right moment to bring them smoothly alongside"



Warren's Landing—a typical lake fishing village



well earn their sixty to a hundred dollars a month and board, which is their rate of wages for the season.

The old "Wolverine" is a wood-burning vessel, and a stoppage had to be made at a place called Bullhead for the purpose of loading wood. This fact now accounted for the kippered-herring odor. The ship's officers comprised a native captain, native purser, a Dutch engineer, with an Icelandic assistant, and two native firemen. The general crew were chiefly native.

IN THIRTY-SIX hours, Warren's Landing, the fishing headquarters of the Northern Fish Company, was reached, a typical fishing village, with warehouses, ice-houses, packing-houses, dwellings, bunk-houses, cook-houses and the inevitable general store. Net racks were everywhere along the shore line, with bands of yelping dogs brought up here evidently for cheap summer feeding off fish offal.

Moored close in were some 21 fishing boats, fifteen of them sailers and six gas boats. In a short time, the sixty men were ashore and hard at work getting their various craft into thorough seagoing order, stepping the masts and boxing up fish receptacles.

The fishing yawls are from thirty to thirty-five feet long and carry three or four men.

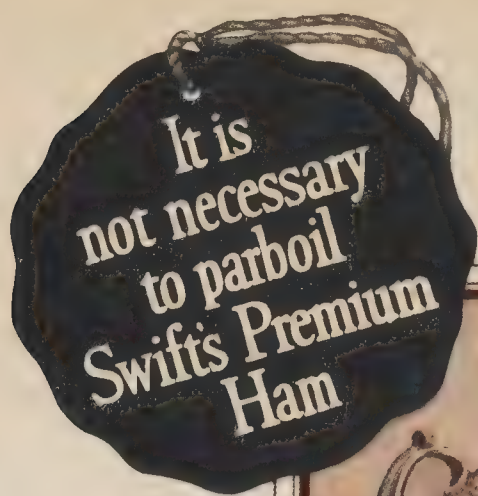
The fleet sets out to the fishing grounds in two long strings behind two tugs, at 3 a.m. every morning. They fish from twenty to forty miles out on the lake, which, at this point, is seventy-five miles wide.

They return under their own sail, or, if becalmed, they are towed in a string by the tugs which have accompanied them all day for protection. They are all generally home by six o'clock. It is a pretty picture to see these fishing boats racing homeward, heeling over, with their sails bellying, two and three of them at a time; to watch them swing shoreward and lower sail just at the right moment to bring them smoothly alongside; the fishermen—Indians, Icelanders and natives—picturesque in their high rubber boots, oilskins and sou'westers.

When the last boat arrives, the men set to in batches, unloading their fish, sorting, cleaning, weighing and packing among crushed ice in boxes each to contain 100 pounds of fresh fish.

WHITEFISH—a delicacy as toothsome as the daintiest of salmon-trout—is the chief product. Pickerel, sturgeon, jackfish, goldeyes and perch are also caught in considerable quantities for the markets of Canada and U.S.A.

For the protection of the industry, the Government has restricted fishing companies on the lake to a total season's catch of three million pounds of dressed whitefish, which must be caught between June 1 and August 15. (Continued on page 47)



Four ways to know you are getting
"SWIFT'S PREMIUM"

1. The plainly marked label.
2. The name on the wrapper.
3. The name stamped on the rind of the ham.
4. The blue Parboiling Tag.



A delightful and appetising dish for Autumn

WHEN the crisp, cool days bring a zest to appetite there are few dishes so delightfully satisfying as a slice of Premium Ham with scalloped potatoes. It is not a new dish—yet one with an appeal that never lessens. For in this tender ham there is a subtle delicacy of flavor which satisfies every taste—and calls for one taste more.

Here is the Recipe —

Premium Ham with Scalloped Potatoes.—Fill a buttered baking dish, three-fourths of its depth, with sliced potatoes, sprinkle generously with flour, season with salt and pepper and pour in milk to cover. Place a slice of Swift's Premium Ham over the potatoes and bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes.



Swift's Premium Bacon

Prized for its distinctive flavor, Premium Bacon is considered a staple in many a household. It is always kept on hand, ready to be cooked by itself in appetising slices; or combined with other foods to give them added richness and fine flavor.

Swift Canadian Co.
 Limited

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Hugh Miller

BRIEF Biography No. 5.—Hugh Miller, a Scottish geologist, was born at Cromarty, 1802. From the age of sixteen to thirty-one he worked as a stonemason, devoting the winter months to writing, reading, and natural history. In 1829 he published *Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason*, followed in 1835 by *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*. From 1834 to 1840, he was a bank accountant. He was then invited to Edinburgh to edit *The Witness* and, in 1840, published in its columns the popular geographical articles afterward collected as *The Old Red Sandstone*. His other works include *First Impressions of England*, *Footprints of the Creator*, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, *Testimony of the Rocks*, *The Cruise of the Betsey*, and *Popular Geology*. He died in 1856.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 6.—The duties and qualifications of an assistant expert in grain chemistry are outlined in the paragraphs that follow: Work of this nature arises in connection with the research laboratories of the Board of Grain Commissioners.

Duties: To assist in the direction of field and laboratory research and the investigation of grains and milling products; to make physical and chemical tests of grain; to make investigations relating to the transportation of grain, and problems connected with the moisture content; to develop methods of work applicable to these problems; to conduct or direct experimental milling, baking and packing tests; to collect data regarding grains and their chemical and physical properties; to assist in the preparation of reports for publication; on occasion to be responsible for the direction of the grain laboratory, and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications: Education equivalent to graduation in chemistry from a University of recognized standing, preferably with post-graduate experience in grain chemistry; at least three years' experience in conducting baking and milling tests on grain products and preferably chemical research work in connection with such tests; thorough knowledge of the technique and methods employed in the determination of the economic properties of grain; ability to conduct the work of a laboratory and to compile and report results of investigations.

The Problem Department

SERIES Five—Government.

1. Distinguish between the art and the science of politics.
2. State some of the political problems of the present day.
3. Indicate the application of the name Great Britain.
4. Summarize the relations of the self-governing Dominions to the British Crown and to England.
5. Indicate the jurisdiction of the supreme court of Canada.

Answers to Geography questions, Series Four:

1. Give the derivation of the word Geography.

Answer: The word geography comes from *ge* and *grapho*, two Greek words which, in combination, mean a description of the earth.

2. State the name and subject matter of each of the principal divisions into which the science of geography is classified.

Answer: Geography is usually classified on the basis of its subject matter, into mathematical geography; physical geography; and biological geography; physical geography or physiography; and biological geography. Mathematical geography concerns the size, shape and movements of the earth; physical geography deals with the layers of the earth's surface—land, sea and air; and biological geography studies the life conditions of plants and animals, on the one hand, and of man on the other.

3. Characterize the three chief periods of geographical progress.

Answer: Three chief periods of geographical progress may be roughly distinguished: first, that of Ancient Greece, when the first serious attempts

were made to describe and to explain, scientifically, the varied conditions of different localities; second, the age of discovery, from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, when the main features of the earth were finally learned; and third, the modern scientific period, more or less overlapping the second in time and continuing to the present, when the utmost resources of science have been systematically utilized to chart and to describe every part of the earth's surface.

4. Who were the earliest navigators known to history?

Answer: The Phoenicians; Africa was circumnavigated as early as 600 B.C. by a Phoenician expedition.

5. State four benefits that may be derived from a study of geography.

Answer: A knowledge of geography is necessary for the intelligent reading of newspapers and books. The study may also impart a new interest to the materials which we handle. Geography is enlightening as a study of causes. Many people lack the financial means and the leisure necessary for extensive travel, but by printed word and by picture the far places of the earth may be visited geographically.

The Higher Life

MESSRS. PICKERING & INGLIS, of 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland, announce the publication of a series of attractive Bible almanacs, calendars, and diaries, for 1928. Their pocket diary contains, in addition to the usual diary conveniences, a complete list of daily texts for the year; a short expository article; several devotional poems; and a devotional verse on every second page. The wall calendars have pads attached that contain selected texts for every day, accompanied by a meditation from the works or sermons of accredited religious leaders.

A new book from the press of the same firm is entitled *The Directory of Domestic Hygiene*, by A. T. Schofield, M.D., L.R.C.P., of London, England, Editor of *The Bible Student*. In this work, Dr. Schofield deals in a most interesting and effective fashion with such topics as Life, Health, Wealth, Food, Personal Hygiene, Sanitation, Athletics, Rest, Disease, and Food. His language is that of the trained scientist who is able to write in terms that are intelligible to the average man. His treatment of the various topics is, moreover, always on a high plane, as witness the following:

"Health, holiness, and wholeness are words from the same root. Our outlook is an essentially broad and comprehensive one; treating health and ill-health in relation to the entire man as man, and not, as is constantly the case in so many health manuals, in relation to his body alone. To say that a man is in perfect health who has a distorted mind or a distracted soul is absurd; for illness is to the body as sin is to the spirit. Therefore disease may be called sin of the body, and error or sin, sickness of the soul. The man under either of these influences can be neither in a state of health or wholeness. Health is wholeness of life. Health is ease and ill-health is dis-ease."

Readers who are interested in sound gift books, and in magazines and books for Bible students and workers, will do well to address Messrs. Pickering & Inglis with a request for copies of their catalogues, which will be mailed promptly upon application.

The Winning Answers

IN CONNECTION with Series One of the Problem Department, a book prize was offered for the best answers to the Public Speaking Questions. Men and women throughout the West have taken part in this competition, and as no announcement was made that it was for young men only, the prize will be mailed to Mrs. A. Kitson, Portage la Prairie, whose answers, reproduced herewith, appear to be the best submitted:

1. A knowledge of public speaking is a great benefit in many ways. It gives one confidence in public. It helps one to mould the character of the young; as in the case of the teacher, the preacher, and the lecturer. It enables one to influence public opinion, as evidenced in campaigns, political

and otherwise; also in lawyers pleading the cases of clients before a jury. It helps the speaker himself by compelling him to systematize his knowledge.

2. A successful public speaker should have good articulation with not too rapid a delivery; the ability to condense his facts into a brief space of time so that he will not tire, and consequently bore his hearers; and a keen sense of humor which he employs to gain the sympathy and attention of his audience.

3. Speaking from manuscript gives one an opportunity to present his thoughts in a more logical manner, and prevents his thoughts from being sidetracked from his topic; while, on the other hand, it tends to produce a more formal style of address.

4. The mastery of good voice quality requires its adaptation to the sentiment expressed. In other words, we are told to follow Nature. Her guidance and teaching will show us aright. The studied elocutionist appears to be perfectly natural.

5. Emphasis is to speech what coloring is to painting. So, naturally, we give particular emphasis to those words and expressions which we wish to stand out vividly in the foreground of our word picture.

Five Classes of Health

WHAT do we mean by a natural death? Men are not only born unequal in the power and capacity of their lives, but also as to the length of them. Both health and length of life are to a great extent a question of heredity. With regard to the former, Sir Benjamin Ward makes five classes:

1. The perfectly healthy.
2. The healthy.
3. The healthy till old.
4. The frequently unhealthy.
5. The constantly unhealthy.

With regard to hereditary ill-health, however, we must make one important remark, and that is that we do not inherit diseases, but tendencies to diseases, which may be, and often are, successfully overcome. It is a sorry and false fatalism which declares that a drunkard's child is necessarily a drunkard.

Dr. Southey gives as signs of health:

1. Good construction, that is, sound body.
2. Accommodativeness to change, individual adaptability to widely diverse conditions of life, or of climate, without deterioration of energy.
3. Endurance.
4. Self-control—mental, emotional, sexual.
5. Resistance to morbid influences.

Habit counts for much in health, and when all the organs of the body have worked well together for years, they become hardy, like seasoned veterans, and can go anywhere and do anything.

Let it be repeated that life and health are but means to higher and worthier ends, and anyone shortsighted enough to make them the goal of life, will lose one, if not both of them. No man is in health who lives to preserve his health, but that man is in the best health to whom his God is first, his neighbor second, and himself last.—Dr. A. T. Schofield in the *Directory of Domestic Hygiene*.

Captains in Conflict

THE A. W. Shaw Company, Cass, Huron and Erie Streets, Chicago, publishers of business and university textbooks, have departed from their usual procedure and have published a business novel entitled *Captains in Conflict*. While it is absorbing as a tale, it is also significant as a chronicle of the development of business during the past quarter of a century.

It was only at the turn of the last century that business emerged from the crude rule-of-thumb stage and began to take on some of the attributes of a profession. This change, involving, as it did, many deep-rooted economic factors, brought about sweeping changes in business, and it is with these that this story deals.

The publishers will be pleased to mail descriptive circulars, and also catalogues of business and college textbooks likely to prove helpful to young men interested in home study.

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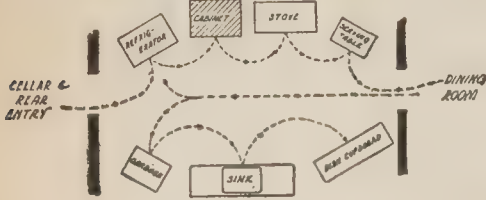
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The Step-Saving Kitchen

WE HAVE come to regard our kitchens in an altogether new light in recent years. We demand more of them than we ever did in some ways, and in other ways we demand less; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the well planned kitchen is better able to meet all the demands that are put upon it.

We have spoken from time to time of the joys of an attractive kitchen, speaking of bright and cheerful color schemes, plenty of light, aided and abetted



A chart of an oblong kitchen

by light walls (instead of the old-fashioned dull walls that absorb so much of the room's lighting), and other things that contribute to the clean, durable, pretty effect that is as easy to achieve as a miserable one.

I am not going to dwell long on this phase of the kitchen at present, other than to advise painting its walls, cupboards and furniture with a light color which you really like, and selecting carefully a paint that has some special qualifications for withstanding the steam and fumes and frequent scrubbing which fall to the lot of kitchen walls. With such a sanitary, easily kept wall surface and a linoleum on the floor, the last word in real kitchen beauty can be achieved and the housewife's work materially reduced, all at the same time.

It is on another phase of kitchen planning that I will dwell just now, however. I want to talk about placing the kitchen equipment, large and small, in a manner that will really cut down the number of steps that must be taken in it every day. I am quite sure from many tests I have made in the past, that the average busy woman has no idea of the actual distance she walks each day as she goes about her housework. If she had to walk two miles every morning for the day's food supply, three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, she would know exactly what effort that walk cost her. But, in most cases, she will not pause to estimate how many times a day she takes the seven or eight steps that may lie between her work table and her pantry, or between her water supply and her stove. It is safe to say that ninety-nine women out of a hundred who had actual figures to represent the unnecessary walking done in the kitchen in an average day, would be very willing to sit down and take a thoughtful look at that kitchen, and see where waste walking might be eliminated.

Now, of course, it is impossible to lay down the law as to just what *your* kitchen should contain and how those contents should be placed. There is all the difference in the world between the size and shape of my readers' kitchens and the amount of really efficient equipment owned by these many housewives. I can, however, talk in general fashion about which pieces of equipment should be near certain other pieces, about certain labor savers that practically every one of you can have and I can give you some pointers that will help you to size up the improvements that might be introduced in your own kitchen, if you feel that there is any room for improvement in it.

You will note that one of the illustrations on this page is just a little chart, showing a not-very-large kitchen of oblong shape, with seven distinct service units placed in the way that will allow those units, individually and collectively, to render the very best service; in other words, this is quite an ideal kitchen, arranged in a thoroughly step-saving manner.

Now perhaps you do not possess all these pieces of equipment, but even so, I would ask you to study their placing because there are many little

*It is Achieved by the Correct
Placing of Equipment*

By Katherine M. Caldwell

ways in which we can contrive useful substitutes for standard equipment—even the kind of substitute which calls for little expenditure where one's budget does not permit the buying of just the furnishings one would like.

At one end of the kitchen there is an entrance by which deliveries of food would come, whether from the grocer or the gardener. In our plan, the entry from the cellar is at the same point, so that vegetables and so forth that might be stored in the basement would still be brought into the kitchen at the same place.

Certain deliveries would be placed directly in the refrigerator; where these needed to be first removed



The sink should be well toward that end of the kitchen which contains the serving table and stove

from their wrappings, they would be placed on the small table-front that is a feature of most kitchen cabinets; at the same time, stores that would be put away in the cabinet itself will not have much travelling to do when their outer papers are removed.

Now failing a kitchen cabinet, I would be much inclined to have a small table in that particular spot and some wall shelves above it for holding the general run of pantry supplies; without the cabinet, I should expect to do my baking on what is termed in our chart the "serving table," and so I would transform it into a real all-around work table, such as the one shown in our illustration. You can see at a glance that the small shelves set so conveniently behind and beside this well equipped work table, would hold all the cooking materials that are called into most frequent use—the things which we expect to keep in our kitchen cabinet, if we have a good one. So much can be kept right at hand in jars and canisters, in the work table corner, that the shelves which I suggested might replace the cabinet, and would only be necessary to hold supplies for replenishing our handy containers and other cookery supplies which we do not require very often. Perhaps your kitchen has a good pantry which would house all these reserve stores—but don't be persuaded that it would in any way replace the well-stocked shelves by your work-table or in your kitchen cabinet; these eliminate walking, instead of merely cutting it down; you go to table or cabinet, seat yourself on the high stool that should be in every kitchen, and if you take such things as milk and eggs which you may require from the refrigerator with you on your first trip, you will not need to

rise again until you have mixed your cake batter, biscuits, soufflé or whatever you may be making.

You will note how convenient it is to have the stove between the cabinet and the serving table if you stick to these two pieces of equipment. Picture yourself getting a meal. If you prepare your dish probably at the baking cabinet; it is but a step to put it on the stove or in the oven. When it is cooked and you are about to serve it, it is again only a step from your range to the serving-table where you will make your dish ready for its immediate and convenient trip to the dining-room.

If there should be only the stove and serving table on that side of your room, this will still be a very convenient order in which to place them; the fact that the serving table is on an angle in our chart does not indicate that it is really placed diagonally in the room, but rather that it might be placed straight against either the side wall or the end wall. The same is true of all the other corner pieces—they may in every instance be placed on either wall, as near the corner as may be convenient; that would still make them just as near neighbors as they are in the chart and allow for the planning of this same kitchen in either the square or oblong shape.

So much for the side of the room that is almost entirely planned for the preparation of meals. Let us now look at the other side.

Its function is two-fold—it takes entire care of the clearing away after meals, but the sink must also play its part during the preparation period. For that reason you will find it most convenient, if the way your water pipes are placed will allow it, to have your sink as well toward that end of the kitchen which contains the serving table and the stove, as possible, although directly opposite the range is not a bad position. You will realize how often you want water for the range and that vegetables will be carried to the sink from the rear entry, and thence to the stove or perhaps to the work table when there is more to their preparation than mere boiling, steaming or baking.

When dishes are brought from the dining room, they should be carried directly to the sink and my preference is strongly for piling them on the right-hand drain-board. Here they can be rapidly scraped on to

Continued on page 99



The "serving table" or real all-around work table

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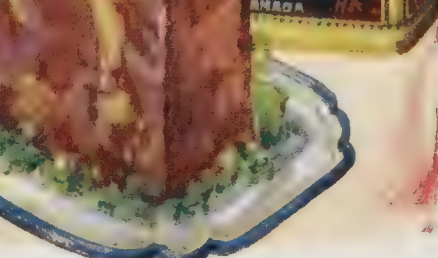
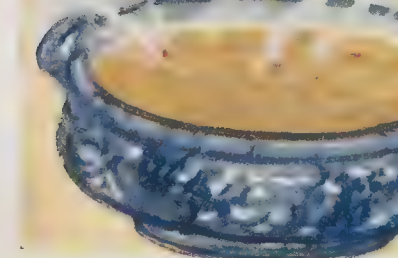
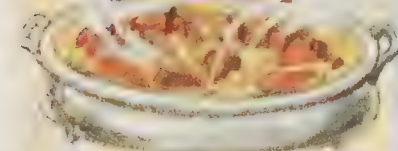
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Celtic and Finno-Ugric Poetry

By Watson Kirkconnell, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., F.S.S.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the last of a series of articles in which Professor Kirkconnell has been giving a survey of the whole field of European poetry, illustrated by his own verse translations from the languages involved.)

Celtic Poetry

LINGERING on in rugged districts on the extreme west of Europe are the fading dialects of a once dominant Celtic race. From 700 B.C. to 200 B.C., a warlike people, tall, fair-haired, and grey-eyed, were all-powerful in central and western Europe. They even threatened the existence of Rome in 390 B.C., and in the next century pushed their conquests eastward into the heart of Asia Minor. Today their language is spoken by about three million people in Brittany, Wales, Ireland, the Isle of Man, and Scotland; but their physical type has been largely swallowed up by other stocks. It is thus meaningless to talk today of a Celtic race.

The poetic literatures of the Celtic-speaking peoples form a notable monument of past genius. They are in many cases spontaneous and untutored; they are written in a maddening multiplicity of dialects; but they constitute a vast ocean of reading-matter, most of it still in manuscript, accumulated down through fifteen creative centuries.

The Celtic languages fall into two main groups: (a) the Goidelic, comprising Irish Gaelic or Erse, Scotch Gaelic, and Manx, and (b) the Brythonic, including Welsh, Cornish, and Breton. In remote antiquity they all sprang from the same parent-language as the Latin and Teutonic tongues; but the changes of three millenia have obscured the relationship.

Irish Poetry

THE Gaels of Ireland developed an enormous quantity of indigenous literature before they were much influenced by the culture of a wider world. High honor was paid in their primitive society to the professional poets or "filid" and these shaped an unusual number of stories into literary form. This is really the epic period of Irish literature, similar in character to the Homeric age in Greece, though greatly inferior to it in literary technique and power. The Irish epics were usually in long strophes of wandering prose linked together by brief interludes of poetry. The greatest of these tales is the so-called "Irish Iliad," the *Tain Bo Cualnge* or "Cattle Raid of Cooley," which takes us back to the barbaric splendor of Ulster in the first century A.D. The Achilles of the story is Cuchulinn, the greatest of Irish epic heroes, whose achievements in the fight are prodigious even for such a half-mythical narrative. This epic is typical of a whole cycle of Ulster stories, dating from the earlier period when the chiefs of the North were the overlords of all Ireland. After the Scandinavian invasions had weakened Ulster in the 9th and 10th centuries, we find another epic cycle emerging in the south of Ireland, with Finn and Ossian as its chief protagonists.

This older period of Irish literature also produced a number of beautiful lyrics, many of which show profound sympathy with nature. Such is this little poem, "Winter," from the 9th century:

Hark to my song:
The cold comes on;
With winter's snow
The summer's gone;

The winds are snell;
The sun is low;
It's life is short;
Fierce sea-tides flow;

Deep red the fern,
Long dead and dry;
The phalanx'd geese
Make loud the sky;

Warned by the frost
The birds depart;
A winter dirge
Wails in my heart.

The medieval or feudal period gave rise also to much fine love poetry in the Provencal tradition. Thus Magnus O'Donnell (died 1564, chief of his clan and lord of Tyrconnell, has left us the following little elegy:

Ah, heart bowed down with heaviness,
Walk on thy way of sad endeavor!
How can a man conceal distress
When his life's love is gone for ever?

Grief grows as heavy as the grape
In vineyards in the summer's heating;
Still with me walks a phantom shape,
And all the dance's joys are fleeting.

The migrant birds that seek the main
Obscure the sunlight in their flying;
And my sad homing thoughts of pain
Blot out life's joy and leave it dying.

From the seventeenth century on, the English power in Ireland increased, the older patrons of the bards disappeared, and poetry ceased to be feudal and became popular and national. The sorrows and aspirations of the "distressful country" were given intense expression, while hundreds of masterless songs of love and war were cherished and preserved by popular tradition. Such is the following anonymous lyric from the 18th century:

She's the blackthorn's gay white flower,
She's the petal's pretty shower,
Sure she's sweeter than an hour
In the fairylands of old;

She's my heart's own blood, my fairest,
She's the apples' blossoms rarest,
Sure she's summer to the bare nest
When December winds are cold.

In recent times the language has taken on a new lease of life, especially through the efforts of the Gaelic League (founded 1893) and the Irish Free State government; but the chief glories of Irish literature are still in the remote past.

Gaelic Poetry

THE brave, warlike Celtic-speaking peoples of the Scottish Highlands came largely from a great invasion from Ireland in the sixth century; and their language varied but little from the literary dialect of the western island. The golden age of Gaelic literature in Scotland came in the second half of the 18th century. In earlier times the constant feuds of the clans and still more the overshadowing prestige of Irish Gaelic poetry kept the Scottish dialect back from supreme achievement. After Culloden, the Highlands for almost the first time in history, knew peaceful unity; and the result was a remarkable outburst of poetic activity, culminating in the works of Alexander MacDonald (1700-1780), Dugald Buchanan (1716-1768), and Duncan Ban MacIntyre (1742-1812). MacDonald excelled both in nature verse and in patriotic songs associated with the Stuart cause; Buchanan was by far the greatest of all Gaelic hymn-writers; while MacIntyre, "The Burns of the Highlands," is unsurpassed in his affectionate tributes to his native hills. The following spirited stanzas open a long and vigorous poem written by MacIntyre in 1781 entitled "Praise to Gaelic and the Great Bagpipe":

The Gaelic Royal Society
Upholds your sires' custom:
The pipes must hail the tongue of Gael,
And blow as though you'd bust 'em.
It is the tongue your fathers sung,
The speech you long have spoken,
Man's oldest style you've kept the while,
Your faith shall ne'er be broken.
It was the word that Eden heard,
The idiom of Adam;
To its sweet note the prophets wrote
The truths Jehovah bade 'em;
It caravanned the Desert sand;
It crossed the Red Sea waters;
And still our tribes exhort their scribes
To teach their sons and daughters.

No later Highland poets have measured up to the stature of these three. Mention should, however, be made of Ewen MacIachlan (1775-1822), William Ross (1762-1790), John Morrison (1790-1852), William Livingston (1808-1870), and Evan Maccoll (1808-1898).

Manx Poetry

THE distinct Gaelic dialect spoken in the Isle of Man has produced scarcely anything in the way of poetry. There are a few dozen religious songs or carols, dealing largely with judgment and Hell, and a handful of popular ballads, such as "Mylecharaine," directed against the man who first broke the custom of having a bridegroom pay money to the father of his bride.

Welsh Poetry

WELSH poetry, on the other hand, rivals that of Ireland in volume and importance. There are old epic poems dating back to the fifth century; there are many romances dating from the 12th and 13th centuries; and a wonderful outburst of love and nature poetry came in the 14th century. This period culminates in Dafydd ab Gwilym, a contemporary of Chaucer, who is the greatest poet of Wales and one of the great poets of world literature.

The merging of Wales into the realm of England produced a long fallow period; but a new spirit began to manifest itself in the 17th century. Huw Morus (1622-1709) wrote many charming love poems, closely akin to those of the contemporary Cavalier poets in England. The following *Lover's Plea* is typical of Morus:

Ah, my dear, leave virgin joys!
Sweetly face a woman's choice!
Not a day's growth is this passion
That I feel in frantic fashion;
I don't wish a month or year
Of polite communion, dear.
Nay, I seek to have through life
Thy sweet person as my wife.

Do not judge me by the mart:
Life's best gift is worth of heart.
Wealth's proud gains are quickly spent;
There's no ending to content
When two humble hearts are true,
Giving only love his due.
Love will grant thee better fate
Than the trappings of estate.

At the dawn I seek thy side,
By my passion justified
To invoke thee as my own.
Ere another day has flown.
Pray give over thy gay jesting!
Take a true heart's simple questing!
Make a compact, glad and sweet!
Be my spouse, dear, I entreat!

The eighteenth century brought several men of real greatness, including Goronwy Owen (1722-1769), William Williams (1717-1791), and Thomas Edwards (1739-1810); but it is the nineteenth century which appeals most to the modern taste, for here lyric poetry became pre-eminent and the newer poets spoke straight to the heart. The finest poet of the period is perhaps John Ceiriog Hughes (1832-1887), who sang with simple passion of his beloved land and people, as in the following little poem, *The Mountain Brook*.

Fresh and shining down the valley
Glides the singing mountain brook,
Whispering among the sedges.
Why have I those hills forsook!

Now the heather is in flower
Up the mountain's mighty steep:
Would that I were there among it
Thrilling to the hill-winds' sweep!
Soaring through the mountain breezes
Sure the mountain birds arise,
Winging o'er the cloud-capt ridges:
Why have I forsook those skies!
I am scion of the mountains;
And I write far, far away;
But my heart is in the heather
With the mountain birds at play.
The Welsh people have displayed an unusual capacity for poetic expression,

and it is possible that even greater achievements are still before them.

Cornish Poetry

IN THE Cornish peninsula, a Celtic dialect very similar to Welsh lingered on as late as the 18th century, but is now extinct. As with Manx, its poetic remains are very scanty. They consist chiefly of old religious dramas. In one of these, curiously enough, the Devil and his angels are made to speak English.

Breton Poetry

THE literature of those Celtic-speaking brothers of the Welsh and Cornish who in the fifth century fled from the Saxons and settled in Northwestern France, in so-called Brittany, contains more religious drama than anything else. There are extant over 120 plays, most of them of ghastly length. Far more original and important, however, are their legends, folksongs, and ballads. The following Breton nursery-rhyme is full of genuine vitality:

Dipa, dipa, dipadoup!
Our old cat is cooking soup,
Our old hen is spinning wool,
And our cock sings like a fool.
See the busy ducks go shovin',
Taking baking to the oven,
While the red fox wanders loose,
Making love to our old goose.

In the 19th century, patriotic Breton scholars set out to create a native literature of artistic value; but it was not until this last generation that such genuine poets as Fanch Jaffrennou captured the inspiration for which they sought.

Finno-Ugric Poetry

TOTALLY unrelated to Celtic or indeed to any of the Indo-European tongues is a group of Asiatic languages infixed in the north and centre of Europe. Finnish, Estonian, and Magyar (Hungarian) are European representatives of a great Asiatic family which includes Turkish, Mongol, Manchu, Japanese, and even the far-off Eskimo dialects of Arctic Canada. All three have come into contact with the Occidental tradition and have produced poetry that ranks high in the European record.

Finnish Poetry

THE 3,500,000 people of Finland, although they have known national independence only since 1917, are among the most highly educated in Europe. Their language is exceedingly rich and harmonious and is eminently suited for the subtlest effects of poetic diction. It is only within the past century, however, that their artistic literary creation has begun to escape from the blighting domination of Swedish and to achieve a destiny for itself.

The new period opened in 1835 with the publication by Elias Lönnrot of the *Kalevala*, a great unified anthology of Finnish folk-ballads and folk-epics. This great work roused the potential poets of Finland to national consciousness and vocal expression; and there has since then been a progressively magnificent upbuilding of a national poetry. Among the greatest lyric poets of the past eighty years are Juho Heikki Erkkö (1849-1906), Eino Leino (1878-1925), and Professor Koskenniemi (born 1885). The following poem reflects Erkkö's nature inspiration.

Flowers' souls, scent-flinging,
Glad bird-souls in singing,
Linger through the sky;
But the bird, erst flying,
And the flowers are lying
With all things that die.

Shall another Maytime
Bring a radiant daytime
To the frozen sod?
Shall the sun come granting
Scents and birds' sweet chanting
Soaring up to God?

Continued on page 87



Healthy hair is strong, clean, abundant

Thin, lifeless hair will soon go

DULL, lifeless hair—gradually getting thinner and thinner—is starving at the roots. Or the scalp, lacking vitality to fight infection, has fallen prey to dandruff.

In either case baldness threatens. Yet the hair can be restored to health with a few moments daily care:

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PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine

COME LET US READ A WHILE

BY W.H.M. LIBRARIAN

"The Play's the Thing!"

AT LEAST, so said Shakespeare, but I wish I could understand the novel I have just read called "The Marionette" by Edwin Muir. (Hogarth Press, London.) I know that by admitting my inability to understand this novel I am excluding myself from the intelligentsia. I am quite sure that any member of this exclusive set would be able to explain fully this queer story. Where I see obscurity they would see "style" and what is to me dense fog would be to them "atmosphere." It is about a half-witted boy; that is quite clear. It is also clear that the father kept away from this son of his as much as possible until the fatal day when the good housekeeper, Emma, thrusts poor Hans into his father's study and says: "This is Hans. It is his birthday; he is fourteen, Herr Scheffer." Herr Scheffer digests this information and a curious change comes over him. He becomes devoted to his son, determined to help the poor half-wit to create a world that will make him happier. He tries to do this through taking him to marionette performances. It is all very puzzling. Of course, I might be quite glib about this book and give you the impression that its subtlety had not passed me by. I could very easily say: "Readers, this is a marvellous description of an imbecile. The author permits us to view the world through the imbecile's mind. Life is a stage on which we poor humans strut, but to the imbecile we are all marionettes. We are nothing more than the three wooden dolls that he loves so dearly and then batters to pieces." All right, have it this way if you like. While I write, this idea crosses my mind: perhaps the "Marionette" is a translation from the Russian. If so, all is explained.

More Contrariness

ITOLD you some time ago of my pleasant meeting with Ellen Coit Elliott, one of the well-known Californian poets. She publishes her little poetic brochures under the title of "Silver Bells and Cockle Shells." The one that has just reached me is the third.

If Mistress Mary won immortality by growing silver bells and cockle shells in her garden why should it not be permitted to Ellen Coit Elliott to fish in the dark? More reason, I should think, because Mistress Mary had none, whilst all of us who have ever tried to do creative work know it is always dark when we go a-fishing for ideas!

Full of quaint conceits is the poem entitled "The Butterfly Considers the Bee," ending with this challenging stanza:

"How valiantly your hoard across briganded fields
To house you bring!
But me, I gather only worthless joy;
I have no sting."

I think I pointed out before the originality of Ellen Coit Elliott's viewpoint. Does she suggest the following couplet be used on a nursery frieze?

The little demons are God's children too;
They make a Hell, which Angels cannot do.

Literary Sign-posts

ONE of the best known men in Fleet street, whom I am proud to call my friend, is Philip Harrison. I think it is three years since we first met, and he has been angry with me only once. That was on the occasion when I announced through the Toronto Saturday Night that he had a charming speaking voice, a sad face and a dog with eczema. He still has the charming speaking voice and the sad face. Bonzo, the dog, is happily cured. But there are other characteristics I may mention with equal truth. I refer now to Mr. Harrison. He is a man of culture, and he combines idealism with practicality. That is to say, he can write and has written beautiful things that have given him great joy, but that editors did not want. But he has also written well the things that he knows editors want. Moreover, he has been, and is, an editor himself. He has written articles and fiction, short stories and serials, and also—will I arouse his

anger again?—he has written some tender and beautiful verse. So you see that this Mr. Harrison is armed at all points to blaze a trail that young free-lances should travel with gratitude to him, the pioneer.

And all this because I have just been reading "Free Lance Fallacies" by Philip Harrison (Hutchinson & Co.), an excellent guide-book to young writers who are glad to learn from another man's experiences, which have been many and varied, what to do and what not to do when about to make one's attack on the Fleet Street citadel. When I told Mr. Harrison that I intended to mention his book in my next chat he said in his usual modest way: "Oh, but I do not suppose for a minute they would be interested in it." "They," is you, my good readers, and I know for a fact that there are scores and scores of young writers in Canada who will be very grateful to know of this inexpensive, well-written book containing so much sound counsel and shrewd advice. I suppose in Canada it will cost about 75 cents.

Short Stories

FROM the library this week I borrowed a volume by Sir Phillip Gibbs and another by Baroness Von Hutten, and discovered, when I reached home, that they were both volumes of short stories. I was disappointed, because invariably I have read a good proportion of short stories before they appear in book form. Anyone who is an inveterate magazine reader will know how disappointing it is to pick up a book, begin a story and find that you have read it perhaps a year ago. Such was the case with "The Fortunate Face" by Sir Phillip Gibbs, one of the best stories in this volume "Out of the Ruins" (Hutchinson & Co.). The first story, which gives its title to the entire volume is to me so unlike Sir Phillip Gibbs, too melodramatic for this clever writer. All these stories have a foreign flavor, the characters are foreign, French, German, Austrian or Russian, and the settings are Continental. "The House on the Hill" impressed me most of all, although here again I was impressed with the unreality of the story. Those who are strongly in favor of the Fascisti movement would do well to read this poignant tale. Just because these stories seem so unreal I would not be at all surprised to learn that the author has drawn them all from life.

Baroness Von Hutten gives to her volume of short stories the original title of "Flies." This is a very clever tale, quite original in plot, and unexpected in its climax. All the same, I think I preferred "The Table Cloth." "The Christmas Butterfly" (you see how the Baroness likes insects?) was too involved for my average mentality. I simply could not follow the explanation of the burglary.

I am just going to read the story entitled "Woman Eating an Orange" so will stop chatting with you! By the way, talking about oranges, it might in-

terest you to know that the most talked-of young dramatist in the English-speaking world today, Noel Coward, wrote "The Marquise" after he had seen Marie Tempest eating an orange. It is reported that he said he had never witnessed anything so beautiful as her hands in the act of peeling an orange.

A Thief and Others

"THE Woman who Stole Everything" is the title of a new volume of short stories by Arnold Bennet (Cassel & Co.) It is also the title of the first of the stories, which is a clever portrayal of a grossly selfish, sensuous woman who thinks of nobody but herself, and who does not mind to what depths of degradation she stoops in order to attain to her desires. This and two other stories were all that appealed to me. The one called "House to Let" has a very clever climax; the third, a very romantic affair, is amusing. To be perfectly truthful, not one of the stories in this volume gave me that intense pleasure one derives from reading, let us say, a volume by the late Katherine Mansfield.

An Overdose

IT IS not Conan Doyle's fault, for his stories individually are excellent, but his latest volume "The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes" (John Murray) is apt to give one detective-story indigestion. It is not advisable to read them one after another. Read one at bed-time; it will ensure interesting dreams. Dr. Watson is there, as inept as usual; his ineptitude perhaps accounts for his ability to leave his practice for days at his friend's nod; and Sherlock Holmes, the inscrutable, the sleuth, the Demon of Deduction, lives up to the best of his traditions. One is sorry to hear from the preface that with this last collection of stories the great detective makes his final bow to the public. Conan Doyle tells us so definitely. He infers that the necessity of chronicling Holmes' exploits has interfered with his more serious literary work. There are those who question if Conan Doyle's incursion into spiritualistic research is of as much value as his creation of Sherlock Holmes. Of a certainty there is no question as to which of his literary activities claims the largest circle of readers.

A Most Unusual Book

I SUPPOSE most of you read of the famous Axham case, which caused such an upheaval in the medical world of the British Isles—the case in which Dr. Axham was cut off the Register for infamous conduct, the infamous conduct being the giving of anaesthesia to the thousands of patients whom the marvellous Sir Herbert Barker cured of serious dislocations, etc. A couple of days ago a book was published with the arresting title "Infamous Conduct" by Medicus (Henry Walker). I thought when I received notification of its existence that it was a serious pamphlet on the Axham case, but was surprised to find that it was a full-sized novel.

It is a book with a purpose. The author is a doctor, a practitioner in the Midlands, I should say. There are sixty short chapters, each giving an incident in an ordinary doctor's life. It is not altogether happy reading, for it shows up the ignorance of the public in matters medical as well as the ignorance and unscrupulousness of some of the medical fraternity itself. The hero is all that a medical man should be, but it shows him struggling against prejudice and poverty, until the final blow is dealt him by the injustice of the General Medical Council. It is an effort to educate the public to the anachronism of such a high-handed autocracy, and there are signs everywhere that the laity is beginning to feel the time has come when the powers of this body must be revised and curtailed. Independence of thought, and action, is apparently as heinous a crime as any of the sins of the decalogue. It is to be hoped that this book will do something to restrict the term of "infamous conduct" to those instances of criminality which fortunately are exceedingly rare in the medical profession.



Warwick Deeping, author of "Sorrell & Son," which work is being screened by the United Artists; the entire cast having travelled to England in order that the actual sites about which Mr. Deeping wrote might be filmed.



What the dentists say about this modern plague of gum disorders

Soft food is to blame, they declare, because it deprives our gums of the stimulation they need to keep them sound and healthy

THERE are three short quotations printed on this page. They are picked at random from a mass of similar evidence. But you will find it worth while—well worth while—to give them just a moment of thought and study.

For with professional terseness, they give the gist of the dentists' view toward these stubborn troubles of the gums that plague so many thousands.

And as to the cause of these troubles, there is no longer a shadow of doubt. The professional journals and text books are filled with references to it; repeatedly it crops up at dental meetings. Soft food, the dentists agree, must bear the major share of the blame.

How soft food endangers the health of our gums

It's these creamy, rich and appetizing foods of ours—these modern culinary triumphs, if you please—that cause most of the trouble. For these foods make things too easy, too luxurious, for our gums. They completely lack the coarse and fibrous elements that stimulate the gums and encourage a vigorous circulation of the blood within their walls.

So, deprived of the normal massage that mastication should provide, the tiny cells of the gingival tissues are not renewed and strengthened as they should be. The gums become soft and sensitive—too weak to resist the encroachments of disease and infection. And sooner or later "pink tooth brush" puts in its appearance—the forerunner of more serious troubles.

How Ipana and massage restore the gums to health

If you ask your own dentist how best to care for your gums, he will tell you that the first step is to restore to them the stimulation your food deprives them of. Very likely he

will explain to you the new doctrine of gum massage that is gaining so many followers, and show you the simple technique of this gentle frictionizing with the fingers and with the brush.

Probably, too, he will recommend that you perform both the massage and the twice-daily brushing of your teeth with Ipana.

For because of its ziratul content, Ipana will exert its own healing influence. Ziratul is an an antiseptic and hemo-



Nearly all our modern food is soft, entirely lacking in the fibre that once kept gums and teeth sound and healthy.

HOW THE DENTISTS STATE THE CASE AGAINST SOFT FOOD

LOOK over these excerpts—quoted from authoritative professional lectures and writings. The dentists agree that soft food is the cause of nearly all gum troubles and that stimulation and massage are the proper correctives.

From a recent professional paper:

"Rendering the food superfine is an echo of the oft-repeated charge that we do not use our mastication muscles enough—that we establish a blood stasis and thus deprive the teeth and gums of circulating nourishment."

From a noted authority:

"To replace the benefits derived from natural living, which now seems almost impossible, the artificial production of similar effects is attempted through the several forms of exercise. Applied to the dental tissues various methods have been devised to artificially stimulate an adequate blood supply to compensate in some degree for the loss of normal function."

From a textbook on preventive dentistry:

"The instant the gums are brushed properly the blood starts to flow more rapidly and a new life and color make their appearance. After a thorough prophylactic treatment it is not unusual to see the tissues lighten in color, possibly two or three shades in twenty-four hours."

static held in high regard by dentists the country over and used by them for years in their practice. Its presence gives Ipana the power to aid in the toning and strengthening of weakened gum tissue, and to enhance the benefits both of the massage and of the ordinary brushing.

Give your gums Ipana's benefits for just a single month

The ten-day tube, sent gladly if you mail the coupon, will quickly show you that for keeping your teeth white and brilliant Ipana has no superior. You will be delighted, too, with its delicious taste and inimitable flavor.

But the full-size tube, good for more than a hundred brushings, offers the fairer test of its good effects upon your gums. So get a large tube at the drug store today and start tonight to restore your gums to sound and sturdy health.

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Alexander Mackenzie

Fur-trader, Explorer and Empire Builder

By M. S. Wade, M.D., F.R.Hist.S., Etc.

Author of "Thompson Country"

"MacKenzie of Canada Etc."



Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Nor'-Wester, first
white man to reach Pacific Ocean overland.

THE prime importance of the part played by the fur-traders in the upbuilding of the Dominion of Canada is too often overlooked. There is a tendency to give all the credit for our being in possession of the greater part of the continent of North America, a vast expanse of lands rich in all manner of varied resources stretching from Atlantic to Pacific, to those men whose political activities associated them with those events and developments which culminated in that Confederation whose Diamond Jubilee Canadians celebrated this year. But let it ever be borne in mind that the fur-traders gained for Canada all that part of the Dominion reaching westward from the Great Lakes to the westernmost littoral of Vancouver Island. Let it also be ever remembered that to Alexander Mackenzie and those other fur-traders who followed in his footsteps we owe the fact that Canada today possesses an outlet on the Pacific ocean. To ignore them, and the part they played in the making of Canada, is like disregarding the foundation of a building, or the value of raw material in manufacturing industries. History is the authority for the statement that it was the fur-traders who provided much of the raw material, the vast territory embraced within the boundaries of all the Western Provinces from Manitoba to British Columbia, both inclusive, which in later times the politicians welded together to form the Canadian Confederation.

Of those fur-traders intimately connected with the providing of the "raw material," Alexander Mackenzie holds a position, a prominent position in the front rank, for he it was who first made the journey across Canada to the Pacific, and who discovered the course and outlet of the Mackenzie River, two notable achievements that entitle him to be classed as a discoverer. Who was he? Where did he come from.

Alexander was the younger son of one Kenneth Mackenzie, a farmer of Melbost, near Stornoway, the capital town of the Island of Lewis, the Western Isles of Scotland. He was born, however, in Stornoway itself, in a house within sound of the breakers as the Atlantic waves broke against the rugged shores. On the site of that house now stands the United Free English Church of Stornoway. He was born in 1764 and ere he was ten years of age his mother died and his brother, who had chosen to follow the medical profession, was drowned at sea. Then came an invitation from John McIver, brother of Alexander's mother, a merchant of New York, to Kenneth Mackenzie to come to New York. Accordingly in 1774 Kenneth Mackenzie and his two sisters-in-law, sisters of John McIver, and the boy Alexander emigrated to America and joined John at New York.

They reached the American Colonies at a critical period, and when the colonists took up arms against the Mother Country. Kenneth and John stood loyal and joined the King's forces as lieutenants in the Royal Yorks. The boy Alexander remained in the care of his aunts until 1778, when they sent him to Montreal.

The following year he entered the counting-house of Gregory, McLeod & Co., merchants in that city. He served them for five years, and in that period greedily acquired all manner of knowledge concerning the fur trade and the scarce trod country far to the west.

After an independent venture in the vicinity of Detroit, he accepted an offer of partnership in a syndicate formed by Gregory & McLeod and others to carry on the fur trade west of the Great Lakes in competition with the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company. His first charge was a post on the English (Churchill) River, but when the syndicate amalgamated with the North-West Company in 1787, Alexander—then

only twenty-three years of age—was sent to the most remote western district, that of Athabasca, to take charge of the affairs of the company there. He built Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca and soon established other more distant posts.

IT WAS no easy matter in those days to journey from Lake Superior to the Athabasca district. It was a toilsome journey, lasting several weeks, and calling upon the endurance, hardihood and resourcefulness of those undertaking it. Canoes were used to transport the traders and their men, their supplies, and goods for trading. Leaving Grande Portage on Lake Superior the route followed took them to Rainy Lake, thence to Lake of the Woods, Rat Portage, Winnipeg River to Winnipeg Lake, thence to the Saskatchewan River, Sturgeon Lake, Beaver and Heron Lakes and Frog Portage to Churchill River. Ascending that stream, traversing Otter, Black Bear Island, Mouse, Knee, Isle a la Crosse, Clear and Buffalo and other lakes they reached Clearwater River and by it the Athabasca River. It was a formidable journey, for they had to pass through territory peopled by hostile tribes of Indians, and largely dependent upon their rifles and fishing-tackle for their daily food.

At Fort Chipewyan, young Mackenzie heard a good deal from the natives who

to Fort Chipewyan, which he did the same autumn, he had already decided to embark upon a still more difficult expedition. The Indians along the Mackenzie River had informed him of the existence of another great river beyond the Rocky Mountains that emptied into the "Stinking Lake," where white men came in ships. Mackenzie thought the river they spoke of might be Cook's River, or inlet; in reality it was the Yukon, but he did not know that, for the Yukon was not discovered during his lifetime.

The first step to this end was to prepare himself for it. He had learned much on his first expedition; he had ascertained a need for more accurate knowledge of learning his geographical position. Proceeding to London he purchased the requisite instruments and learned how to use them. Thus armed, he returned to Chipewyan and quietly prepared for his Second Quest. He made the first step in the new undertaking in the late autumn of 1792, by ascending the Peace River to a point six miles beyond its junction with the Smoky River, and there he wintered at what he named Forks Fort. From there on May 9th, 1793, with Alexander McKay as second in command, six Canadian voyageurs, two Indian hunters, and a pet dog, he continued the ascent of the Peace, to cross the Rocky Mountains, west of which range no white man had as yet penetrated. Taking the advice of an old Indian who knew the western country, Mackenzie ascended the Parsnip and after many hardships, disasters and portages, crossed the Peace watershed to that of the Fraser River, reaching what is now mapped as Herrick Creek, a tributary of Upper McGregor River, formerly known as the North Fork of the Fraser.

Descending the Fraser—which he called Tacoutche Tesse (Great River)—hoping it would take him to the Pacific, as far as what is now known as Alexandria, so named after him, he was told by the natives of insurmountable obstacles ahead of him if he persisted in continuing the descent. They counselled him to return part of the way up-stream to the Blackwater or West Road River, and from there he could more easily attain his goal. This he did, and following the course of the Blackwater Valley on foot, crossed the watershed to the Bella Coola River and by descending that stream reached the Pacific Ocean at the head of Bentinck Arm. In an Indian canoe he and his companions paddled to Dean Channel, meeting with hostile natives whose threatening attitude caused him to instruct his men to prepare to defend themselves to the utmost of their power if attacked.

Taking refuge on a rocky spot on the north shore of Dean Channel at Elcho Harbor, near Cascade Inlet, they passed a wretched night, fearing attack. There the following day, using a paint made by mixing vermilion and grease, Mackenzie wrote on a flat surface of the rock that had given them shelter and protection, these inspiring and momentous words:

"Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

A written record, marked on imperishable rock, of the accomplishment of his Second Quest. He had reached the waters of the Western Sea, the mighty Pacific, the first white man, perhaps the first man of any color, to achieve the feat of crossing the continent of North America north of Mexico, and anticipating the overland journey, a semi-military expedition, of Lewis and Clark by twelve years; accomplishing the journey in the face of obstacles and opposition that would have daunted a less determined man and resulted in abject failure. Conquering every difficulty, meeting every emergency with resolution and resourcefulness, he carried his project through to

Continued on page 58



Melbost Farm, in Stornoway, Island of Lewis, birthplace of
Sir Alexander Mackenzie

traded there about a great river that ran out of the lake and emptied—somewhere—nobody knew where; it probably led to the much-talked-of Western Sea. He determined to find out where it did go, and accordingly did not long delay in putting his project into operation. On June 3rd, 1789, with five companions—four Canadians and a young German—and some Indians as hunters and interpreters, he set out from Chipewyan on his First Quest, and made the descent of the great northern river that bears his name, reaching the Arctic Ocean, the first white man to look upon that portion of the Frozen Sea.

This journey whetted his appetite for exploration and by the time he returned



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Pals of the Paddock

By Robert B. Powell

DAD MARLOWE carefully wiped the last trace of the clay pack from Hustler Joe's track-worn hoofs. Tenderly he caressed those parts which had broken down, heralding the early deterioration of the thoroughbred's superb physique.

The horse had patiently endured the inactivity necessitated by the removal of the clumsy packing. But, this over, he felt in a jocular mood. Slyly he arched his neck as he gazed down upon his master, then gradually, inch by inch, he lowered his head until his nostrils touched Dad's battered hat. Opening his mouth the horse savagely gripped the hat between his teeth and after shaking it violently, he flung it into the far corner of the box-stall.

Dad rose painfully to his feet and thrust his clenched fist against Hustler's muzzle.

"You old boneyard!" he exploded, "keep that funny stuff up and one of these fine days I'll beat you within an inch of your life!"

To anyone but the racehorse Dad's tone would indicate unbridled anger. To Hustler Joe it indicated nothing but a cloak for thoughts of endearment. So, having no excuse to make, the thoroughbred pranced lightly to the half-door and looking out, snorted boisterously at a jockey who lounged upon a bale of hay.

Dad regained his hat and pressing a frail hand upon his aching back, straightened up. Retiring to a corner of the stall, the old man sank down upon the straw, twinges of pain torturing his rheumatic body.

"Come here, Hustler—I've got something for you to think about. No, I ain't got no sugar, so you might just as well quit your beggin'," he declared as the horse sniffed at his pockets.

"See here, you old feed-grinder," Dad continued, "you've got to bring the bacon home in that five-eighths this afternoon—get me? I've brought you here for the last three fairs, given you a real good time, and all you took away was an appetite that would turn a carload of hungry hogs yaller with shame."

Hustler hung his head as he sulked. Dad was unreasonable, for was it right to expect an old third-rater with tender hoofs to beat the young blood from the south on a hard track?

"Don't get sore, Hustler," Dad admonished. I know you're not all to blame. Those kid jockeys had a lot to do with it. There wasn't one of 'em knew how to ride a real horse. But you won't have that excuse to make this trip, for I'm going to ride you myself."

Joe signified his disapproval by prancing around the stall terminating by driving both hind hoofs against the wall, a scant foot above Dad's prone body.

"Oh, you think I can't ride you, eh?" Dad sneered. "Well, I can! I'm not too stiff to handle an old rail-fence like you, not by a long shot!"

"You splutter as though that lump of misery understood you, Dad."

The sexagenarian glanced up to see Chuck Ross, a young trainer, with arms akimbo, grinning over the top of the half-door. Abashed, Dad got to his feet with difficulty. Sharp pains still tortured every nerve in his body, but he scorned to let his agony be reflected on his face for Chuck Ross to witness.

"You bet he does, Chuck," he declared with ample sincerity. "He's got brains,

Hustler has. He can't be beat anywhere."

"Except on the track," the young man volunteered. "Say," he added—"what's the bright idea of entering that clodhopper in the five-eighths? You ain't got a ghost of a show of glomming that race."

"That's about all you know about it, Dad retorted. "But I'm here to tell you Hustler's no clodhopper. He won the Derby once."

Chuck favored the old trackman with a tantalizing smile.

"So I've read in history," he teased. "But it was before my time—way back in the seventies, wasn't it?"

Then, after placing both hands on the top of the half-door, the young trainer swung his lithe body up into the stall.

"Look here, Dad"—Chuck was serious now, even to the point of pleading—you can't take that purse, it's impossible. You've wasted good money by entering



"I ain't got the time," Dad protested, "I've got to get Hustler ready for the five-eighths, for they'll pull that spin in half an hour."

Hustler in that whirl. So knowin' this, I've talked it over with the committee, and though it ain't accordin' to Hoyle, they've agreed to refund your money if you scratch before noon. Don't you think you'd better scratch and enter the old boy for smaller money?"

Dad cogitated at length before replying.

"No," he decided after due consideration, "I won't change. Hustler can't help but win the five-eighths this time, for I'm going to ride him myself."

Chuck clasped both hands to his head, aping a mental collapse.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" he gasped, then, more evenly: "We'll all be called on to divvy up for a wreath if you take that spin around the old dustpan. It'll kill you a darn sight quicker than a dose of rat-poison."

"Maybe so," Dad partially agreed. But it's our only hope. If we win that race we'll quit the game, not that we want to, but—well, you see, it's been pretty expensive, this training of Hustler every year and not gettin any come-back."

"Well, it's you for it," Chuck despaired. He saw that this was not the opportune moment to win the old trackman away from the race. So, skimming over the top of the half-door, he departed for his own end of the stable.

When Chuck had gone, Dad resumed his heart-to-heart talk with Hustler, showing the track-horse that the winning of the five-eighths was imperative. Hustler must make it this time, for their funds were perilously close to the vanishing-point. But if they could win this event all would be well, for then they could retire to the old farm with sufficient oats and food to last until spring. That season ushered in, they would have little to fear, for Dad's maturing insurance policy would sustain them through the rest of their declining years. But suppose they lost? In that case Hustler was at liberty to use his horse sense in forecasting their dire straits.

IT WAS shortly before noon that the increasing patter of rain upon the stable roof detracted Dad from Hustler's stall. From the entrance of the stable the old man witnessed a light shower fast develop into a cloudburst. The rain came down in torrents, driven by a furious gale while sharp flashes of lightning and roars of thunder caused the nervous racehorses to indicate their apprehension by loud snorts and erratic prancing within their stalls.

Then it was over. As quickly as it had arisen the storm subsided, followed by an impressive silence. The sun pierced through the scudding clouds and the track-men smiled their optimism of carrying out the afternoon's programme.

Dad, urged on by his curiosity, sauntered over to the track. There, while others cursed the deep mud in no uncertain tones, he smiled his approval. This was just the course for Hustler. The race-horse would have no sore hoofs after this race.

As Dad was coming through the gateway in the back stretch he was hailed by Chuck.

"What do you think of her?" the latter queried. "It's goin' to be too slippery for Hustler, isn't it?"

"No sir," Dad vociferated. "This is the day you'll see me and the old boy walking away with some first money."

Chuck savagely kicked the sticky mud from his new riding boots, then he eyed the old man with defiance.

"Dad, you've got to let me ride Hustler. You're in no shape to sit him on a track like this. Your common sense ought to tell you that. What's more, I won't charge you a nickel unless I bring Hustler in."

The old horseman remained silent for a moment. Chuck's offer was no small temptation, for there was considerable truth in the young man's assertion—he was not physically fit to risk the jolting and a possible fall in the race.

"You see, Dad," Chuck was saying, "I know all the horses up against Hustler, and their riders; so it won't be much of a trick for me to navigate Hustler into the first place."

Dad straightened his frail body at this. He inwardly seethed with indignity.

"You mean you'll frame the race," he shouted.

Continued on page 65



BRIDGE by RADIO

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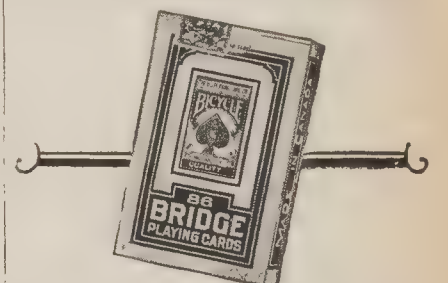
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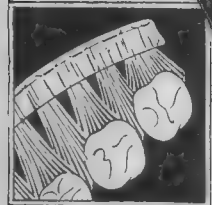
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The Year's Great Art Exhibitions in Paris —Continued from page 20

Painting as I understand it, as it is generally understood, is conveying to canvas some aspect of the real world, or an imagined one based on human conceptions. These "advanced subjective" creations are certainly not of this world as the average man knows it. The further amazing part of it was their creators asked the most exorbitant prices, ranging from 5,000 to 80,000 francs, while the artist of the nude which I considered the best canvas in the Exposition asked only 2,500, or a hundred dollars at present rates of exchange.

As for examples of the ordinary cubist work: there were scores upon scores of angular, lop-sided men and women, sometimes painted in four colors. I saw a scarlet horse moving through a purple forest. But while I could not get the faintest glimmer out of the "subjective pictures," I did see many paintings after the cubist manner in which the artists really achieved some splendid effects. And while I still believe cubism as a genre is limited in its scope of conveying convincing pictures, there is no doubt that in depicting certain human faces and, particularly, industrial scenes, worth-while work can be produced with a modified cubism. In support of this three pictures will be described.

Out of the several hundred examples these three paintings demonstrated what powerful pictorial effects can be achieved through modified cubist handling. In that one entitled "Rugby," the painter, Pierre Berjole, gave to the five figures a vivid activity, the movements of the running men seemed brought out more clearly by this method of handling. A picture of just the opposite type, in which modified cubist effects created an atmosphere of strength and repose, was a "Modern Port," by Pierre Peltier, in which was all the vitality of industrialism. Accuracy and the breath of life struck through every line of the canvas. In still another sense fine effects were achieved by the "Portrait of a Woman" by Paul Bletry. In this the artist produced a magnificent face and form. Looking at it one was moved to say: "How striking! I have seen people like that."

An examination of some of the accompanying illustrations will enable the reader either to agree or disagree with my comments.

This, in brief, is the chief sum of my impressions after looking upon nearly 4,000 pictures which made up the Exposition of the Artistes Independants for 1927, the largest in the history of the Society, and of Paris. One comes away from it fully realizing that the world is full of people who cannot paint, yet who persist in trying. However, if from such exhibitions a modern masterpiece is occasionally brought to light, the effort is not to be counted as a loss; and, no doubt, even the painters who created the poor canvases were repaid in personal artistic satisfaction for the time they spent.

OF THE twenty other Expositions showing the work of a large number of painters at various of the more important Paris galleries, and of the many "one-man" shows which marked this season as a record one in art annals in Paris, it is of course possible to give only a selected survey. Of the many, I have chosen to mention at

greatest length the work of Marie Duhem, the posthumous showing of about fifty of whose paintings of flower and garden scenes took place at the Galerie J. Allard, on the Boulevard Capucines. Marie Duhem, her husband and her son, were all painters; a unique family, of which the mother's work was the greatest. She died in the latter years of the war, shortly after her son was killed. A selected gathering from her thirty years of work was shown for the first time in Paris.

"You know," wrote Henri Taine, "than an artist only creates to be praised and flattered." This may or may not be true. But Marie Duhem, at least, was an artist who created only for her own pleasure. Her life was a long poem of solitude. During thirty years this woman, full of her dreams, recluse in her happiness, isolated in an

surroundings pastoral and wooded he continues to gather impressions similar to those mirrored in the 40 paintings and 27 aquarelles which made up his annual exhibit at the so-restful Palais de Marbe on the Champs Elysees. The illustration herewith is one of the larger canvases depicting a landscape in the vicinity of his home, will convey more than pages of words the mastery of the artist in his genre.

DURING the last ten weeks I visited 19 exhibitions. Comment upon them all is impossible. As in every field of art, the majority of the productions were mediocre. Looking upon so many works of recent art, one is led to wonder if the whisper "that the great art of the future is coming from North America"—that whisper growing ever stronger in certain artistic circles—may not be true.

Of the nineteen galleries seen, mention is due to the outstanding works seen at some of these. At the Galerie la Palette Française, Boulevard Hausmann, was held the Nude Exposition. Of the 35 pictures there, that of Xavier Briard, a young girl seated, was, in my estimation, very close to being a great picture. One out of 35! At the Galerie Granoff were six remarkable still-lives, chiefly jars and bottles, by Armand Barth. It is only on seeing such as these that one realizes how genuinely stirred one may be by the presentation of such humble objects of everyday use. And, truly, these were great! At the Galerie J. Allard were two seascapes by Walter Mahokian of amazing reality. One felt the spray and the breaking of sullen waves.

At the Jean Charpentier Galerie was held for six days the Ninth Yearly Exposition of the Society of French Animal Painters and Sculptors, with a showing of two hundred and sixteen pictures and sculptures.

Here the work of Ferdinand Oger in five pictures of the domestic cat was the outstanding feature. Of all beasts the cat is admitted by painters to be the most elusive of transferring to canvas. Oger succeeded in his to the very life. The great Henrietta Ronner never did better. It was by the miniature bronze casts of horses by Louis de Monard, and a group of hounds by Pierre Christophe, rather than the pictures, that the Animal Exposition was made really worth while. There was a something vital and moving in the work of these two men. Bronze in their hands had become alive, and instinct with beauty, arousing in the onlooker emotions even greater than that which comes from seeing actual dogs and horses. Wherein lies the secret and the power of art. In the Exposition there were two particularly amusing exhibits: a painting of half a dozen bison, and a bronze of an elephant and a giraffe. The bison were shown in a dense forest of what was either birch or plane trees. The bronze depicted an elephant and a giraffe in desperate conflict. Of course, I suppose there is poetic license in art as well as poetry; but both exhibits shrieked aloud the artists' ignorance of natural history. However, the Society of French Animal Painters and Sculptors was worth while if only for its bronzes and painted cats.

Continued on page 56



"The Son" by J. Pierre Laurens

old abandoned convent which was her house in the North of France, gave her hours to painting the few phases of life within her horizon. She painted as a bird sings. It was her language as it was also that of her husband and son, her only child, sacrificed on the altar of war. Such perfect exclusiveness of souls is really a human masterpiece, particularly to be admired in this day when so many men chase blindly in search of happiness. Marie Duhem had a great respect for all that she painted; a reverence toward all being and all things, which is the certain mark of the sincere artist. There are flowers painted by her that are humble, sad, resplendent and flaunting. Something of this one felt, a vague Pantheism, while gazing upon the gathering of her pictures hanging upon the soft grey walls of the quiet gallery.

Of the many other exhibitions of the work of individual artists, that of Walter LeWino was outstanding, not only from a point of view of painting, but because of the artist's personality. As a boy the painter ran away to Africa and joined the Cape Police then being organized by Sam Steele, later famous leader of the Canadian Mounted. Mr. LeWino's family bought the boy out. He returned to England and took up art there and later in France. For the last 23 years the artist has lived in rural France most of his time. After serving through the Great War he discovered a quaint 16th century house in the South-west of France. Here, amid



(Above) FINDING THE BULLSEYE is the trick in archery which recently has become so popular. With smiles made bright by Pepsodent, Miss Ruth Denton proves a likely and enchanting pupil.



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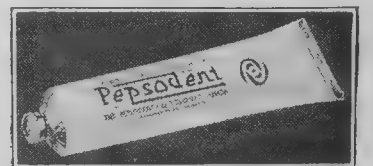
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(Above) AMONG DISTINGUISHED VISITORS to the horse show at the Toronto Hunt Club were Mrs. Noyes-Lord and Mrs. R. Duke, Jr. Their smiles that mean much socially are brightened daily by regular use of Pepsodent.

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PEERLESS FOLDING TABLE

Armistice Day

By W. A. McIntyre, LL.D.

IN NOVEMBER, Armistice Day is set apart for national thanksgiving. We are asked not only to return thanks for the material and spiritual blessings of the year, but to recall with gratitude the sacrifices made during the long days of the War, and the final victory proclaimed on that eleventh of November in the year nineteen hundred and eighteen.

We have indeed much to be thankful for this year. Providence has been more than kind. Bountiful harvests, freedom from plagues and distress, peace unstained by disgrace—these have been our portion, and we shall not be so unmindful as to forget the Giver. But it is so long since the close of the War that a generation has grown up which fails to appreciate the magnitude of our deliverance. These young people will be naturally inclined to let the day pass without special recognition, and even the older may forget — for memory is often short-lived. Yet we would be untrue to those who lie in Flanders Fields did we let the day pass without prayer and thanksgiving and loving remembrance.

The Armistice of 1918 gave us great joy and great hope. The joy lay in this: that the survivors were returning to their homes, and our Empire and those associated with her in the glorious defence of truth and freedom, were safe from aggression; the hope was that the troubled earth should know war no more, that disarmament would be not only a theory but a fact, and that men should forget rivalries and unholy ambitions and live together as a great loving brotherhood.

The joy was not lessened when our battered troops returned, but it was tempered by sadness when we witnessed evidences of heroism and suffering in maimed bodies and weakened minds. It was indeed an inspiration to meet those who had proved their manhood, who had borne privations and endured sufferings without murmuring, and who had faced death without flinching. It was indeed a holy joy which possessed us at that time. It enabled us to forget our animosities, it corrected our narrowness and selfishness and enabled us to set up higher standards for judging worth.

In the fall of 1918 and the spring of 1919 all the world seemed to wear a smile. People refused to be sad and they continued to be unselfish. Some there were, indeed, who blessed War because of its spiritual contribution to mankind. It seemed as if Alfred Lord Tennyson were not altogether wrong in those biting words from Maud:

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace; we have made them a curse, Pickpockets, each hand lusting for a gain that is not its own; And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by, When the poor are hovelled and hustled together, each sex, like swine; When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie; Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the wine.

And sleep must lie down armed, for the villainous centre-bits Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights, While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps as he sits To pestle a poisoned poison behind his crimson lights.

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee, And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones, Is it peace or war? better war! loud war by land and by sea; War with a thousand battles and shaking a hundred thrones.

For I dipt into the Future far as human eye could see; Saw the vision of the World and all the wonders what would be: Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales; Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue; Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furled In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

So because our joy was short-lived and because our hopes are so fluctuating, our thanksgiving tends to lose its fervency and reality. Feasting supplants fasting; self-indulgence supplants gratitude. Yet gratitude is the one virtue, the individual, the group or the nation should keep alive. Without it men become bestial, selfish and cruel; without it they sink lower than the dumb creatures who lick their masters' hands and whine at their coffins. It was a marvel to the Master that of the ten lepers who were cured, but one returned to give thanks for recovery. Did the others commercialize their return to health, or did they celebrate in feasts and gluttonous debauchery?

Let Us Take Care

By Irene Allen Johnson

I

In war-scarred France and Flanders women sing Unchallenged, holy bells their message bring;

The chiming bells:

Close to their mothers, laughing, unalarmed, Small helpless children now may rest unharmed. To those far fields where slumber our young dead, Come kindly peasant folk with reverent tread,

Reverently kneel,

And on the graves lay blossoms sweet and fair, Murmuring with childlike faith their ancient prayer Strange, wondrous faith!

II

But naught of these disturbs the soldiers' rest; They stir but closer to earth's kindly breast As children dream.

Not even could the golden chimes of peace, Which pealed That Morn, to bid the slaughter cease; Nor bugles calling through the dawning sweet, Nor tramp of comrades' homeward marching feet, Awaken them, from out that blessed sleep. And Rachel still un comforted might weep.

For they slept well.

III

But what if yet the battle should be lost? (O generous youth that recked not of the cost!)

They gave their all.

Lest heroes maimed and shattered by the strife Stumble unheeded through the maze of life, And still, within our borders wide and fair, Thousands lack food, and sheltering, healing care, Lest crashing chariot wheels of Greed and Pride, In that deep slumber trouble those who died,

Let us take care.

Yes, but when people have come through such a war, how they enjoy the peace that obliterates all unholy destructions and restores confidence and friendship.

Yes, the Armistice gave us joy; it also gave us hope. How has this hope been sustained? Surely it is a question we have had to ask ourselves again and again. When we think of present trade-warfare, of disputes over armaments and warships, of the rivalries among those who were allies during the War, of the menace of Sovietism, the outbreaks in the Orient, the class struggles in our own Empire and elsewhere, we sometimes wonder if the world is not even worse than before 1914; but when we read of the working of the League of Nations, and consider the resolution just passed in favor of arbitration, our hope takes wings and we can well believe that the Millennium is at hand. We can hear the Poet-Laureate in his other mood:

be no more war. We shall outlaw it in our hearts in order that it may be outlawed by our statutes. And we shall begin by the cultivation of good-will in our homes, and schools, and churches; in our business and social institutions, remembering the sorrows and losses of those four black years we shall determine that if possible there shall be no repetition of the giant human folly.

It is significant that Armistice Day, alone of all the great national holidays of the year, is not celebrated in any boisterous manner. The waving of flags and the yells of triumph which attended the signing of the Armistice nine years ago are no longer part and parcel of our celebration.

Let us hope that future generations may look back to Armistice Day as the time when civilization, casting off the barbarous shackles of warfare, raised itself to a higher plane, and instead of tearing down, began the more noble efforts of building up.

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The name is Kotex. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it. Women find in it the scientific solution of their oldest hygienic problem. Its use will make a great difference in your life.

The difference between Kotex and ordinary pads

Kotex is the *only* sanitary pad filled with Cellucotton wadding, the extraordinary hospital absorbent recently discovered.

Thus Kotex provides the amazing absorbency of 16 times its own weight in moisture! It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pads.

That means protection unknown before—safety under all circumstances, regardless of frock or occasion.

Kotex, a scientifically developed product; the creation of a world-respected maker of hospital absorbents; completely,

thoroughly deodorizes as it acts. A process applied under a secret and exclusive method, which obviates another distressing danger of ordinary pads.

Kotex eliminates utterly the problem of disposal—one discards Kotex almost as easily as tissue. No laundry.

* * *

Kotex is scientifically designed for safety in wear. That means a special quality gauze. It means ample gauze covering and ends for pinning—it means avoidance of embarrassing mishaps.

Thus, from personal experience and from what other women told them, 80% or more better-class women have discarded ordinary ways for Kotex. Once a woman tries Kotex, she rarely again invites the hazards of less scientific ways.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

Look for the name "Kotex" on the box of any sanitary pad you are asked to buy. If that name isn't there, you are not being given genuine Kotex. No other product is "like" Kotex. No product not plainly marked "Kotex" is Kotex.

Obtain Kotex at any drug, dry goods, or department store. 12 pads to the box. Two sizes of pads: Kotex Regular and Kotex-Super.

Today mail the coupon for a full-sized sample of Kotex, *free*. Note the improvement, mental and physical, this new way brings. Important booklet on "Personal Hygiene" will be sent also. Send for *your* sample today.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

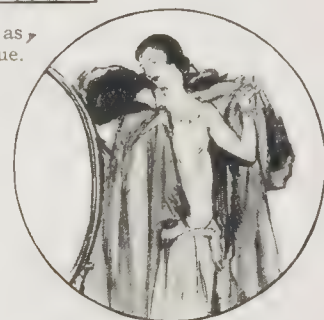
MADE IN CANADA

Kotex Regular:
75c per dozen

Kotex-Super:
90c per dozen

Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important factors

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any drug or dry goods store, simply by saying "Kotex."



Mail Coupon for Free Sample

FREE Sample of KOTEX

Made in Canada

KOTEX COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

330 Bay Street, Toronto 2, Ontario

You may send me sample of Kotex and book, "Personal Hygiene," in plain envelope.

Name

Address

City.....Prov.....

W H M-11

The Legend of the Willow Pattern Plate

By A. McKinley

ON THE left-hand side of the plate one sees the picture of a Chinese house of unusual size and magnificence. The great wealth of the owner is indicated by its being of two storeys in height—a rare thing in China; by the out-buildings at the back (to the right), and by the large trees which are growing upon all sides of the main building.

The house belonged to a mandarin of great power who had grown rich by serving the Emperor in a department like our Excise. The work of this office, as is the case in other places as well as China, was done by a secretary. The secretary's name was Chang. The business of the master consisted in receiving bribes from the merchants, at whose smuggling he winked, in exact proportion as he was paid for it.

When the mandarin's wife died suddenly, he requested the Emperor to allow him to retire from office, and he was the more urgent in his request because the merchants had begun to complain of the unfairness and dishonesty of the Chinese manager of the Customs.

The Emperor granted his request, and it was to the house represented on the plate that the mandarin retired, taking with him his only daughter, Koong-see, and his secretary, Chang, whose services he had retained for a few months in order to put his accounts in such array as to bear scrutiny if he should be called upon to produce them.

When the faithful Chang had completed this duty he was discharged. Too late, however! The youth had seen and loved the mandarin's daughter. At sunset Koong-see was seen to linger with her maid on the steps which led to the banquet-room. As twilight came on she stole away down the path to a distant part of the grounds, and there the young lovers, on the last evening of Chang's engagement, vowed eternal love to each other.

On many an evening afterwards, when Chang was supposed to be far away, the lovers met among the orange trees. By the assistance of the lady's hand-maid, these clandestine meetings were arranged without the knowledge of the old mandarin, for well they knew that, their stations in life being so unequal, the father would never consent to a union.

But the course of true love never runs smoothly, even in a Chinese legend, and at last the tidings of these interviews reached the ears of the old man who, from that time, forbade his daughter to go beyond the walls of the house. Poor Chang was commanded to discontinue his visits upon pain of death; and the mandarin ordered a high wall of wood to be built across the pathway from the extremity of the wall to the edge of the water, as is shown at the bottom of the picture. The lady's hand-maid was dismissed and her place supplied by an old domestic whose heart was as withered as her shrivelled old face.

To provide for his daughter's imprisonment and still enable her to take exercise in the fresh air the mandarin built a suite of apartments adjoining his banquet-room, and jutting out over the water's edge, with terraces upon which the young lady might walk in security. As these apartments had no outlet except through the banquet-hall, in which the mandarin spent the greater part of his time, and being completely surrounded by water, the father rested content that he should have no further trouble from secret meetings. The windows of his sitting-room looked out upon the water, so that any attempt at communication by means of a boat would be seen by him at once and immediately frustrated. As though this were not enough to complete the disappointment of the lovers he went still farther: he betrothed his daughter to a wealthy friend, a Ta-jin, or duke of high degree,

Two little birds, flying high,
Chinese vessel sailing by,
Weeping-willow hanging o'er,
Three men walking, if not four.
Chinese castle, there it stands
As if it were the lord of lands.
Apple tree with apples on,
Fence below to end my song.

whom Koong-see had never seen. This Ta-jin was her equal in wealth and in every respect but age, for he was much older than the lady.

The nuptials were, as was usual, arranged without consulting the lady, and the wedding was to take place "at the fortunate age of the moon," when the peach tree should blossom in the spring.

The willow tree was in blossom then; the peach tree had scarcely formed its buds. Poor little Koong-see shuddered at what she considered was her doom and trembled as she watched the buds of the peach tree, whose branches grew close to the walls of her prison. (See plate). Then her heart became cheered by a happy omen—a bird came and built its nest in a corner above her window.



The Willow Pattern Plate
—Courtesy of Robinson Co., Ltd.

ONE day, when she had sat on the narrow terrace for several long, weary hours, watching the little architect carrying straws and feathers to its future home, the shades of evening came upon her, and she did not retire as usual, but sat and gazed sadly out upon the water. As she was doing so, a half of a coconut shell, fitted up with a miniature sail, floated gently close to her feet. By the aid of her parasol she reached it from the water.

Her great surprise and delight at its contents caused her to exclaim aloud in such manner as to bring the old servant to her side, and nearly led to a discovery; but the maiden gave some excuse and dismissed the woman.

As soon as the servant had gone Koong-see anxiously examined the little boat. In it she found a bead which she had at some time given to her lover—a certain proof from whose hand the tiny boat had come. Chang had launched it on the other side of the water. It also contained a piece of bamboo paper, and in light characters these verses were written:

"The nest yon winged artist builds,
Some robber bird will tear away;
So yields her hopes the affianced bride,
The wealthy lord's reluctant prey."

"He must have been near me," she murmured, "for he must have seen my bird's nest by the peach tree."
She read on:

"The fluttering bird prepares a home,
In which the spoiler soon shall dwell;
Forth goes the weeping bride, constrained,
A hundred tongues the triumph swell.

Mourn for the tiny architect,
A stronger bird hath ta'en its nest;
Mourn for the hapless, stolen bride;
How vain the hope to soothe her breast!"

Koong-see burst into tears, but hearing her father approaching, she hid the little boat in the folds of her loose, flowing robe. When he had gone she read the verses again, and again wept over them.

Upon closer examination she found upon the back these words: "As this boat sails to you, so all my thoughts tend to the same centre; but when the willow-blossom drops from the bough, and the peach tree unfolds its buds, your faithful Chang will sink with the lotus-blossoms beneath the deep waters; there will he see the circles on the smooth river when the willow-blossom falls upon it from the bough—broken away, like his love, from its parent stem. As a sort of post-script was added: "Cast your thoughts upon the waters, as I have done, and I shall hear your words."

Koong-see well understood such language, and trembled as she thought of Chang's threat of self-destruction. Having no other writing materials, she sought her ivory tablets, and with the needle she had been using in embroidery she scratched her answer in the same strain in which her lover had addressed her. This was her reply:

"Do not the wise husbandmen gather the fruits they fear will be stolen? The sunshine lengthens, and the vineyard is threatened to be spoiled by the hand of strangers. The fruit you most prize will be gathered when the willow blossoms droop upon the bough."

Much doubting, she placed her tablets in the little boat, and after the manner of her countrywomen she placed therein a stick of frankincense, and launched the little boat again upon the stream. The current gradually drew it away, and it floated safely till she could trace it no longer in the distance. That no accident should have overturned the boat, or extinguished the light, she had been taught to believe was a promise of good fortune and success. And so, with a lighter heart she closed her casements and retired to rest.

DAYS and weeks passed on, but no more little boats appeared, and Koong-see began to doubt the truth of the omen. The blossom on the willow tree—for she watched it every hour—seemed about to wither when a circumstance occurred which gave her fresh cause for fear.

The old mandarin entered his daughter's apartment one morning in high good humor. In his hands he bore a box filled with rare jewels; which, he said, were a present from Ta-jin, to whom he had betrothed her. He congratulated her upon her good fortune and left her, saying that the wealthy duke was coming that day to take food and wine in her father's house. The unhappy Koong-see's hopes all vanished and she found her only relief in tears. Like the netted bird, she saw the snare growing closer, but she had no power to escape it.

The duke came, his servants beating gongs before him and shouting his achievements in war. Great was the

Continued on page 63



(A) White-Gloved finger tips rubbed over old-fashioned furniture polishes reveal their greasy film.

(B) White-Gloved finger tips rubbed over Liquid Veneer are not discolored. Liquid Veneer LEAVES NO GREASY FILM.

Tests made by the Electrical Testing Laboratories, New York.

Avoid this use the polish that leaves NO GREASY FILM

YOU dread greasy film on furniture! Well you know that the slightest greasy, dirt-encrusted film, on the slender arm, the curving back of a chair, or an uncovered table—anywhere—threatens ruin to the treasured frock or gown that touches it.

Today, you can use the New Liquid Veneer. It polishes quickly and leaves no greasy film. The scientists' photographs of their white kid glove tests proves that it does not.

Banish Greasy Film from Furniture Forever

Sprinkle a few drops of the New Liquid Veneer on your dust cloth. Apply with a few swift strokes. Instantly the old dirt-encrusted film vanishes forever. Quickly, a clear, brilliant polish appears. Dust does not stick to the new polished surface.

The New Liquid Veneer is an improved polish. Still sold in the familiar yellow package. It is the one polish scientifically compounded for polishing fine woods and finishes.

At hardware, drug, grocery, department furniture, china or general stores. Or order one of these offers.

Use Liquid Veneer to polish automobiles. Thousands prefer its quick, brilliant polish to the hard, slow, work required by old-fashioned greasy polishes.

2 Special Introductory Trial Offers Check Offer Desired



Liquid Veneer Corporation
1917 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
I wish to take advantage of:

Offer A ☐ 50 cents enclosed
Liquid Veneer Care and Repair Outfit (Includes trial 2 oz. 16¢ bottle Liquid Veneer and all the materials needed to repair scratches, nicks, worn spots, etc. on all kinds of furniture in various woods and finishes)25
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth25
Book, "The Care of Fine Finishes"25
Total Value \$1.00
Special price postpaid .50

Offer B ☐ 10 cents enclosed
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer (Enough for two weeks dusting)10
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth25
Total Value \$.35
Special price postpaid .10

Name _____
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The New LIQUID VENEER
Dusts • Cleans • Polishes • LEAVES NO GREASY FILM
8576



Pyorrhea's victims are 4 out of 5

A ruthless enemy that gives no quarter is Pyorrhea. Its poisons sweep through the system undermining health and often causing such serious diseases as rheumatism and neuritis, appendicitis, ulcers, stomach troubles and facial disfigurement.

Four out of five past 40, and thousands younger, pay heavy toll to this foe of beauty and health. But you need not fear these uneven odds. For you can protect teeth and gums against the attack of Pyorrhea and so safeguard health.

Go to your dentist at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today. This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., thwarts Pyorrhea or checks its course.

Forhan's keeps gum tissue firm and healthy. It protects teeth against acids that cause decay. It keeps them a lustrous white.

Use Forhan's regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. They will thank you in later years.

Forhan's is not an ordinary tooth paste. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. It is health insurance. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan's Ltd., Montreal

Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



We make
this promise



Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it.

Courage Five Minutes Longer

OUR ideas about courage change as we grow older. When we are children we think of a courageous person as one who braves the physical dangers in the world about us. He is the fireman who dashes into the burning building to save a life; or the sailor who battles with the storms at sea; or the cowboy who rides the bucking pony. When we go to college our hero is more apt to be the football player who tears down the field with half the opposing team upon his back; or the baseball pitcher who keeps his head in the midst of the jeers of the crowd that tries to confuse him. When we go to the movies and enter the motion picture world—that strange country that never was on land or sea—we learn still other ideas about heroes. We always know the hero in the movies, for he is the one who wears the white negligee shirt open at the collar. He is always young and handsome and unmarried. At the end of the picture he receives a certain reward from a beautiful young lady. Nowhere in the motion pictures is there a record of a bow-legged hero, or a bewhiskered one, or a bald-headed one, or a married one.

But when we go out from the childhood world, and the college world, and the motion picture world, we come gradually in contact with men and women who face every day dangers and opposition of a different sort. We see men confronted with the wreck of their life plans, with the ruin of the business they have given their best years to establish, and bearing the ignominy and the pain of it without a thought of running away. They set to work with calm determination to take the broken pieces to build it up again better than before. We see women with smiles and gay humor confront the dangers that threaten them when in middle life they find themselves bereft of home and husband under the necessity of earning their own living in the world of competitive business. We see fathers and mothers stand beside a mound that covers the dearest child on earth to them and then look up through their tears to face the dreary years ahead when they shall be lonely for the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still. We see them turn away to take up their life again and try to discharge their duties to society and their friends as though hope still burned in their hearts. Yes, we come to have a higher and deeper appreciation of the dangers of life and of the courage it takes to face them.

Then, if our experience is that of most Christians, we read again the story of Jesus through these new spectacles of our spirits. And we are surprised to find him different from what we thought him when we were children. We had heard of him as "gentle Jesus, meek and mild." We had seen his pictures painted in the blues and grays, a sad, anaemic person, of whom Swinburne sang:

Thou hast conquered, thou pale Galilean,
The world has grown gray with thy breath.

But with our larger understanding of courage we come to see Jesus not as pale and meek and mild, but of heroic stuff. We read, for example, this last part of the ninth chapter of Luke, where "he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem." Three times within a few verses the author refers to the set of his face. And well he might, for there was every reason why Jesus should not go to Jerusalem. Jerusalem was the centre and citadel of his enemies. He knew what they would do to him there. But he had made up his mind that there was something he must say at Jerusalem at that particular time when all the Jews would be gathered there. No other time or place would do. That was the critical time. So, "he steadily set his face" to go there.

And then the dangers began to present themselves. First, the emissaries of Herod come and warn him to stay away. You remember his reply: "Go tell that fox that I am coming." The villages refuse to receive him. His disciples misunderstand him. He pushes on. He enters the city. He drives the money-changers from the temple. The leaders of religious orthodoxy unite with the leaders of the Roman government to kill this disturber of their peace. They inflame a mob and send it out into the night to capture him. The mob finds him in the garden. He steps out—alone—and faces them, saying: "I am the man you seek. Why did you not take me while I was in the temple preaching?" His disciples ran away. He endures the torture and shame of the soldiers without defence. Now he is going up the hill of Calvary and the women along the way are weeping, but he turns to them and tells them not to weep for him. A few hours later he is hanging on the cross. A thief on one side of him is cursing. Jesus is talking calmly of paradise. . . . We read that story again and that old idea of a pale and meek and mild Jesus vanishes before the portrait of a man of courage and strength. All the dangers he brushed aside or patiently endured—because he had set his face to accomplish something that seemed to him the most important thing in his life.

Now the experience of humanity is like the experience of Jesus to this extent at least: as we set our faces to go to some Jerusalem, courage comes into our lives sufficient to meet the dangers along the way. Jerusalem? What is it for us? Why, that great unselfish goal which is somewhere beyond the horizon we know is waiting for us. It is that singleness of purpose which alone can integrate our personalities and give them direction and force. Just why it is that courage seems to come to those of us who set our faces to go to some Jerusalem is not so difficult to understand. Tell your boy to run about in that field where there are briars and thorns. He will come back crying that the briars and thorns scratch his legs. But tell him that on yonder hill an adventure awaits him—a camping expedition with his fellows, or a fishing trip, or a hunt with you—and let the way lead through the same field. The briars and thorns will scratch him just as much as ever, but his face is set on the great adventure ahead of him and he doesn't mind the scratches. Emerson says that a hero is no braver than an ordinary man; but he is brave five minutes longer. Yes, and he is brave five minutes longer because he has a goal to reach, and the ordinary man has none, and so more easily gives up. If you would learn one secret of your hero's courage, find out what purpose dominates him. Toward what Jerusalem has he set his face?

Those who have steadfastly set their faces to go to some Jerusalem have shown that extra five minutes' worth of courage that distinguishes the hero from the ordinary man. Or put it this way: that one source of courage lies in steadfastly setting one's face to go to some Jerusalem.

Somewhere on the horizon is a Jerusalem for you—some good and unselfish single purpose for your life. Seek it, find it, steadfastly set your face and go there. Courage will come. It is God's way with man. And when all is said and done you know what heritage you want to leave behind you when you go from this world. Above money or property or any amount of things, you want to leave a heritage of courage. Nothing else will do. It doesn't matter so much whether or not you reach your Jerusalem; honor, fame and happiness may come if you do, but so long as your face is steadfastly set to go there and you falter not, you will leave your heritage of courage.





Others may give you gifts which you cherish and admire
but the jewellery you choose for yourself reflects your own personality
Your home, too, in those things your jeweller supplies, is the channel of your self-expression

*There are many occasions for gifts -
and the place of gifts and gift selection is the jewellery store*

for GIFTS THAT *LAST*
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Obtainable with CHAN—A
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IF ordinary floor wax makes your floors attractive, then CHAN will make them luxuriously beautiful. If you think the wax you are using gives a long-lasting finish—just you try CHAN.

You'll realize the first time you use CHAN that it is a wonderful improvement in floor wax. The secret is "Carnauba."

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This "Carnauba" Wax forms the base of the wonderful, new floor wax known as "CHAN." It is blended with small amounts of other waxes to make application easy, rapid and economical. It gives floors a lustrous, long-lasting, practically water-proof finish.

Because of its greater polishing-power, you should use CHAN sparingly. A one pound tin will cover 1,000 square feet of floor space—two or three times more than ordinary floor waxes. It sets quickly, dries hard, gives floors real protection.

Your hardware can supply you with CHAN in paste form of ½ lb. 40c., 1 lb. 75c., 3 lbs. \$2.00, 5 lbs. \$3.25. In liquid form ½ pt. 40c., 1 pt. 75c. Also in larger containers.

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When Santa Claus Stops to Think

By Winifred N. Whitlock

NO doubt Santa Claus has a hard job thinking of what to give us all for Christmas but judging from the queues outside the Exchange Offices of the Departmental Stores after Christmas he is often a very poor guesser.

There is sensible Jane returning the flesh colored stockings, the sports girl bearing back the gloves two sizes too small for her, the flapper with the pearl necklace that isn't just the latest style—they wait in smiling sequence for the check that means their own choice instead of that of Santa Claus.

But this is in the City. What of the folk in the country far away from the convenient Departmental Store exchange system. We shudder to think of the heterogeneous gifts that are laid aside with a tolerant smile and humorous comment in many a country home for numbers of Christmas presents are bought—we cannot say chosen—without any thought being given to the recipient's tastes or needs.

When some people think of old ladies, they think of shawls, forgetting that some old ladies keep their youthful tastes into old age and Grandma doesn't want an annual reminder in the shape of a shawl that she has passed the allotted span. Many old ladies would much prefer a box of candies or some fancy biscuits or perhaps a pack of cards to play Patience, and Uncle who seldom leaves his armchair would probably much rather have an up-to-date novel than the grey muffler that a kind-hearted niece knits for him.

We know one girl who sends her mother a pair of bedroom slippers every Christmas because she "can't think of anything else" and we often wonder who is the more to be pitied, the girl with the perennial thought or the mother who knows every year what her Christmas gift will be!

If people know their friends at all—and surely friendship pre-supposes some knowledge of their tastes—it should not be a difficult matter to choose something that he or she will really like. The woman who takes a pride in her linen closet will always appreciate a piece of linen, especially if it be hand-embroidered while most girls like something to wear, but in giving things of this nature one must walk warily. If the stockings are too small or the gloves of a shade she never wears there is nothing else to do but to pass them on to someone else and your gift is shorn of much of its value. If a woman spends a good deal of her time in the kitchen—and most women do—anything that lightens her work will be appreciated. A stainless-steel paring knife costs a very small sum, so do saucepan polishers, strawberry hullers, vegetable cutters and the hundred and one labor-saving devices put on the market every year, but very few of these find their way into Santa Claus' pack,

possibly because he belongs to the sex that doesn't know that woman's work is never done.

IF your friend is the mother of a new baby something for the new arrival will be an acceptable gift but don't let your ideas be limited to coverings for the extremities of the infant. We know a woman who received twelve pairs of bootees before the birth of her first baby and the child was still-born! When the average person thinks of something for a baby it is nearly always bootees or a bonnet, while a much more appreciated gift would be a rubber sheet, a pair of crib blankets or a dress length.

If a woman collects toilet articles or silver of a certain pattern the gift problem is greatly simplified or if they have a hobby, tools or materials for it would be sure to please. The woman who does a lot of crochet or embroidery would like some cotton or silks. The amateur photographer would appreciate some films and the girl who paints some tubes of paint. A book on poultry raising would please Uncle who takes such pride in his chickens and an annual subscription to a paper prolongs your Christmas thought for a whole year.

When some people think of little girls their Christmas thoughts turn to dolls, but most little girls have a favorite doll and they would much rather have a new carriage or bed or dress for their old baby than a dressed-up new-comer.

Santa Claus is a good old fellow but a mere man cannot be expected to know that baby likes to put things into his mouth or he wouldn't present the little fellow with a gaudily-painted toy that he will assuredly lick or an animal with beaded eyes that he may swallow.

"It's so difficult to know what to buy for a man," we often hear a woman say. When a woman thinks of a Christmas gift for a man her thoughts seem to run to a tie and a tie is the very last thing an intelligent woman would buy. We know a woman who bought a pale blue tie for a middle-aged man. He married someone else and we don't wonder! Cigars are another pitfall for the feminine Christmas shopper. "Cigars are cigars" and that is all the average woman knows about them so if you want to buy smokes let a male friend get them for you.

Christmas comes but once a year and sometimes when we survey our Christmas presents we are glad it doesn't come more often. There was the fountain pen that leaked, the flannelette nightgown that we cut up for dusters, the yellow negligee adorned with a purple bow that filled the same humble role and the mince pies that we never ate, but when Santa Claus brings us typewriter ribbons and pencils and books we shower blessings on his hoary head. Truly when he stops to think he is a saint indeed!

Soil

By Vera Johnson

There is only one fight

That is really right,

That is fought without bloodshed;

And daily its done

'Neath the prairie sun,

And the new land's skies overhead.

It's the fight of the soil

And the sons of soil,

That are striving to conquer the land;

In Nature's wide field,

To rest Earth's yield

With living heart, brain, and hand.

We can not turn back

When we've started the track

Though life calls to an easier path:

It's a master we love—

Earth beneath—skies above,

Sun's blessing and storm's own wrath.

Tho' we grow gaunt and gray,

Beauty fading away;

There's no call to the mart of men:

When you feel new places

In Earth's fresh spaces,

You will not want cities again.

You may think of fate;

You may think you hate

Each day's same grind of toil;

But it holds you tight,

It's won the fight

When you conquer a new land's soil.

You know you're beat

When your earthbound feet

Still cling to the soil tho' you've won;

You can't get away,

There will be no day

When your work with Earth is done.

Other things you may do,

And see them through,

Great passions may catch you and hold;

But Earth takes you last,

And holds you fast;

We don't fear it—we the bold.

We who have tilled

Our souls have filled

With what holds the thrill so few;

Tho' many may toil;

The call of the soil—

To us who feel; to us comes true.

The Death of Edith Cavell

On October 11, 1915, Nurse Cavell Was Condemned to Death in Pursuance of the Decision of a German Court-martial in Brussels, and was Shot at the Tir National Early on the Morning of October 12

EDITH CAVELL was born in 1865 at Swardston in Norfolk, of which her father was for many years vicar. Trained at the London Hospital, she became a good nurse. She was in her 50th year when the events occurred which made her name known to the whole world.

At the beginning of the war she had been for seven years matron of a training school for Belgian nurses in Brussels. To meet the new conditions, this institution was at once turned into a Red Cross hospital, and during the months that followed Nurse Cavell and her staff tended wounded soldiers from the Allied armies, together with wounded Germans. As a servant of the Red Cross she did not discriminate between the patients in her care. But she was also an English woman, and as such, lent her aid to a secret organization for arranging the escape of English, French, and Belgian stragglers.

This "underground railway" was run by a number of devoted people who thought less of their own safety than of the Allied cause. Derelict soldiers were hidden from the Germans in the chateau of Prince Reginald de Croy, near Mons, and supplied with false papers. Guides led them to Brussels, where several houses were open to them, Nurse Cavell's among the rest. Here they were bestowed until opportunity served to conduct them across the Dutch frontier. Prominent figures in the conspiracy were Louise Thutiez, Philippe Baucq, Louis Severin, and the Comtesse de Belleville. For some months their efforts were successful, thanks in great measure to the daring which prompted and accompanied them, but partly, as appeared later, to the clumsiness of the German spy system.

The spies did prevail at last. Thirty-five arrests were made. Miss Cavell herself was imprisoned early in August, and in the same month Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American minister to Belgium, reported to Mr. Page in London the first of those interventions in her behalf which were to be again and again thwarted by the German authorities in Brussels. If Mr. Whitlock, with two other members of the American Legation, Mr. Hugh Gibson and M. de Laval had relied on official channels of communication, it is likely that Miss Cavell would have been dead before her danger was realized. As it was, on learning of the sentence at the last moment, Mr. Whitlock had barely time to present a petition for clemency and to send it with an appeal to German "generosity of heart." In this unavailing attempt the Spanish Minister, the Marquis de Villalobar, was honorably associated.

Besides Miss Cavell, four of the 35 prisoners had been sentenced to death. It should be understood that no charge

of espionage was brought against them, and Miss Cavell frankly admitted what she had done. On October 10 the sentences were confirmed by General von Sauberzweig, Military Commandant of Brussels, who on the following day issued an order for the immediate execution of Edith Cavell and Philippe Baucq, as "necessary in the interest of the State." The word *immediate* is said to have been underlined in red pencil. Accordingly, early on the morning of October 12, Edith Cavell and Philippe Baucq were shot at the Tir National.

Miss Cavell went to her death in calm self-possession. The evening before, the British chaplain at Brussels was permitted to see her in the St. Gilles prison, where she had been confined since her arrest. It was then that she uttered the words which in part, and often unfortunately without reference to the context have been so often quoted:

"I have no fear nor shrinking; I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me.

"I thank God for this ten weeks' quiet before the end. Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty. This time of rest has been a great mercy.

"They have all been very kind to me here. But this I would say, standing, as I do, in view of God and eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone."

Had the Germans been able to imagine the effect of their deed they might have been constrained from committing it. The horror it excited was no greater in England than in other countries. The number of memorials to Nurse Cavell at home and abroad is beyond computation. Some of them were erected long before the end of the war. When, in 1919, the body was taken to its final rest in Norwich, the funeral procession went past the monument near the Erpingham Gate which had been completed and unveiled by Queen Alexandra some eight months earlier.

It was said on that day in May on which Edith Cavell was buried no Englishwoman except Queen Victoria had ever received such honor in death. A military funeral was the meed of one who had given her life for her country; but the ceremonies, both in London and Norwich, were not elaborate; their deepest impressiveness came from the silence of the great inarticulate crowds. After services in Westminster Abbey and Norwich Cathedral the body was laid in a little spot known as Life's Green, now a place of pilgrimage to many who find in the simple cross and the even simpler inscription the noblest record of the dead. —London Times.

The Wind

OF ALL the phenomena of nature the wind seems to be the one that is most strikingly endowed with personality. Sunlight, starlight, moonlight, thunder and lightning, rain and snow—there is no wide range of expressiveness in any of them. But the wind has moods and a many-sided character; indeed there is no human emotion, no virtue and no vice of the human soul, that does not find its representation or its symbol in the blowing of the wind. The insane, destructive fury of mankind at war has its counterpart in the tornado and the hurricane. Violent gales, though less demoniac in temper, show occasional outbursts of brutality corresponding to those that human beings sometimes exhibit.

Then there are the mean-spirited, ill-natured gusts that do spiteful, malicious things and play disagreeable practical jokes; experiencing them, we feel that the wind is at heart a vindictive bully. At other times it is better

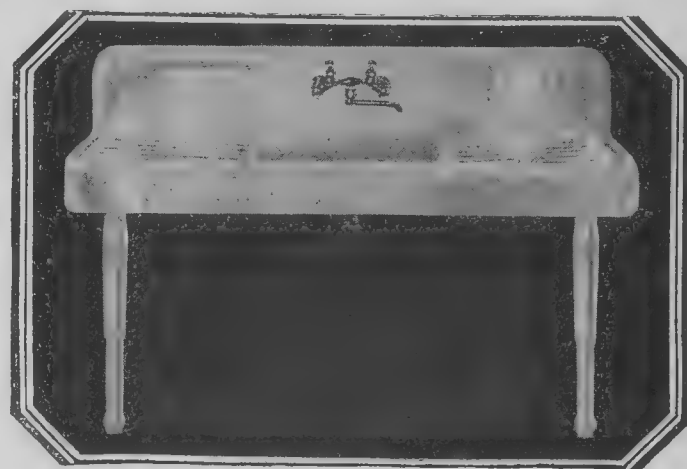
disposed, yet not quite amiable—boisterously humorous, usually at the expense of people who dislike boisterous humour. But even those people will admit that now it has got rid of its malice and is merely prankish and not above playing the clown.

When the wind ceases to be aggressive it becomes gentle, confiding, sympathetic, affectionate; it soothes and caresses, it stimulates and refreshes. It seems then to have the most agreeable personality of all the forces in the natural world. To the poet's imagination it becomes a lover murmuring endearments to his lady, or a mother singing a lullaby to her babe, or an old nurse crooning softly to a child.

The wind is like people; it cannot always be at its best.

And however much we may object to it and denounce it or long for and welcome it, of one fact we may be sure: we can never do anything about it.

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Jesse James, Martyr, Not Bandit, Declares Fred Thomson, Film Star

By Fred Thomson

Many persons have asked me why I, an ordained minister, chose Jesse James as the subject of my next picture.

I have always felt that there was another side to Jesse James than that of the bandit, and the movement recently reported in the press, to erect a monument to James at Kearney, Mo., confirms my confidence that I am justified in basing a picture on certain episodes in the career of this famous outlaw.

SOME of my friends have intimated that possibly I had lost sight of my ideals of picture entertainment. My picture career, they suggested, has developed to the point where I have the fields of history and literature to search for story material.

They have gasped when, in reply, I have coupled the names of Abraham Lincoln and Jesse James as the men who epitomize two great phases of Civil War history—one the great thinker, the observer of the vast arena of conflict, the kindly apostle of tolerance; the other a high-spirited boy caught in the whirlpool of action at its most violent point on the borders of Missouri and Kansas. Lincoln was assassinated at a time when his gentle guidance was most needed in removing the war time passions. Jesse James lived long enough to become the dramatic victim of those passions in reconstruction days. He became the personification of the South's resentment against post-war exploitation and revenge; he was the flickering ember of revolt against the abuse of the rule of the majority.

If Lincoln had lived, there would have been no Jesse James legends today.

Time softens and idealizes the heroes of history; it hardens and vilifies the villains and makes them seem utterly unspeakable. Jesse James was one of the latter.

Like most people, I presume, I used to think of the James brothers as a pair of amazing outlaws, men gifted with remarkable physical courage, but cruel bandits, nevertheless, who preyed upon society with no special reason except a desire for gain.

After many weeks of reading I can recommend the stories of their lives as an illuminating chapter of American history. I was so impressed by facts that I decided to present facts on the screen. I am not going to idealize Jesse James. He had enough faults and virtues to make him intensely human. I am going to present some of the dramatic incidents of his career and let them stand.

"But revenge? Didn't Jesse James spend the latter part of his life seeking revenge for the wrongs he and his family had suffered? Isn't revenge an unpleasant theme for motion picture entertainment?"

These questions have been asked me again and again.

Here, again, impressions are based on incomplete knowledge of history. Jesse James and Frank James tried to surrender and return to their farm a number of times. If all rewards for their capture dead or alive had been withdrawn fifty years ago, Jesse might have been an aged farmer at Kearney, Mo., at the present time.

Few people today realize that these men were wartime outlaws. Southern sympathies prevailed in Clay County, Mo., where they were born and raised, and it was Clay County that took the brunt of punishment in the Border Wars which preceded the outbreak of the Civil War by nearly ten years.

The James family was exceptional in a number of ways. It was of Scotch-Irish descent and hailed from Kentucky. Rev. Robert James, the father, was a Baptist clergyman. He was the son of a clergyman. One of his brothers was also a minister. James senior died in California. Mrs. James, a convent-reared Kentucky girl, married a Kentucky physician, Dr. Reuben Samuels. He stood loyally by his wife and his stepsons through more than twenty years of persecution.

Frank James, the oldest boy, enlisted early with Quantrell's Partisan Rangers, an extraordinary guerrilla cavalry unit commissioned by Jefferson Davis to raid the Federal garrisons of the West. Jesse became a member a year later after soldiers had tried to hang his stepfather and had beat him with riding whips while

he was at work on his mother's farm. He was fifteen at the time.

A Union general in Kansas City declared this cavalry outlaw in 1863 and ordered his men to take no prisoners and spare no wounded. At the end of the war Frank was permitted to surrender with others in Kentucky. Jesse was shot through the lung while riding under a flag of truce. Many members of the band fled to Mexico and joined the Emperor Maximilian. While trying to return to Missouri Frank and a companion were attacked by a band of soldiers as suspected horse thieves. Eventually the two men returned to their farm. Soldiers tried to invade the household at night and arrest the wounded Jesse. The deaths that resulted stirred the hunt for him.

They returned a year later after a stay in California. Their crops were burned. In 1874 the brothers were publicly married and seemed on the verge of trying to start a new peaceful life. The following January detectives threw a bomb in their mother's home and blew off her right arm. Her young son, Archie Peyton Samuels, was killed.

There are some rebellions so staunch that they can only be quelled by the burial of the rebels, it has been said. The James brothers had reasons to believe it.

It was the fashion of the time to ascribe every hold-up and bank robbery to the James brothers. No doubt, they were guilty of some of them, but the mere fact they lived off and on for five years in the vicinity of Nashville proves many western crimes must have been done by others.

Jesse was shot in the back of the head by Robert Ford because he had been assured in advance he would be permitted to go free and would receive a reward. He was pardoned the day of his conviction for murder. There was such a revulsion of public sentiment following this that Frank was permitted to surrender in person to the Governor of Missouri and was never convicted of any crime.

I have received many letters from widely separated places since announcement was made that I intended to make this picture. Some have been from women who knew the James family. The policeman who arrested Bob Ford has written me. The son of one of the men who assisted in the capture of the Younger brothers in Minnesota has visited my office and told me the sentiment of the people of his state at the time.

The tenor of all these letters is the same. "We want you to have the facts about the James family. Tell nothing but the facts—amazing though they were—and you will do justice to two remarkable men."

This is extremely interesting more than sixty years after the Civil War. It shows that even in the North, where the real stories of these men are known, there is an abiding sympathy for them.

In the fascinating drama of their lives there is also the softening element of romance. They married high type women; they respected them and made them happy, and were so loyal to them their bitterest enemies have often commented upon their unbelievably happy marital lives. A Robin Hood quality pervaded their careers. They didn't rob for mere caprice as did Robin Hood; they were forced to it by grim necessity, but the kindly deeds they did from time to time rob every robbery of villainy. The stories of some of them which have come to me in letters have never been published.

They were heroes to thousands. Whole states protected them. They were the figure-heads of the undying resentment of the south, and the targets of the lingering wrath of the north.

Neither of these would have existed had Lincoln lived.

There is something epic about Jesse James, and I think he is worthy material for dramatic entertainment. He was as much a part of that tremendous picture we call the American Civil War as was Lincoln. He was a shadow in that picture that lay close to the great high-light that was Lincoln. And every picture, to be complete, must make use of shadows as well as high-lights.

I am doing that; I am contributing something to the panorama of history.

Barbara Kent

A Canadian Product

VIOLET blue eyes, olive skin, auburn hair and arresting ankles produced on a silver platter a movie career de luxe for a little Canadian girl who walked into the Universal Studio one day as that bete noir of casting directors—a beauty winner. Her name is Barbara Kent and she did not change it for pictures. Barbara has just been chosen a Wampus Baby Star for 1927—has scored her first big hit in "Flesh and the Devil" and her biggest assignment is "The American Eagle," a Universal Jewel featuring Raymond Keane.

Barbara Kent was born in Gadsby, Alberta, Canada, on December 18, 1908. The most dangerous thing which she has encountered has been the predilection of various judges to choose her as a beauty winner. This is usually fatal to a moving picture aspirant. But not to Barbara.



Barbara Kent in a gown made entirely of filet lace; the cap of her veil is of rose-point lace, and the veil is of tulle, which she wore when taking the part of the bride in "The Small Bachelor"—A Universal production

Barbara attended public school in Gadsby but soon after her graduation her parents moved to Santa Cruz, California.

In Santa Cruz, Barbara won a beauty contest. Then the family moved to Los Angeles. She won another newspaper contest there and then she moved to Hollywood, where she was rechristened as Miss Hollywood in another contest. That usually ends them but Barbara went to Universal City and walked right into a splendid movie career.

Barbara is a scant hair over five feet in height and weighs 105 pounds. She has the distinction of being one of the few girls in Hollywood unbobbed. The barbers can't bear to cut her red locks.

Following "The Lone Eagle," Miss Kent will appear in "The Small Bachelor"

the P. G. Wodehouse story which William Seiter is to direct.



Some women are allowed to run up very long bills

NATURE may let you go a long way—run up a long bill—before she protests at the pace you set. But—Tonight you may start to toss in restless sleep, your nerves lashed by drug stimulants such as tannin and caffeine contained in tea and coffee. Sooner or later, drug-stimulated nerves must pay up—they crack! Your bill may be long or short. Eventually, you'll have to pay.

How different with Postum! This rich full-bodied,

flavorful drink contains no trace of any drug-stimulant—not a sign of anything to cause headaches or sleeplessness. Serve Postum to the family. Instantly made in the cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. If you prefer, there is Postum Cereal made by boiling, or percolating twenty minutes. Ask for Postum at all grocers', restaurants or on the train. Today, accept Carrie Blanchard's generous free offer. Mail this coupon now.

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"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply.

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to make this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."



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Treasure

By Edward Ormerod

ALL our lives we hunt Treasure. I do not mean gold . . . material substance. Some of us pursue and acquire that, only to find that the real treasure is yet afar off and must still be sought for. Professor Henry Drummond said the Greatest Thing in the world is Love.

Ask a Father what is his greatest Treasure; his son, of course. Ask a Mother . . . her baby! Ask the man in the street—insofar as he is a thinking man, or an observing one . . . by so much is he likely to tell you, his Friends.

How richly endowed is the man who carries with him the love of many friends. Nobody believes any more that old idea that when a man gets into trouble or loses his money, his friends depart. Not his Friends. Acquaintances perhaps. Neighbors, it may be . . . but Friends, never. Someone has defined a friend as one who knows all about you, and still loves you.

There is a stagnant swamp, where the scorching sun at mid-day draws shimmering heat-waves from the glassy surface of weedy pools. High banks of rank weeds baffle and confuse the wanderer so unwise as to penetrate its malodorous fastnesses, and treacherous beds of ooze lie ready for his unwary feet. It is the haunt of turtles and snakes, of queer birds and crawling things. Its open water covers fathomless depths of foul vegetable and animal decay.

Yet, at the edge of the pools, forcing their way up from the deep-down roots, their stalks passing through the very midst of this reeking corruption, there bloom on the water's surface, lovely white water-lilies. Emblems of unspotted purity, beset by veritable putrescence, they spread their snowy petals and present to you their hearts of purest yellow gold. They are Life, triumphant, in the midst of death!

Is it not so with Friendship? A man may go along for years without mishap or misfortune; his pathway pleasant, his friends many. But under such conditions friendship can be only a very static sort of thing; it has little opportunity to flourish or function except in small measure, however pleasant.

Then one day he runs into difficulty. Serious difficulty, let us say. It may be loss of fortune or position, disgrace, prison even, perhaps. All the unplumbed depths of human misery open themselves to receive their shuddering victim.

Then Friendship becomes dynamic. Fair weather companions drop out—this leaves more elbow-room for the real ones. And right from the very start or

bottom of the trouble or disgrace or dishonor, this Friendship forces its way up through the evil mass of circumstance, to blossom in lovely flowers of kindness and helpfulness, of trust and love.

Let no man call himself poor who has friends . . . he has Treasure!

How do we hunt such treasure? How do we find love? Where is it hidden? The chart, the plans . . . are they difficult to understand? Not at all . . . no more difficult than the Golden Rule. That rule is the chart, and the compass, and all the directions and instructions for the hunt. It leads us to Treasure, to Love, the Greatest Thing; such love as forgave Peter when he had denied his Master, with miserable lying . . . such love as dwelt or dwells in that holy of holies—the heart of the Mother of men.

This is the Treasure Hunt. We start afresh every morning, the chart in our hands, following closely wherever it leads. This is the way to lay up treasure in Heaven . . . the Kingdom of Heaven, within us.

Has it ever been your good fortune to watch a mother with her baby . . . to see the wonder-light that beams forth from her eyes, to listen to the marvelous tenderness that trembles in her voice as she croons, and croons . . . to note the soft gentleness of her hands . . . ? If it has, you have seen the Greatest Thing . . . the Sum of all . . .

Treasure

A lot of folk think treasure lies
In houses, lands or gold—
In lustrous pearls or rubies red
For some the tale is told;
Some strive for fame—or fight for place,
Enduring blow and scar—
Just phantoms all . . . mere emptiness . . .
I've treasure better, far:

My baby's arms, wee hands that cling,
Blue eyes that laugh in mine,
A baby frown, some lisping words,
Sweet lips as red as wine—
Each tiny garment she has worn,
Each plaything smashed in fun
I put away, and miser-like
I hoard them, every one.

My Treasure these; and some day when
She's grown up, big and tall,
I'll take her to my Treasure Chest,
And show them to her, all,
For then I think she'll understand,
My secret she will see—
Just God and I alone know what
My baby means to me!

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PIONEERS IN RADIO



The Late Venerable Archdeacon Fortin

By Mrs. F. W. Ellis

THE death of the Venerable Archdeacon Fortin, which occurred in Santa Monica on October 3rd, recalls floods of memories to the old parishioners of Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg, many of whom were christened, confirmed and married, during the period of his incumbency.

His name is revered in the hearts of hundreds of the people of Winnipeg, for he had a charming personality, and a sympathetic, kindly nature, that won all who came in contact with him. He was the ideal parish priest—a Shepherd in the real sense of the word; he loved his sheep, and he was beloved by them.

The Rectory was a haven of joy and love to many lonely strangers. The Archdeacon and his family always represented to the writer, the ideal family life. Theirs was a second home to all who cared to share it; and in trouble or in joy, one could be quite sure of a sympathetic and affectionate hearing whenever it was wanted. The Archdeacon was a native of the Province of Quebec, and he never lost his French accent, which was one of his added attractions.

Arriving in Winnipeg, in 1875, we who live here now can have no conception of the hardships and sacrifice it meant to a young man, to leave a comfortable home, with comfortable environment, to come here, and bring up a young family. Winnipeg then, had a population under 2,000. Mr. and Mrs. Fortin's first home was on Market Street, and the Church was on Portage Avenue, where the Post Office and Garry Building now stand—on the opposite corner was the Sunday School-house—which will give some idea of the space available on Portage Avenue at that time.

The Archdeacon was the Rev. Octave Fortin in those days, and his chief work lay in looking after the settlers who were beginning to pour in from the old Country. He was most helpful, when he visited those "just out," in explaining about storm windows, stove pipes, etc. A parish priest had to be most versatile in those primitive times.

He had many additional interests, and was attached to St. John's College, as professor of French. He also took an active part in civic affairs, as far as his parochial duties would allow him to do so, and was on the board of the General Hospital.

It was about 1888 that he had a quite serious illness, and was sent abroad in search of health. Many of us thought of Italy as being the end of the world, and wondered if we should ever see him again. But he returned in due time, renewed in health and vigor, to the joy of all his people.

Many old Winnipeggers remember their first service in the old Church on Portage Avenue, and the link with the old home, which the dear old Church of England service gave.

In those days, Dr. MacLagan was the organist, a brilliant musician, and a wonderful acquisition to any church. The choir was quite equal to any of the present day choirs, and the members gave their services loyally and freely. The Archdeacon was passionately fond of music and was the possessor of a good baritone voice, which was quite a force in the anthems, when he sang with the choir with all the gusto of which his vigorous nature was capable.

HOLY TRINITY is not the only parish in which the name of Archdeacon Fortin will be revered. It was from Trinity that all Saints sprang into being in the early 80's and in 1894 St. Luke's was formed under his guidance, as were also St. Matthew's and St. Philip's. It was largely through his untiring energy and efforts that we have the present Holy Trinity Church, which, when it was erected in 1886, seemed on the outskirts to those who came from James Street, Ross Street, and other neighboring streets, to worship. And now it is the only down town church in the city, and will always stand as a testimony and memorial of the life work of our beloved rector.

Since his retirement in 1917, after forty-two years of loving and faithful service in Holy Trinity parish he lived chiefly in California, making periodical visits to his old home, which were always a joy to his friends, whom he never forgot, and in whom he retained the liveliest interest.

He was laid to rest in St. John's Churchyard, where his wife, who predeceased him eleven years ago and his son and daughter are buried.

He has well earned his Master's reward, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Canada's Inland Sea Fisheries

Continued from page 20

If the quota is secured before August 15, the fishing ceases; if the quota has not been reached by August 15, it ceases just the same.

The whitefish weigh from two to ten pounds and the pickerel from two to five pounds. Pickerel are generally found close in to shore, near to the top and in fairly shallow water, while the whitefish swim deep and are caught with twelve-fathom, 5¼-inch mesh nets set to the bottom of the lake.

After the fish are cleaned, weighed and packed, the fish offal is run out on trucks and dumped into the woods away to the rear of the fishing station, where an eternal cloud of screaming seagulls and crows hovers and fights and feasts.

The suckers that are caught, though fairly good eating, are not marketed. They are reserved for the dogs.

Ling are also caught—a soft, slobbery fish at which even the dogs turn up their noses. The liver of this fish contains a large quantity of pure oil, not unlike cod liver oil, and one would think this might constitute a profitable by-product.

As already mentioned, the fish are packed in crushed ice. They are shipped at once to Selkirk by the "Wolverine," where they are trans-shipped to Chicago, New York, etcetera.

At Selkirk, where the Fish Company operates a large refrigerating plant, great quantities of whitefish and pickerel, not required for immediate shipment, are frozen and held over, to be sent out during the winter as called for.

Considerable sturgeon used to be fished in these waters, but of recent years the catches have sadly fallen off. The sturgeon is an anadromous fish, resembling the shark in general shape, with a mailed body and head. Those caught in Lake Winnipeg weigh from twenty to eighty pounds each and measure up to six feet long, although, of course, much heavier and larger ones are to be found.

Little is known of the sturgeon's haunts and habits and it seems to contain spawn at almost any season of the year.

The sturgeon yields caviare. Isinglass, a gelatinous substance of wonderful adhesive properties, is got from the boiling down of the sturgeon sound, a part of the fish which lies on each side of its backbone. One, William Sinclair, a chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Norway House, is credited with being the first in Canada to make use of this by-product in this way, and a hundred years ago, isinglass in kegs was a native product from Norway House Post. It was this same William Sinclair who evolved the York boat from a number of designs sent in by the Hudson's Bay Company's carpenters throughout the service.

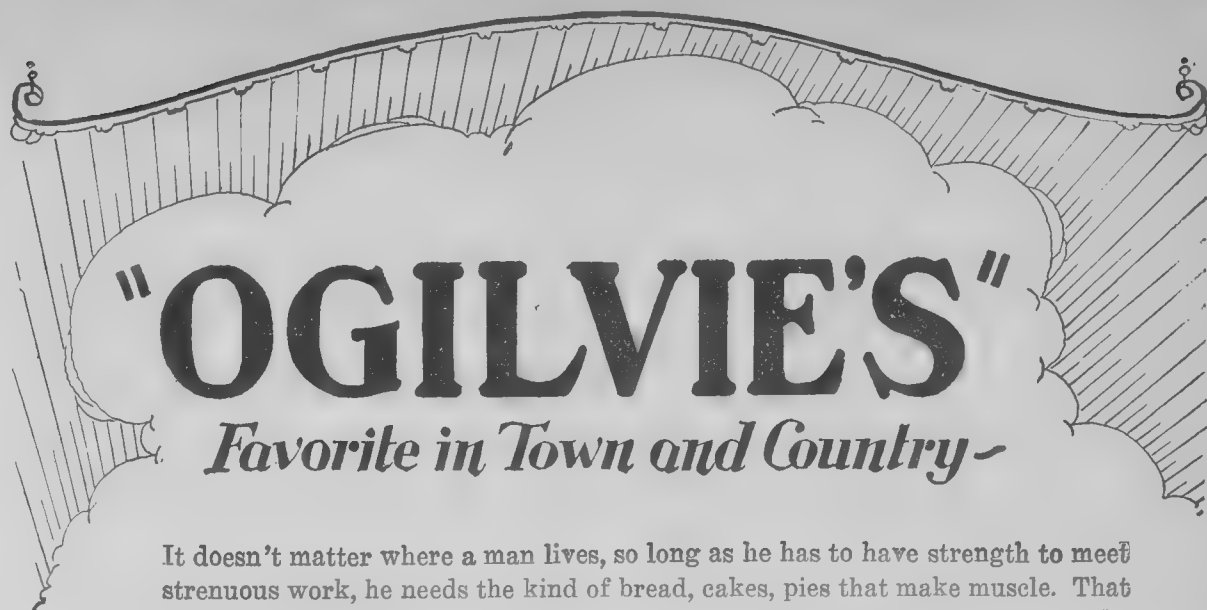
The spawning seasons of the various fish of Lake Winnipeg are almost as varied as the fish themselves. Whitefish and tulibeas spawn in the fall; pickerel, jackfish, goldeyes, perch and suckers spawn in the spring, chiefly in the Saskatchewan and Dauphin rivers, tributaries of Lake Winnipeg.

A government ship collects the spawn for propagation at the government hatcheries.

WHILE the summer fishing on Lake Winnipeg is over by August 15, this does not by any means exhaust the year's fishing enterprise. Winter fishing of whitefish and pickerel proceeds as soon as ice conditions are favorable.

Holes, some two and a half feet in

Continued on page 53



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39



AN INTERESTING case has been recently decided by the Supreme Court of Canada, on an appeal from a Judgment of the Nova Scotia Court of Appeal. A certain miner employed by a Coal Company occupied a miner's house belonging to the company, which was situated in the company's railway yards. One morning a train belonging to the Company in charge of its employees which was working in the yard ran over and killed two of the miner's children aged seven and nine. The miner's house was situated a short distance to the Eastward of the most Southerly of the tracks. The children attended a school which was situated North beyond the limit of the yard and the children were in the habit of using this short cut when late for school. The Mining Company, when sued for damages by the father for the death of his two children, tried to set up the defence that under the Nova Scotia Railway Act every person not connected with the Railway or employed by the company who walks along the track thereof except where the same is laid across or along highway is liable on summary conviction to a penalty not exceeding \$10.00 and that consequently these children must be treated as trespassers so that the train employees would be under no obligation to keep any special lookout for them, in their shunting operations. It was found that there were no signs or fences or obstructions in the locality to direct the children in their course or to prevent their choosing their own course. The courts held in substance that permission of the company to use the tracks was to be inferred from the facts and circumstances of the case and that the children were not trespassers but were in the yard by the permission and invitation of the company and damages of \$250.00 were allowed to the father and \$1000.00 to the mother.

A and B entered into a written agreement whereby A agreed to sell and B agreed to purchase certain lands and chattels. The agreement set out that a certain amount was paid in cash and the balance was payable in certain yearly instalments, the Purchaser also agreeing to pay the taxes. Throughout the course of time the Purchaser did not meet payments as stipulated nor did he pay the taxes as he had covenanted to do. In explanation of his failure to make these payments he sought to obtain relief under a clause in the agreement which provided that in the event of crop failure "by reason of weather conditions or otherwise" the payment of the principal sum would be postponed or extended for a period of one year. It was found as a fact that except in the year 1923 the crops grown on the land by the Defendant were exceedingly poor, but it was further found that these poor crops were due in a large measure to the Defendant's failure to summerfallow. As a matter of fact it was further found that he had never done any summerfallowing on the land at all. The court held that he could not rely upon the agreement as to crop failure, which failure had been brought about by his own carelessness and unscientific and inexcusable farming methods. The court held that the Vendor was entitled to specific performance and ordered at once the purchaser to pay the balance due.

Has a married woman authority to pledge her husband's credit for a fur coat? A Saskatchewan merchant recently sued a husband for the balance due on a fur coat purchased from him by the husband's wife. The husband maintained a home in Saskatoon where his wife resided and he had also a farm outside the City where he spent part of his time. In giving its verdict the Court laid down the rule that while

husband and wife live together, the husband can only be liable when he has expressly or impliedly authorized his wife to pledge his credit or has so conducted himself by his relations with merchants as to be prevented from denying liability, i.e. if a merchant supplied goods to a man's wife without his knowing anything about it, and subsequently billed him and sent frequent statements to which in no case did he reply, the courts might reasonably hold that it would be too late then for the husband to assert that the wife did not have the necessary authority.

In this case it was held that the wife did not have either the express or implied authority of her husband to pledge his credit and the merchant was therefore forced to fall back upon the legal principle that a woman living with her husband has authority to pledge his credit for necessities. The court had then to decide whether a fur coat is a necessary or not and moreover a necessary suitable to the husband's style of living. The evidence showed that the wife bought the coat because she needed it, but it was further shown that a cheaper coat would have done and that already she had another fur coat. The Court in giving Judgment stated that there were thousands of people in the Province who did not possess fur coats and still were able to protect themselves from the cold by the use of other kinds of clothing, thus reaching the conclusion that at least in this particular case a fur coat was not a necessary. The merchant who had supplied the coat was therefore held unable to collect from the husband, this of course not barring his right to take action against the wife. One of the Appeal Judges stated very trenchantly that merchants dealing in such articles would be well advised if they would take steps to enquire before actual delivery to a married woman.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Saskatoon, Sask.

Q. I went to a real estate dealer called "B." about buying a farm. He showed me a farm belonging to "D." We talked over the deal and finally I agreed to buy it for \$5000.00. "B." signed the preliminary agreement in D's name and as D's agent, but "D" now refuses to complete the transaction. I am able to carry out the terms of the agreement and B. says that "D" authorized him to make the sale, at the terms which I accepted. Can I make "D" complete the sale?—T. M.

A. If "D" authorized "B" in writing to sell the farm at the price agreed upon with you then the contract will be binding on "D." If only an oral authority was given to "B" by the Vendor then "B" cannot make a binding agreement on behalf of the Vendor. If "B" has no written authority you have no agreement.

Gallivan, Sask.

Q. Would you please advise me through the column of your paper whether the Northern Life Assurance Co. of Canada is a reliable company in which to insure.—A Subscriber.

A. All Life Insurance Companies have to comply with Dominion and Provincial laws regulating their business. The Government investigates their affairs regularly and maintains a staff of experts to keep close check on their affairs. In this way any company which does not handle its finances in a reasonable and proper manner is soon obliged to mend its ways. For the above reasons we believe that the Northern Life Assurance Company is a reliable company in which to insure.

Continued on page 94



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It calls for a knowledge of the principles of sound investment; of the laws relating to Trustees in the ownership, management and transfer of property; for a special accounting system. This Corporation is authorized by law to act as Executor and Trustee under Wills and Trust Deeds.

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For Your Protection**

THE MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO. LTD.
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DURING the past year the position of Canada in the world's markets has been widely heralded and it seems to be that every day there is added evidence of her growing importance. It is common knowledge that the distinguished visitors who came under the auspices of the Mining Congress were tremendously surprised upon discovering what possibilities there were in minerals. On every hand expressions of surprise were heard and we are convinced that this visit will prove most beneficial, not merely to our visitors but also to ourselves, by the new interest which they have created in this country. The visit of the Royal Princes and Mr. Baldwin, British Prime Minister, caused a search light to be thrown upon our land and in its glare its wonderful potentialities stood revealed. In many directions there are gratifying signs that the evident prosperity has been founded not upon a fictitious, but upon a real basis. Never in our history has there been such a general feeling of optimism as is expressed by bankers, lawyers, industrial and financial managers.

What is the cause of this feeling? In the first place there is no doubt but that in Western Canada we shall see one of the largest crops that has ever been harvested. There are many varying opinions as to the probable number of bushels, but we think that it is generally conceded that it will exceed four hundred million bushels. Advices show that Southern Alberta has been visited with one of the most wonderful crops in its existence. In Northern Saskatchewan it is well above the average; in Southern Saskatchewan in parts it is somewhat below and unfortunately in Manitoba it is well below the ten year average. Manitoba in particular seems to have been very badly struck by rust and it is said that the oat crop is almost a failure. This is to a degree compensated for by the fact that of late years in Manitoba mixed farming has been largely resorted to as a means toward offsetting a state of affairs that we are witnessing this year. On the whole the yield will be above average, but the grade will vary very much.

In the second place Canadian news-print has gone ahead by leaps and bounds and today Canada is the largest producer of newspaper print in the world. There seems to be on foot a movement to amalgamate the different selling agencies so as to bring about a uniformity of price and an even distribution of the product. The only question that arises in our minds is just how far this huge production of news-print will bring about the depletion of our forest reserves. One would consider that when an industrial concern undertakes the production of pulp or news-print which necessitates the erection of large and costly buildings, it would take care to see that sufficient wood was available for a long period.

In the third place minerals are occupying a very foremost place in the development of large natural resources. Startling figures have been given recently showing that at least in the production of nickel and asbestos Canada is easily first. A striking commentary on this situation is afforded in the recent rise of the common stock of the Asbestos Corporation. It looks as if the price of asbestos will revert to the pre-war figure, and if this occurs undoubtedly there will be a large development in this particular industry. The coal situation in Nova Scotia seems to be somewhat relieved and latest reports show that the Nova Scotia Miners have come to the conclusion that striking, especially over a large period of time, is by no means a profitable undertaking.

Recently in conversation with a Conservative delegate from New Glasgow, we were told that the mines in that district are now working almost to full capacity. If the steel industry would improve a great many of the difficulties in the Maritime Provinces would fade away. Unfortunately the outlook is not so bright in this direction. The fishing industry alone of all our basic industries is unsatisfactory. In the industrial world there is much reason for satisfaction and wholesalers contemplate large business orders during the ensuing year. Particularly gratifying results have been obtained in orders received by dry goods, clothing, footwear, furniture millinery and other industrial establishments. Commercial failures seem to be on the decline, but this more particularly applies to the number rather than to the amount involved.

NOTHING can afford stronger proof of the financial condition of the country than the increase in the matter of life insurance. The Royal Bank of Canada in its monthly letter points out that between 1920 and 1926 the amount of life insurance in force in Canada increased 75 per cent and that this increase only included ordinary life and industrial policies. Between 1919 and the end of 1926 the amount of group insurance had risen from eleven million dollars to more than two hundred million dollars. It also points out that there has been a two billion dollar increase in the volume of fire insurance in force since 1920 bringing the total amount in force at the end of 1926 to over eight billion dollars, which constitutes a 35 per cent increase within a period of six years.

Through a stenographical error it was stated in our last issue that the Hollinger Mine spent one hundred and eleven million dollars before producing any gold. This of course should have read eleven million.

During the past month we have received enquiries from our readers concerning the standing of certain financial concerns and also of insurance companies. It has not been our practice to answer these enquiries because of the large amount of work involved in obtaining correct information about various kinds of companies. As far as insurance companies are concerned it is safe to lay down the general rule that an insurance company is practically safe as long as it is registered and licensed under the laws of the particular Province in which it carries on business. Under most of the Provincial Acts every insurance company carrying on business in the Province must maintain on deposit with the Provincial Government sufficient securities to liquidate the companies probable liabilities. Government experts estimate the amount of the probable losses during any season in proportion to the amount of business done by each insurance company, and the company must then maintain on deposit the sum so estimated.

In the event of the company not paying its losses promptly any person can make application to the Provincial Government and obtain payment of their loss if the company is unable to do so. We would therefore advise any person who is at all doubtful about the strength of an insurance company to make enquiry at the Provincial Office and full information will be given by the authorities in charge. If a company is not licensed to do business in Canada, the insured must seek legal redress in some foreign country and it is easily understood that this might be a matter of great expense and uncertainty as to the outcome.



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When you're convinced, buy. In the meantime, accept this 10-day test we offer to prove our claims

Dear Sirs:

Men are slow to change a habit. So we have found in offering them this remarkable new shaving cream that it is better to offer a test, at our expense, than merely try to argue them into a change.

Results prove the big majority of men who try Palmolive Shaving cream stick to it. For they find the things we say are true. And they tell others, in extravagant terms, things we would never dare to claim.

So now we urge you to clip the coupon as a reminder. Try this ten-day test, and prove to yourself that what you seek, we've got. You owe it to yourself to know from your own experience.

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Palmolive Shaving Cream's sensational success is no accident. Our vast laboratories worked years perfecting it.

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cream. Then we set out to give them what they asked. They named four things. We offer five—features that came only after 130 different experiments had been rejected.

All our knowledge of soap, gained in a lifetime of study, has gone into this new shaving delight.

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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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It costs nothing to learn what we have done. We count on winning you strictly on merit. Your present method may suit, still there may be a better. Send the coupon before you forget.

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To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream. Here are new delights for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B1427, The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto 8, Ont.

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A Rare Combination of beauty strength and comfort



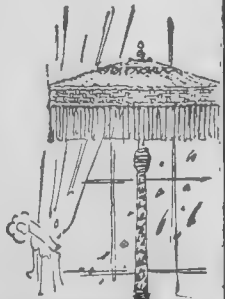
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Reed Furniture**

ALL the new, attractive colors are provided in Watson Reed and Fibre Furniture, which is quite appropriate for indoor as well as sun room and outdoor furniture.

Dealers all over Canada will demonstrate to you the strength and resiliency which make Watson Reed Furniture endure. The ample springs of the automobile seat cushions prevent sagging and preserve their shape. The sturdy construction ensures lasting service. Lacquer finishes are used exclusively, with a very large variety of designs and colors to choose from.

Ask to see the Watson Line, or write us direct, in which case we will refer you to the nearest dealer. Make sure you see the Watson label.

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Here's Speedy Relief for Tender, Aching, Swollen feet

Says Emerald Oil Must Give Complete Satisfaction or Money Cheerfully Refunded

Your feet may be so swollen and inflamed that you think you can't go another step. Your shoes may feel as if they are cutting right into the flesh. You feel sick all over with the pain and torture and pray for quick relief. What's to be done?

Two or three applications of Moone's Emerald Oil and in fifteen minutes the pain and soreness disappear. A few more applications at regular intervals and the swelling reduces.

And as for Soft Corns and Callouses a few applications each night at bed time

and they just seem to shrivel right up and scale off.

No matter how discouraged you have been with powders, footbaths or other applications, if you have not tried Emerald Oil then you have something to learn.

It's a wonderful formula—this combination of essential oils with camphor and other antiseptics so marvellous that thousands of bottles are sold annually for reducing varicose or swollen veins.

Every good druggist guarantees Moone's Emerald Oil to end your foot troubles or money back.

The Truant Soul

Continued from page 7

you, I'm going to tell everything I know about him. Miss Wentworth, that man's no more fit to be at the head of a hospital, with ladies under him, than he's fit to fly. What is he? Nothing but a fast liver and a common drunkard."

"Never mind, Mrs. Webb!"

"But I do mind. To think of a man like that, who went about with a gang of common tramps for years, Miss Wentworth, just breaking away from his job and hoboing it up and down the country and then coming back and getting his job again and acting as he does! All that I say is common knowledge. Five years after the hospital had seen the last of him in he walks, as bold as brass, and puts the head doctor out, and says the hospital's his and he's going to run it again. And him being in charge of the nurses—him that runs 'round in his auto with every pack of cheap actresses that comes to Avonmouth! I know what they are! I haven't been in the boarding house business twenty years for nothing!"

Mrs. Webb was becoming incoherent. Joan succeeded in stopping the flow of vilification at last, mainly because Mrs. Webb had exhausted it.

"Now I tell you what you are going to do, my dear," she said. "You're going straight to that old Lancaster's house and you are going to ask for your place back. And you're going to get it, too."

"Mrs. Webb, how can I do that?"

"How can you do it? Why, you can manage him all right, my dear. Yes, I guess 'tis going to be all right. I suppose he lost his temper. When a man leads the sort of life he does he hasn't much good humor left the morning after. I know about that. You just go to him and act as if you didn't care much and let him think you look on him as just the finest man in the world."

"Please, Mrs. Webb!" expostulated Joan; and as she spoke there came back into her mind vividly the sinister advice of the dark-haired girl.

"You've only got to let him see your face, my dear," continued the landlady. "You see, it's this way: When he's in the hospital he's thinking about his work. A nurse is just a nurse to him then. But after his work's over she's different. Now don't tell me you can't make that man do anything you want him to, because I know better."

Joan crimsoned. "I couldn't think of such a thing," she protested.

"And why not?" inquired the other. "If you've got good looks, ain't you going to use them? It isn't as if I was asking you to do anything wrong, is it? You'd be a precious fool if you didn't. Any girl can twist a man round her finger, especially if she looks weepy."

Joan looked at Mrs. Webb in great distress. She rose, but the landlady followed her toward the door.

"You see, my dear," she went on, "if you were given that sort of face by the Almighty, why shouldn't you use it to get plain, common justice done you? It's your job that's at stake, and you all alone in the world. All you've got to do is to make him forget that he's dealing with a nurse. There isn't anybody would think twice about it. Didn't Amanda do it this morning, coming to me with her big, black, honest face, and looking at me so that I had to take her back, and was glad enough to do? You go straight and see that old Lancaster and try it, that's all!"

A nurse passed the window and came up the steps.

"Mrs. Webb, you won't say a word about what I've told you to the others, please?" asked Joan.

SHE flew upstairs and, flinging herself down on her bed, stared out dismally toward the monument. The catastrophe had swept her little, unsheltered world away. The sense of her loneliness swept over her like a black cloud, appalling her. She was cut off from life, and utterly helpless outside the medium in which she had lived.

Because she felt this sense of homesickness, her outraged pride began to vanish before the terrors that her imagination conjured up. Starvation, the ultimate terror of her childish days on the estate, which like a living thing had gnawed into her mother's nine hundred dollars, seemed incredibly real and near. She must ask for her position back.

She must face Lancaster in his home, humble her pride, and bow to him; but she watched the sun decline and the shadows lengthen, and for a time she could not bring herself to her task.

What strengthened her at last was the realization that her status must be settled before she faced the day nurses coming home off duty. She slipped on her cloak and went out of the house softly, and to escape the landlady's attentions Joan went hastily toward Lancaster's house.

She had passed it almost daily on her journeys to and from the hospital. It was an ordinary brick house in a new block at the north end of the park, and commonplace enough, but now, to her excited eyes, it seemed to reflect the grim personality of its owner in the staring windows, with the shining door knobs of brass, and the brass name plate. Her heart was beating with panic, and yet it was with difficulty that she contrived to press the bell and to remain until the door was opened.

A white attendant confronted her—a sullen, undersized man with square shoulders, who scowled at her as he stood blocking the passage.

"Doctor Lancaster?" asked Joan.

"He doesn't see patients after five," answered the man.

"I must see him. It is important," faltered the girl.

"Well, I'll find out if he can see you," the fellow grumbled. "Walk in if you want to."

He had not recognized Joan's uniform beneath her cloak. She gave him her card and went into the waiting room. There the sense of terror which made that place its domain, the accumulated fears of all who had ever waited there for the approaching verdict, seemed to leap out at her.

Then Joan heard Lancaster's voice in the next room, which was divided from the waiting-room by folding doors. It was audible as a bass rumble, emerging occasionally into a distinguishable sound. Lancaster was talking with somebody, and he was growing angry. That was an ill-omen of what was to come!

Joan braced her nerves. She was anything but a coward, and, having made up her mind, she intended to carry her scheme through.

Suddenly Lancaster's voice was raised in violent altercation.

"A nice mess you've made of everything!" he cried. "I've tolerated you too long. I've been a fool, but I've finished with you now. Go back where you came from!"

Another voice spoke in indistinct tones. It was that of a man, and it was almost abject in contrast with Lancaster's violence.

"I've finished with you, I tell you!" cried Lancaster. "I've borne this burden long enough. You can get out of my house. You can get out of my life."

"I've borne it long enough, too," replied the other, doggedly. "Who started it? Who made the first proposal?"

"I did, out of kindness to you. And how have you repaid me?"

"By placing myself, soul and body, at your service," retorted the second man, aroused into some show of spirit.

"Who picked you out of the gutter and set you on your feet?" rejoined the doctor. "Answer that! You can't! You know you can't! Where would you be today if it were not for me?"

The second man said something in a low voice.

"Myers? A lot I care about that!" retorted Lancaster. "I tell you—what's that?" The white attendant was speaking at the door. Joan recognized his rasping voice.

"No! No!" cried Lancaster violently. "I see nobody. Why can't these women come during my hours? Aren't they posted plainly enough upon the card in my window? Tell her?—what? Important? Well, let her wait, then, until I get ready to see her."

The man's steps died away along the rear end of the passage. Joan heard the two men talking again. Then the sounds ceased. She heard the floor in the adjoining room creak beneath a quick tread. Lancaster was coming in! Her fears gave her resolution. She would anticipate that movement, see him, insist. She left the waiting room and went into the hall.

It was hung with little pictures of a uniform size, each exactly alike. It came into the girl's mind, even during those few hasty steps, that this was essentially a man's house; a woman would have arranged things differently; have given the place personality; have made her presence felt somehow, even in the decoration of this dark passage. The atmosphere was that of an institution, not of a home.

Then she was standing with caught breath at the door of the consulting room, which was a little ajar, as if the catch had become unfastened. She knocked, opened it, and went in.

SHE found herself in a large, lighted room, with the sense of an institution, though it was well furnished. She saw the white enameled table, the glass case full of instruments, the empty court outside; then John Lancaster himself, alone, standing with bent head behind a chair, on which he was leaning.

As Joan entered an inner door began to open. Joan knew that the man with whom Lancaster had been quarreling was inside a room behind it. She dreaded lest he should come in; but suddenly the door closed.

She looked at Lancaster again. It was still quite light within the consulting room, but Lancaster, standing with his back to the window, was in silhouette, so that Joan could not see his face clearly.

"Well, madam?" he asked, raising his head.

"I came to speak to you about this morning," began Joan hurriedly. "It means—"

He indicated a chair. He was gazing at her with some embarrassment—Joan thought because of the scene in which he had just participated. "Tell me the trouble," he began, as she seated herself, drawing up his own chair toward hers.

Now Joan could see his face, and, to her astonishment, it did not bear the expression of the smirking bully whom she had seen that morning, nor yet of the man who had addressed another man in such terms as one might use to a slave. It was not an unkindly face. And it was unmistakably that of a sick man.

For a moment she remembered the stories told of his behavior in the operating theatre, of that gentleness that seemed to transform the man, as if he

possessed a dual personality. Then she was recalled to herself by Lancaster's repetition of his remark.

Joan rose up hastily. She realized that the doctor had mistaken her for a patient. Her face meant nothing to him, any more than her distress of the day had affected him. With a nervous movement she unfastened her cloak, disclosing her uniform.

"I am Miss Wentworth," she explained. "I came to tell you—I came to say—" Then, treading out her pride once more, "I came to ask if you won't reconsider your decision to suspend me. My work means everything to me. It is my life-work, my vocation. I always wanted to be a nurse. I felt that it was my task to help alleviate suffering. Doctor Lancaster, apart from my own interests, I want to graduate to be able to help others. Won't you give me another opportunity?"

She spoke with her hands unconsciously clasped before her; the recollection of her earlier hopes, the thought of their frustration brought a quiver into her voice. When she stopped she saw that Lancaster was looking at her with obvious interest.

"Tell me about this morning," he said quietly.

"I had to come away without breakfast, and the fumes of the ether made me faint. I was nearly fainting when you asked me for the scalpel, and I couldn't see the tray. Indeed it was not the operation that made me ill. I have never been reprimanded before. The lady superintendent had told me several times that the hospital appreciated my work. So I hoped you would be willing to overlook my blunder and let me graduate."

Lancaster looked at her with a singular expression that seemed to mask his thoughts. She could not tell how her plea had impressed him. When he spoke she was dumbfounded by the harshness and casualness of his tone.

"Why have you come to my house about this?" he asked. "This is not my hour for seeing patients—I mean people."

"I am sorry if I did wrong!" cried the girl. "But if you knew how much it means to me—"

"I can do nothing for you now," said Lancaster.

The voice was harsh again, but curiously flat, as if he was trying to restrain his emotions, hold himself in, as if he was afraid . . . but afraid of what? Not of his anger.

Joan was standing in front of him, and even then the appearance of the man had something pathological about it to her mind. There was not the least jauntiness or self-consciousness about him. He looked older than in the morning, depressed, and certainly ill. His manner indicated that of one just aroused from sleep. His eyes were very bright, and his face unnaturally pale. He was pressing his thumb and finger firmly against the arm of the chair, as if for support. Joan remembered the stories of his drinking habits. But she saw at once that Lancaster had not been drinking. She had attended too many alcoholic patients at the hospital not to be sure of that.

"Doctor Lancaster, my dismissal means the loss of all my prospects. I came to ask if you won't inquire about my record and then give me another chance," said Joan. "And I'm sorry if I came at an inconvenient time; but now that I am here I must request the courtesy of a final answer. I shall not come to you again."

"I can't answer you," said Lancaster, as if speaking in his sleep. "In the interests of discipline—it is impossible to answer you now."

Joan turned away. The flat refusal stunned her. And there was something preposterous about Lancaster's manner, perfectly incomprehensible to her.

Continued on page 53



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The Truant Soul

Continued from page 51

What was the matter with him? Why did the room turn round and round? Suddenly she felt Lancaster's hand on her arm. He was supporting her, helping her into a chair; and through the fog she saw a look of concern on his face.

"Now sit quiet, Miss Wentworth," he said in a new tone of decision. "Sit quiet, I tell you. Wait a minute, and, when you are feeling composed, let me see if I can't help you."

He drew his chair toward hers again and leaned toward her.

"I have not been feeling well," he explained. "I was not myself when I discharged you this morning. When I refused to discuss the matter with you it was because it is an invariable rule that the nurses are not supposed to come to my house. Outside the hospital I see nobody connected with the hospital. I'll see what I can do. The matter will have to go before the board now, I suppose. Why did you come away without your breakfast? Why didn't your folks insist on your having something to eat?"

"I have no people," answered Joan. "My mother died nearly two years ago. We came here from Lucas county, and she was taken ill soon after our arrival. I hoped to get my diploma and have my profession."

"You had no breakfast, and I discharged you for fainting, and your diploma means everything to you," said Lancaster slowly, clasping his hands as if in thought. Then, with a decisive, odd gesture, he leaned still nearer Joan and dropped his voice as he spoke, as if he was afraid that the man in the next room would hear him.

"Remember this as long as you live," he said. "In this life people are not penalized for incapacity; they are punished for being unfortunate. Are you unlucky, Miss Wentworth?"

"I—why, yes, I suppose I must be," she answered, looking at Lancaster in growing astonishment, mixed with a little fear.

"And you have sympathy for the unfortunate? You—you said something like that just now—about wishing to be of help to others. Are you loyal and staunch?"

"I hope I am," said Joan uneasily.

"If one is loyal to others, one does not fear one's own misfortunes," said Lancaster. "They rise out of some fault or weakness—if one follows the trail far enough back into one's self. I've learned that, heaven knows! Miss Wentworth," he ended suddenly, "would you consider a temporary position while your case is under investigation by the board?"

"But they meet in a day or two, and then—"

"Would you consider it," repeated Lancaster, "if you could be of greater service than you know? Suppose I said to you as I am saying now, that you seem to be the best suited, by loyalty and good-will, to help, of all the nurses I know, would you accept?"

"Then, Doctor Lancaster," cried Joan triumphantly, "if you have that opinion of me you have no excuse for not getting the board to reinstate me."

The man faltered as she looked at him. He was no longer terrible to her. He seemed to have put off some hateful armor that he assumed, and revealed weakness that none had suspected. Pity for him, a vast and heartfelt pity whose cause she was unable to divine, began to stir the girl's heart.

"I pledge you my word to do all I can for you," said Lancaster. "But you must help me in turn. I need you for this purpose. I want you to go into the country for a month. It will rest you, too, and you are run down.

Have you ever heard of the Lancaster Institute in Drexham county?"

"I think so," answered Joan, rather doubtfully.

"It is a hobby of mine. My father established it twenty-five years ago for the hill people, but the funds became squandered, and it is not in good shape. However, it does some good, and it is the only place of its kind within a score of miles. Doctor Jenkins is in charge, and I—I run down there every now and then to keep him up to the mark. There is a matron there. The cases comprise a little light surgical work occasionally, an alcoholic or two after pay-days for the mining element, pneumonia in its season, and—yes, there's a demented woman there, but she won't come under your care. It's in the hill country. How would you like to go?"

"I don't know what to say," answered the girl.

"But you have no attachments in Avonmouth?" he asked, looking hard at her.

"Nobody. But, Doctor Lancaster, all my thoughts are bent on my reinstatement."

"I'll do my best for you if you will help me out with this case," he answered. "And you will get strong in a month and take up your work again with a light heart. You will have a small remuneration, and your fare, of course. You'll go?"

"I'll go, then," answered Joan.

"Then listen to me," he said, again speaking with lowered voice and glancing back with apprehension toward the inner door. "I shall not see you before you start, but I rely on you. You must leave on the nine o'clock train tomorrow morning. And you must speak to nobody about this undertaking."

"I shall say nothing, Doctor Lancaster. And I have to thank you with all my heart."

He frowned at her. And the curious indecision in his manner, the furtiveness of the man, which still disquieted the girl, was in extraordinary contrast to Lancaster's appearance in the theatre that morning, to everything that she had associated with him. She was utterly bewildered.

As she rose Lancaster came very close to her, and now his voice was little more than a whisper.

"I'll wire to Mrs. Fraser, the matron," he said, "and I'll have the buggy meet you at the station—Lancaster station, Miss Wentworth. And I wish—"

But the door opened, and the white attendant slouched into the room. He stared insolently at Joan. "Doctor Lancaster—" he began.

"I'll see you when I'm alone, Myers," answered Lancaster.

"Doctor Lancaster, will you please give me a few moments of your time," said the man urgently; and underneath the plea Joan seemed to see the insolence and contempt in his heart. Suddenly the idea came to her that this must be the man whom Lancaster had berated in the consulting room.

She went out, and as soon as she was in the passage she heard the attendant begin to address Lancaster in excited tones. Then the inner door opened. She fancied there were three men, after all. Somebody was speaking in high tones; and then Lancaster's deep, booming voice rang out:

"You're a fool! You don't know when you are well off. I tell you, I wash my hands of you. This is final—"

Joan could not help but hear. And as she emerged into the passage, all the time hearing the sounds of the quarreling voices, Myers came hurrying past.

He did not see her. He ran to the door, flung it open, and rushed down the steps into the street. As he went along the passage the girl saw him staring right and left; then, as she came out, he saw her and went toward her. She knew that it was she whom he had been seeking.

"What was it Doctor Lancaster was saying to you, Miss Wentworth, before I came in?" he asked in his rasping tone.

Joan stared at him in astonishment. Now she realized that she had mistaken him; he was not a servant, but apparently a member of the doctor's household.

"Will you let me pass, please?" asked Joan, as he blocked the way.

"I want to know what the doctor was saying to you," repeated the man doggedly.

"Are you going to refuse me passage?" demanded the girl, flushing with anger.

He stepped aside with a sneer and a mock bow. "Oh, very well, if that's your attitude," he answered. "I shall find out."

Joan turned swiftly upon him. "I don't know who you are, but I shall complain of you to Doctor Lancaster," she said.

Myers looked at her and sneered and chuckled. Then, without a word, he went back into the doctor's room. And still the voices kept up their quarreling dialogue.

Joan found herself in the street in the twilight, and now the unreality of the absurd interview struck home to her. She tried to puzzle it out. Before she reached the boarding house she thought she had her clue.

That Lancaster, the terror of the nurses, should have been unable to promise immediate reinstatement, his evident good-will, his indecision and illness were explicable in only one way. The man Myers must be a relative, the third man perhaps a nephew. Lancaster had been supporting a worthless pair in idleness, and had turned on them in exasperation. That was the meaning of his look of illness, his pre-occupation—the shock of some domestic discovery.

At any rate she was satisfied with some such solution. And she was certain that, if she pleased him with her mysterious mission, her reinstatement would follow. She went home happy, and Mrs. Webb read the news in her face the moment she opened the door.

"I knew it, my dear," she exclaimed with pleasure. "I knew that you could twist that old devil round your finger if you tried hard enough."

"Mrs. Webb, it was nothing of the kind," said Joan. "And Doctor Lancaster is one of the kindest of men. He's going to try to have his decision reversed, and—Mrs. Webb, he is sending me to a sanitarium, on a case, in the meantime."

She checked herself, suddenly remembering Lancaster's caution. But Mrs. Webb took the girl to her wide bosom and kissed her.

"You little humbug!" she said.

"Mrs. Webb," cried Joan, scandalized. "If you knew—"

But when she was upstairs she sat down suddenly and faced her conscience. What impression of herself had she given in the consulting room?

She did not know. This scene, like that of the morning, had become blurred in her memory, and time had begun to flow very fast after the slowness of her twenty-two years. Certainly stranger things had happened that day than at any time since her mother's death!

She leaned out of the window. She suddenly remembered that the institute was not many miles from her old home. It would be almost going home—and on the morrow. Joy leaped into her heart.

Then she saw something that for an instant chilled the blood in her veins. Across the street, leaning against the park railings and looking up at the house, was a short, square-built figure of a man wearing a hard hat. She could not distinguish the face, but she thought it was Myers. And she remembered his threat.

What did it mean? Bewildered, she turned into her room again. She half regretted now that she was to go to Lancaster.

(Continued next month)

Canada's Inland Sea Fisheries

Continued from page 47

diameter, are made in the ice when it is about four inches thick. Through these holes the nets are set by means of poles about twenty feet long, which are run under the ice and caught up at the hole ahead. A jigger with "dogs" is rigged up for getting under thick ice. This can be followed under the ice easily when operating on glare ice, also by its sound as it bumps along.

The jigger consists of a two-inch plank, twelve feet long, with an iron bar, one and a half inches by a quarter of an inch, seven feet long, with a rope attached to the end of the iron bar which is jerked repeatedly so as to cause the jigger to jump forward under the ice.

The fishing is done fairly near to the shore. Three or four nets, forty-five fathoms long, are set in line. Off-shore, six or more nets can be laid alongside. These are left in the water for a period of from one to three nights.

The fishermen during this time live out on the lake in a caboose on skids,

which is drawn out to the fishing grounds by horses. A cook and the usual camp equipment accompany the gang.

Tulibeas, whitefish and pickerel constitute the chief winter catch. The tulibee is of the nature of the whitefish but not quite so fine and tasty. The big catches of tulibeas are made in November, during the run of these fish to their spawning grounds. Tulibeas do not seem to be afforded quite the same protection during their spawning as is shown the other fish in the lake, and the fishermen themselves voice the opinion in no uncertain manner that this lack of protection is likely to end in considerable depletion of the stock in the lake.

Altogether, this lake fishing business is full of interest, even for the spectating amateur, and it only requires a few flashing lighthouses and a life-boat station or two to carry the imagination to the Pacific or Atlantic coasts, where the salt-water fishermen follow this everlasting call of the sea.



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C L E A N

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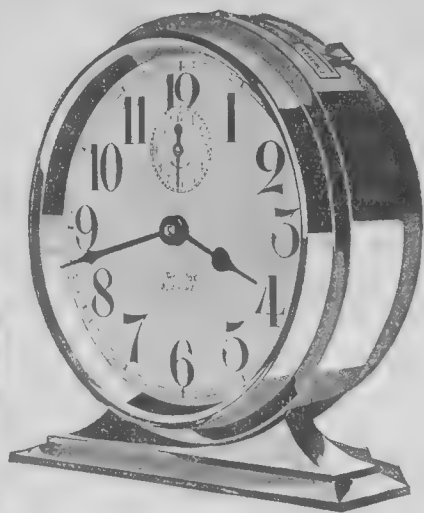
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Romance of Manitoba's National Park

Continued from page 16

Awakening with the sun, our hearts filled with thanksgiving and the pure joy of life, we satisfy the longings of the inner man, pack our few supplies into the canoe ready for an early start, and after cleaning up our camp site and making sure that the fire is properly out, we continue on our way rejoicing.

Paddling steadily along in the morning sunshine, we arrive shortly at the Narrows, the northerly outlet of Crow Duck Lake. This is indeed a beauty spot, where it would seem that nature had combined its forces in order to produce a superb scene of artistic beauty; a masterpiece of the handiwork of God.

Lined on either side with stately pines, with opening glades to relieve the dense foliage and showing vivid flashes of green amidst the smooth, moss-covered rocks, the passage winds in gentle curves, ever narrowing towards its close, before taking the plunge into its neighboring lake — Eagle Nest.

A hushed silence is in the air, as though all nature were at rest, when, on rounding a further bend, we disturb a number of herons busy at their accustomed tasks. Flapping their wings lazily, they rise leisurely upwards to take their respective stations on topmost pinnacles of the tallest pines. From these points of vantage they look with curiosity and suspicion upon these bold intruders into their particular domain. "And thus our life, exempt from public haunt," one can almost imagine them repeating over to themselves, somewhat ruefully.

However, we soon pass, leaving them in undisputed possession of their happy hunting grounds again, and now arrive at the outlet into the spreading waters of Eagle Nest Lake. At this point is a picturesque waterfall, the waters of Crow Duck Lake tumbling and foaming down to the lower level of Eagle Nest, which, in reality, is a large, spreading inlet from the Winnipeg River. Now it is necessary to make a detour by land around the "falls," so, taking up our respective burdens, two of the huskiest amongst us shouldering the canoe, we make the "portage" across to Eagle Nest Lake. We decide to make camp here for a brief spell and eat our mid-day lunch, an ever-welcome diversion on a long canoeing trip. After eating to repletion of our sumptuous repast of pork and beans and "fattening up" the teapot several times, we take a look around and discover blueberries, loganberries and other wild fruits, which grow in profusion throughout the whole area of this great country, and these furnish a welcome desert after our home cooking.

Then on our way across Eagle Nest Lake, into the wide majestic sweep of the stately Winnipeg River.

This route has brought us over the border into Ontario and past the northern extremity of the park, so it is now necessary to turn westerly and continue downstream round the north boundary of the Park. And what a wonderful journey it is down this noble river! Sublime in its natural simplicity, glorious in its majestic grandeur, unspoiled and unsullied by the desecrating hand of man, flowing silently between densely-wooded banks with the calm serenity of dignified age.

One is filled with awe in the glory of the scene and is carried in imagination back to the days when only the wandering Indian might at rare intervals traverse these ancient waterways of Upper Canada.

So far not a sign or a symbol of other humans have been seen, and one verily feels that here he is thousands of miles

away from civilization, and really in contact with primitive life in all its natural beauty. Mile after mile we press smoothly on, the banks now closing in, now widening out again into great winding bays, at every turn presenting an ever-changing variety to delight our wondering eyes.

Rounding a rocky headland our attention is attracted to a strange-looking object a short distance from the shore. Speculation is rife as to its nature. It has the general appearance of a smooth, shiny boulder projecting up out of the water, and yet it looks different. Suddenly the object stirs, a huge head is raised out of the water, a head bearing a massive pair of spreading antlers. It is a big bull moose which, secure in these isolated haunts, had been browsing contentedly on the bed of the river. Swaying its ponderous head slowly from side to side as though not fully realizing its predicament, it gazed at us wonderingly for several moments before turning and loping easily back to shore.

Quietly we glided shorewards, our eyes rivetted upon this monarch of the wilds. With head thrown back and antlers spreading out into the air, he gave one long, distrustful look, bounded swiftly away, and was soon lost to sight in the deep recesses of the woods.

It was late in the afternoon of the third day when, having negotiated Lamprey Falls, we came upon the first sign of human habitation. On the east bank of the river—for we were now heading almost due south—were several log buildings, which, we found on enquiry to be the base camp for mining operations being carried on several miles back from the river.

This mine, operated by the Silver Leaf Mining Company, an organization financed by British capital, had acquired some valuable deposits of lithia and were having a struggle with nature in the matter of transporting their product out to the nearest railway.

Bidding our new-found acquaintances good-bye, we passed on downstream for about six miles when we came upon the first real evidences of civilization. Stretching across a goodly portion of the river was a colossal building of concrete. This we found to be the power house constructed by the City of Winnipeg. In the foreground was a large dam or forebay, almost surrounded by a concrete retaining-wall. Over on the other side, the river was blocked for a considerable part of its width by huge masses of rock, leaving only a portion of the centre of the river as a spillway for the surplus water to find its way out. Over this spillway and down the falls, for a full quarter of a mile, the waters tumbled, boiled and roared, like a witch's cauldron, spelling instant disaster to anyone unfortunate enough to be drawn into the vortex of that seething maelstrom.

On the west shore was the picturesque settlement of Pointe du Bois, a place entirely owned and operated by the City of Winnipeg. Here are substantial buildings, school-house, general store, station and post office, a fine new hotel for employees and visiting officials, a splendid new hall for entertainments and dances, attractive little bungalows nestling in the hills amongst the trees, a tennis court and a curling rink, in fact practically everything for the comfort and convenience of the workers in and around the power house. It resembled more some Alpine village, with its background of hills and trees, and presented a picture of happiness and contentment seldom met with in these hustling days of modern life.

Continued on page 105



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Shall My Child Study the Piano?

When Shall My Child Begin?

IT is an established fact that the most fluent linguists are those who learned foreign languages in their babyhood. Why do we not realize that the same is true regarding the language of music? A child of 5½ or 6 is not too young to study music, provided a good teacher can be found. By a good teacher is meant one who specializes in beginners, and who, where possible, gives class work as well as private lessons.

Those early years are the acquisitive age—the time when children take in things with especial readiness—and as such they should be used to advantage. The capacity to absorb information develops much earlier than people realize, and is particularly strong at about six years of age. The elements of music, when clearly and interestingly explained, are quite within the grasp of the average child. It is only adult lack of faith and ignorance of modern methods of teaching, that make the study of music seem a subject beyond childish comprehension. The grown-up with memories of dull and endless hours associated with music study should see a present-day class of small beginners playing and singing and writing music, as naturally and as happily as they repeat poetry or follow graceful dancing steps.

When Starting School

At the start of the first year of school work is a fine time to begin music lessons. The child is learning to read, interpret, and write English, and the new language of music is taken up much more naturally at this time. Some maintain that it is too much to expect a child to begin both school and music in the same year. This is not usually the case, for the child is eager for the new impressions. When music is presented along with the first work in number, reading and writing, he takes to it readily and easily. The new symbols he meets with are no more strange or difficult than those which represent number or language, and he grasps their meaning with a sureness and speed that surprise the incredulous adult.

When the child is started in piano work at 10 years of age or older, it is apt to seem "babyish" to him. The content of the music is so far below that of any subject which he is studying that there is a tendency to become discouraged and to lose interest. However, the small child, playing the very same things, would be proud of his achievement, and would be doing work appropriate to his years, and to his length of study. His work in music will parallel his work in school; it will be of similar interest and difficulty. The tiny stories in

reading are full of thrill, and the 8 or 16-measure tune is as complete in its way, and as satisfying both to the small performer and to the listener.

As music deals with hearing, sight and touch, the child should have the advantage of beginning his study when small ears, eyes and fingers are alert and meeting the unknown with joy.

When Home Work Is Light

Older boys and girls have so many outside interests that time for music becomes a problem, and the start should be made while there is little or no home work to be prepared for school, and more time for practice. There will also be fewer of the corollary activities that make modern school life so enjoyable, but fill the child's all-too-few free hours.

Early years are also the habit-forming period. Through music study the child learns the physical habits of sitting well, and of good hand position. Mentally he is trained in concentration. As a part of his character development he learns the blessed habit of regular work, willingly done. He also gains the ability to entertain others, and the art of doing so graciously.

If the child begins when he is between 5 and 7, by the time he is 11 or 12, he has reached a point where a comparatively small amount of practice will keep him progressing. His music will be a pleasure to others, and he will be advanced enough to enjoy and appreciate it himself. If he is at all talented, he will voluntarily find time for his practice.

The age at which the child should begin to study may be largely dependant on his physical and mental development. This by no means implies an exceptional child, but simply normal physical stamina and mental alertness. The idea of some mothers that "Nancy cannot study music, she is too nervous," is usually a sign that Nancy is spoiled and uncontrolled. In the needed concentration of practice, Nancy will very likely forget to fuss, and soon the joy of playing and singing will be so delightful a form of expressing the bubbling energy that the cherished symptoms will disappear.

The old notion that a child must be able to reach an octave before he begins work at the piano is long since exploded. The material used in these days for young beginners is very simple and musical, usually a melodic line divided between the hands. The more arduous technical work is not introduced until the child is prepared for it by both musical experience and bodily growth.

When shall your child begin the study of music? If he is six years old and normal, the answer is—now!

Too Narrow a View is Taken on Music in Schools

UNDER the auspices of the Educational Institute of Scotland, Mr. Herbert Wiseman, M.A., a distinguished educational authority, recently delivered at the Provincial Training College, Edinburgh, a lecture entitled, "The place of music in the Secondary School."

People were apt, said Mr. Wiseman, to take far too narrow a view of music in education. He included everybody, from the department down to the smallest infant room in the country. The official word with regard to music was "singing," and the department seemed to recognize singing as the only branch of music which was to be studied. But singing was a very small part of musical teaching, although, of course, it was a very important part. It was through singing that children built up a repertoire for themselves. One thing they should remember all the time was that pupils had a tremendous faculty for getting up songs. There had been too much in the part of an attempt to get up two or three songs in a term, and that was wasting time and wasting opportunities.

For teaching singing in secondary schools, Mr. Wiseman said he would have a number of books like national song books, books of songs for schools,

and the recent publication of Schubert songs. In teaching pupils he would endeavor to get the whole school together sometimes for a good old sing-song. The joy of community singing, the joy of making music together, was as yet imperfectly realized in schools.

Continuing, the lecturer said they heard with regard to the teaching of music, some very loose talk about a musical subject called "musical appreciation." He had never been able to gather quite what people meant. He used it himself, but he had a perfectly definite meaning about it. Everyone he had met did not share his views. Musical appreciation seemed to be looked upon as something mysterious, something desirable, something to be attained easily, and something in the teaching of which one could break all the known laws of teaching applied to other subjects.

Mr. Wiseman stressed the importance of giving the pupils something practical to do if they were to be taught musical appreciation. Having pupils play in a school orchestra was very good. He would like every secondary school in the country to feel it was not equipped properly until it had a school band of some sort.



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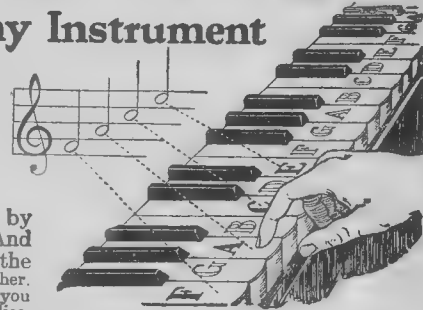
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THREE YEARS FOR TWO DOLLARS

The Year's Great Art Exhibitions in Paris

Continued from page 34

AT THIS time and in this article when the history of the Society des Artistes Independants has been told, a society in the beginning which undoubtedly gave impetus and freshness to French art, but whose 1927 exhibition showed its contributing artists to be on the wane in pictorial powers—at this time it was a real artistic pleasure to witness the 140th Exposition of the Salon of the Des Artistes Francais, from which the Independants broke in 1884.

The Salon was held in the Grand Palais from May to July, and I arrived back from the South of France just in time to see it a few days before it closed. Forty-four hundred and twenty-two pictures and sculptures. And what pictures! Here indeed was art! After viewing the awful collection of paintings which made up the major portion of the Spring Salon of the Artistes Independants, the Exposition of the Societe Francaise was heartening, bringing back one's faith in modern painting. Here were so many good paintings, so much that was fine in sculpture. And then it was warm and bright in the Grand Palais as compared to the wintry chill which attended the Spring Salon. Upon the vast sand floor of the Palais stretching from end to end of the building were scattered some five hundred pieces of sculpture, from a small plaster head of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to an enormous collection of bronze sea-horses rearing twenty feet high. There is naturally no space here to more than mention two of the outstanding works of sculpture, that of a marble Joan of Arc and a wood carving entitled "The Oppressed." As an expression of pathos, the avatar of all the down-trodden of womankind throughout all the world, this stands as a great work of art.

On the first floor of the Grand Palais immediately as I began my first visit, I was brought abruptly to a halt by a painting, the sheer beauty of which made you catch your breath. It was a reclining nude. I dropped upon one of the velvet benches and studied the haunting beauty of this picture for a long time. And as I sat, more and more people, passing this way, were halted as I had been halted, remained to gaze. By-and-by I passed on. I saw during the two afternoons I spent wandering through this modern treasure-house many, many fine pictures, so many, indeed, that the task of adequately describing became a hopeless one to even attempt. The work of Pierre Laurens has become well known in recent years, and his painting of a mother and son entitled "The Son" was a thing of classic beauty. Mademoiselle Gerald's "The Infant With the Cards" was another exquisite portrayal of human expression. As an example of bodily expression Jacques Cancaret's picture of a dancer of the Paris Opera stood out among scores of excellent figures of the same genre. The quaint picture by Foujita, the noted Japanese artist, of himself and his cat, has striking appeal, particularly to any cat lover like myself. The cat is of all creatures the hardest to transfer in terms of paint. The attitude of the man's shoulder is a very natural one. It appealed to me particularly because I had for several years a cat which perched upon my shoulders while I wrote at the typewriter, and when I took my meals.

But though I spent much time before the many excellent works in the Salon of the Artistes Francais, and experienced that queer ecstasy to the full which comes from seeing many things of beauty, I returned again and again to stand before the huge canvas of the

reclining woman. And on my second visit, looking up my catalogue, imagine the double thrill it gave me to learn that the painter was a Canadian, John Russell. Truly, indeed, this was something for Canada to be proud of: that one of her sons should have the outstanding painting in the greatest exhibition of French art. John Russell divides his time between Paris and Montreal and rural Canada in the neighborhood of that city. A man of slightly past forty, he is the despair of interviewing art critics and newspaper men in Paris. He flees from publicity as a plague, letting his work alone speak for him. He has produced many fine pictures in the past ten years, but his "Nude" is unquestionably his best work. A tribute to its power was the crowds it drew and held throughout the two months of the exhibition.

For 140 years the Societe Des Artistes Francais has been the great yearly festival of the work of modern painters. For a time its prestige was challenged by the revolt of the Artistes Independants, but now that I have seen the two last exhibitions of these annual art events, there is no question that the more ancient society is maintaining the high standards of its reputation, while the younger society, brave though its start, is now lamentably lacking in canvases which bear the seal of greatness. And because I had witnessed the two different expositions I thought it doubly worth while to relate the history of the ancient break, a story that is of great human interest even to readers not particularly interested in the more abstruse elements of art. Painting is a hard taskmaster. Yet the number of people today who can produce pictures that are beautiful, vivid in action, rich in expression and the breath of life, is very great. But a full realization of this only comes after one has visited so truly fine an Exposition as was the 1927 one of the Societe Des Artistes Francaise.

"OTHER cities are merely cities, Paris is a world," said Emperor Charles V. of Spain, long ago. And I would add to this that the crowning glory of Paris is the Palace of the Louvre, today one of the great treasure houses of the world in paintings, sculpture, trinkets, all the artistic things of beauty from enamels to bronzes, from primitives to the winged bulls of Assyria towering in stone five times greater than ever living animal.

There are twelve miles of galleries in this ancient palace of mighty kings; I have walked in some of them on twelve different days. If I walked for the next twelve years there would still be a few things I would probably overlook. The Louvre is too vast, too varied, to be more than slightly seen by the average mortal with work to do in life.

I am not going to tell you of the Venus of Milo, of the Winged Victory, of the Mona Lisa. You have heard of these all the days of your life. The history of the Louvre you can read in fat volumes by various historians. But I am going to tell some few things in that mighty array which probably no other writer has happened to notice.

In the gallery of Roman antiquities, set far back behind a pillar, stands an enormous bathtub of yellow and red marble. Six tall men could stretch out in it. It stands three and a half feet high. At one end are the openings where two thousand years ago pipes of brass conveyed into it hot water. It is one solid piece. How long it took to carve it is not stated in the guide-book. No single photographer ever thought of taking a picture of this magnificent

relic of ancient luxury. Yet to me this vast tub was so rich in story that I was thrilled, stood long before it trying to picture that spacious Roman home of the dead long ago. Perhaps in it some historied Cæsar washed away the stains of warlike travel. Who can say how many of those licentious and cruel Roman matrons in days of yore idled hours away in the luxury of steaming baths? Looking upon this magnificent piece of marble, I thought how strange it was that after the culture and refinement of the Romans there came nearly eighteen centuries when men paid little attention to bathtubs. Queen Elizabeth's time knew them not. In the great castles of the French kings of the 15th and 16th centuries you will find nothing even distantly to compare to the Roman grandeur.

In the Salle of the Cariatides lined with huge sculptures of Greek origin, among them Hercules, Demosthenes and Jupiter, to mention only a few, there stands two enormous alabaster vases. They are very shallow, circular basins about nine feet across, set upon a pedestal some three feet high. One of these stands near the entrance at either end of the long room. They are fifty feet apart. Yet if you stand at the edge of one of these basins and speak into it, no matter how low, a person standing at the edge of the other, fifty feet away, can hear you as clearly as if you had a telephone receiver to his ear. I do not know the exact explanation. Even the Louvre guides did not know of this peculiar happening until recently when someone stumbled upon the unique fact by accident. But it has something to do with acoustics: the bowls are concave, the ceiling is convex. After listening to the remarkable way in which sound was conveyed from one bowl to the other, I thought of the speaking oracles at Delphi and other places, and many similarly apparent magical happenings by which the ancient priests conveyed messages to kings and great leaders, and struck awe into the hearts of the rulers as well as the common people. Through some knowledge of acoustics aided by trickery the priests of old undoubtedly hoaxed the people with seeming wonders which had a very commonplace explanation.

In twenty minutes' walking through the Louvre you may traverse the whole history of man in art and sculpture and ornament.

And nothing brings more fully to the realization how little man has changed in countless centuries than a slow traverse of the galleries of Egyptian antiquities. Here stand rows and rows of cedar coffins. And upon some of these I looked upon painted tokens so similar to those I have seen upon cedar funeral boxes of the Indians of the British Columbia coast that the effect upon me was startling. Here were two people separated by twelve thousand miles, and four thousand years in time, yet using the same wood for the same

purpose, and drawing upon the surfaces designs almost identical! A strange and puzzling creature is man! No wonder the ethnologists find him a life-absorbing subject!

In this same section of the Louvre I came upon a tiny wooden figure of a woman, a slim woman, her limbs but half-revealed by straight-falling draperies severe of line. Oh, work of art! It held you with that mystic something that lurks in a masterpiece. That sculptor of a long-gone day, who thought not even to scratch his name upon his work, had by sheer simplicity, by half-revealing, created beauty that endured after four thousand years, and stirred in my heart a great emotion. In that figure old and brown there lived all the wonder and mystery of the Egyptian people. There was something psychic about it. It held me as by some hypnotic spell. And when I had gone on my way, I recalled those stories of how such ancient things possessed queer powers.

When the destruction of the Churches took place in the Revolution many priceless bits of sculpture were destroyed or carried off by private parties. The sculpture over ancient tombs was particularly fine. Many of these tombs have been saved and today are housed in the Louvre. In the Salle of Andre Beauneveu stands the tomb of Phillipe Pot, a funeral group, every line of which weeps, each moving figure an avatar of tears, sublimely pathetic, breathing man's burden of the knowledge of death.

In those far away days of the year 1494, just after Columbus told the world there was a new one, there departed this life an important man, one Phillipe Pot, Seneschal of a castle in Burgundy. They raised in his remembrance a great work in black stone, eight weeping virgins bearing a massive slab upon which a likeness of the Seneschal in armor was placed. It is a powerful and impressive creation in marble, the memory of which lingers with you long after you have left the actual behind.

As I have said, there are twelve miles of galleries in the Palace of the Louvre. To date I have spent some twelve days there, and if I spent twelve years there would still be something I had not seen. Out of all this vast assortment of objects, I have chosen just a few which moved me and made me think, to tell about here in this article which of a necessity of the subject, has been largely dealing with timely facts in relation to modern art movements and art exhibitions. Perhaps at some later date, if the editor of *The Western Home Monthly* approves, he will allow me a whole article in which I may devote more space to descriptions and illustrations of the Louvre treasures, and also to the paintings in the kindred museums of the Luxembourg, and the Petit Palace where are housed pictures of haunting beauty, that move one deeply.

Silver Coveted no Longer

SILVER, once the second most precious metal in the world, is losing its value. A short while ago bar silver touched the lowest price per ounce for eleven years. It is now 25 11-16d an ounce, as compared with 31 13-16d in January. Behind the fall in value is a story of the result of a Royal Commission's findings on the mind of the peasantry of India. India and China have been for years the world's largest consumers of silver. Large numbers of natives all over India have put all their savings into buying silver ornaments. Thousands of such family fortunes lie buried in the ground.

Now as a result of the findings of the Royal Commission into Indian finance the circulation of the silver rupee is to be reduced to the amount required for small change. The right to convert new notes into silver is to

be abolished. In ten years the silver rupees will be reduced to 25 crores and 250 million ounces of silver will have been melted down.

As a result the Indian natives are losing their belief in the hoarding value of silver. They are selling ornaments and are hastening to convert their money into gold which they still believe in—and which they can still hide in the ground.

The unpopularity of silver in India has brought about not only a glut of silver ornaments but has reduced the usual demand enormously. China is now the only country in the world where the demand for silver remains the same. The silver mines of America, Canada and Mexico, which produce seventy per cent of the world's supply, are suffering while the price of the once precious metal falls.—London Standard.



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See Page 100—A Beautiful Announcement For Your Gift

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Canadian Pacific

Alexander Mackenzie

Continued from page 30

success without the loss or serious injury of any one of his people, and without shedding of blood, even of the natives who opposed his passage and threatened to annihilate the entire party.

ON AUGUST 14th of that same year they were safely back at Forks Fort near Smoky River and Mackenzie wrote: "Here my voyages of discovery terminate. Their toils and dangers, their solitudes and sufferings, have not been exaggerated in my description. On the contrary, in many instances, language has failed me in the attempt to describe them. I received, however, the reward of my labors, for they were crowned with success."

Are not those modest words worth perpetuating, an exemplar of a state of mind worthy of emulation? Modest as they are, the words ring with exultation.

But he had done more than merely accomplish successfully an arduous journey. Readers of history, knowing the condition of affairs on the North-West Coast at that time will grasp the significance of his feat in its bearing on the British claim to that portion of the coast forming the Pacific littoral of Canada. The Nootka Controversy had threatened to plunge Great Britain and Spain into all the horrors of war. Fortunately this was averted, Spain withdrew her pretensions to sovereignty, and the North-West Coast reverted to its original status of No Man's Land. It was at this juncture that Alexander Mackenzie reached the Pacific, the vanguard of the fur-traders who came after him and saved the western province to Canada.

Mackenzie made strong representations, verbally and in writing, to the home government urging the establishment of military and trading posts at several points on the North-West Coast, including the Columbia River (which had been entered by the American Captain Gray prior to the date when Mackenzie made his representations). Had the British government grasped the situation and followed his counsel, what is now the state of Washington, perhaps Oregon also, would have been part of our Dominion today. Mackenzie was a man of vision.

He became a friend and companion of the Duke of Kent, father of the late

Queen Victoria, and travelled with him in both Canada and England.

After serving his country as member of parliament for Huntingdon, Mackenzie returned to Scotland to reside, married, and, purchasing an estate at Avoch, Ross-shire, made that pleasant fishing village on the Moray Firth his place of residence, living the useful life of a beneficent laird, frequently taking his wife and children to London and Edinburgh. He died suddenly on March 12th, 1820, and was buried in the churchyard of Avoch parish church.

This August, the unveiling of a monument erected to his memory by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada took place with suitable ceremony. The monument is built on the ground surmounting the rock upon which he and his men took refuge when in Dean Channel in 1793 and upon which he painted his memorable inscription. The monument bears a bronze tablet upon which is this legend:

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

This rock is the Western terminus of the first journey across the continent of North America

It was made by Alexander Mackenzie of the North-West Company, who with his nine companions, arrived at this spot on the 21st July, 1793.

Mackenzie, by observations, ascertained his position, spent the night here, and after writing on the south-east face the words now cut thereon, retraced his course to Lake Athabasca

This transcontinental journey preceded by more than ten years that of

Lewis and Clark

Erected 1926

On the south-east face of the rock, probably the identical surface selected by Mackenzie himself, the words of his inscription have been carved in rough script and filled in with red cement, in imitation of the red paint used by the explorer, thus ensuring its continuance for all time.

Satisfactory as it is to record the belated erection of this simple monument, it is to be hoped that Canadians will not remain content with that mark of honor, but that in the near future there will be erected in either Ottawa, or Montreal, a suitable monument in stone, or bronze, of the man himself, as a truly national recognition of his work.

Cloth of Gold

By Jean Mitchell Smith

SUSAN had just arranged the half dozen pots of hyacinths and narcissus on the broad sill of the livingroom window of the Westlake home. Mrs. Westlake reclined on a couch near the window. For several weeks she had been confined to the house owing to ill-health. There were moments when she found it hard to avoid picking a quarrel with an inexorable fate for having tossed her aside from the activities of life.

"Once we get rid of the storm windows," said Susan with an unmistakable note of finality in her tone, "the house must be gone over, Ma'am!"

Mrs. Westlake raised her blonde, bobbed head from the bit of filet work in her hand. A smile lurked in her wide blue eyes. Susan's voluntary attentions, sundry suggestions and immaculate performance in her household were commendable at any time, but just now she found them actually refreshing.

"Right you are, Susan!" she said brightly. "I hope to be well by that time. The doctor says I'm improving quickly for typhoid." She sighed and looked at the filet pattern critically. "I'm afraid I'm not a very good soldier, Susan!"

"It is one thing to sing in the sunshine your song about weathering the storm," she said quietly, "but its another thing to meet the storm when it comes, ain't it Ma'am?"

Susan was a bright dark-eyed little woman in her early fifties. Sometimes as Mrs. Westlake followed her whirlwind movements, she was reminded of the Dutch figure on the cleanser tin.

Her acquaintance with Susan began a year before. Since then the latter had spent on an average of two days a week in cleansing and beautifying her home.

Susan worked steadily all day in her battle against dirt until four o'clock when she dropped her implements of war and repaired to the kitchen to make tea. Ensued a well-earned relaxation of fifteen minutes. She invariably brought Mrs. Westlake a cup of tea.

"Don't let it get cold, Ma'am. Tea should never stand."

Beyond the knowledge that Susan was married, Mrs. Westlake knew little or nothing about her. Time and again she had looked at the worn wedding ring and wondered about the "better or worse" who had placed it there. Susan's extreme reserve had always kept her from asking about her family. There was always the fear of opening an old wound, stirring up some unhappy memory.

That afternoon as her eyes travelled out to the busy city street, she suddenly drew Susan's attention to two men on the opposite side of the street. The elder of the two was blind and minus an arm. The younger wheeled himself in a chair. Susan's mouth corners tightened. "My husband and son, Ma'am!"

Mrs. Westlake's hand quickly covered the workworn one resting on the window sill. "I'm so sorry, dear—Some frightful accident, I expect?" Susan quickly controlled a sob.

"The war, Ma'am."

"How does your husband stand his affliction?"

"It was a bit hard at first—him having been a reader." She looked lovingly after them, "but now that he's learned to read the Braille letters he thinks it is a wonderful world." The clock chimed four. She crossed swiftly to the kitchen door. "You'd like a cup of tea, Ma'am?"

The Sage Brush Operator

Continued from page 9

more than a discharge. I shall have to turn you over to the authorities, and if we don't prosecute you, the bond company will. And you'll get the limit in the courts."

The slowly rising tide of realization was at its flood. Clagett's homely face was a mask of pain, and his ungainly figure seemed to shrink and contort itself into stricken shapelessness. It is only in books that heroism is the hero's birthright. Clagett was a mere man, and he was acquiring his at the cannon's mouth. Yet the slow blood of the swamp-hunting forebears was true.

"I reckon I'll have to take my medicine," he said, when all was done.

French turned reluctantly to the telegraph key, flicked the switch, and called up the despatcher, who is the superintendent's deputy out of office hours. Clagett heard the doomful words snicking through the sounder:

"To G.U., Gen. Supt., Castle Cliff. Clagett, agent Chrysolite, checks five hundred forty short. Send relief agent first train. FRENCH."

IT WAS the D. & U.P. practice for the checking auditor to take charge in such cases, handling the station as agent and operator until a relief man could be sent in. French was entirely capable in both capacities; and as Chrysolite had no night passenger trains, there was little routine work to do.

Clagett sat dismally silent on the edge of the bed while the auditor made a leisurely check of the office, counting the tickets in the case, conning the unpaid freight bills, and going painstakingly over the items in the cash-book. Meanwhile, the storm sang louder in the telegraph wires bracketed across the roof of the station, and the chattering sounder kept up a steady stream of complainings.

Dulled now to all other impressions, Clagett's brain was mechanically following the etchings of the picture of storm and stress on the line bitten in by the acid snippings of the sounder. Things appeared to be going badly on the Mountain Division. Freight Number 202, westbound, was laid out on the blind siding in Black Rock Canyon, stalled by a broken axle. The California fast line, a fruit train scheduled at passenger speed, was struggling eastward somewhere in the canyon, two hours off time, and last heard from at Broken Arrow, the lower canyon portal.

In the opposite direction the Fast Mail, westbound, the train which was the pride of the service, and upon which there was a five-hundred-dollar Post Office Department penalty for avoidable delays exceeding fifty minutes at terminals, was also late; and Clagett could figure it thundering down the curves and tangents of the upper canyon under the hand of Bart Bloodgood. Bloodgood had a record to maintain, and Clagett could see him goading the big Pacific type, and in fancy hear him cursing the time-killing weather and swearing he would make his schedule if hell should freeze over. Bloodgood had been a jack-freighter in the mountains before the coming of the D. & U.P., and his profanity was picturesque.

It was a word about this train from Dawson, the despatcher, to Chrysolite, that sent French quickly to the telegraph key—Clagett heard the familiar formula: "Flag and hold Train Six, Foster, conductor, Bloodgood, engineer, for orders at Chrysolite," and understood it perfectly. The lost fruit train struggling somewhere in the lower canyon, was giving Dawson still

more trouble; and with three of the wires down, Chrysolite was the last station at which the mail could be caught and held.

IT MIGHT have been fifteen minutes later when Clagett, still listening to the chatter of the sounder, saw Kate's face framed in the ticket window. French was checking the "freight received," at the telegraph table, and Clagett went quickly to the window; partly because nothing less than shackles would have held him, and partly to keep the auditor from seeing her questioning eyes.

"Is it trouble you're having, Danny?" she whispered.

Clagett nodded. "I'm checked up short. I reckon I'll have to go to jail."

She caught her breath. "And how much is it, Danny, dear?"

"Five hundred and forty dollars." He said little because he was afraid of saying too much.

"Where did you have it then?" she queried.

"In the safe. It was bills—in a roll."

Just then the auditor rose and came toward the window. The girl saw him coming and stopped Clagett with her eyes, whispering quickly: "Get out and come over to speak with me—I must see you," with a finger on her lips she turned away.

Clagett went back to his seat on the cot's edge trying to devise an excuse for so much prison leave as would enable him to go to Kate. The auditor was tilting comfortably in the pivot-chair again; was in the act of lighting a cigar, when Clagett said: "I reckon I've got to speak to Miss Shannon a minute. Will you trust me to go 'round to the waiting-room?"

Whether French would have taken chances on him or not may never be known. Treading instantly upon the heels of the question came the mellow roar of Bloodgood's whistle, sounded as the Fast Mail tracked out of the upper canyon. By sheer force of habit Clagett's eyes went to the ringed cords which controlled the semaphore on the roof of the station.

"Your signal!" he yelled. "You haven't dropped the board for him!"

French sprang up, overturning his chair, and hastily released the cord. The mechanism grated hoarsely overhead, and for twenty nerve-racking seconds the two men waited breathless, listening for the short double blast of the whistle which would be Bloodgood's notice that the signal, "Stop for orders," was seen and heeded. Chrysolite was not a regular stop for the Mail, and missing the signal, Bloodgood would run through at half speed and go on to an inevitable collision with the lost fruit train in the lower canyon.

While he listened, Clagett reached mechanically for the red lantern which was nightly lighted and kept in readiness. And when the waiting grew to a keen agony and the roar of the oncoming train filled the air, he snatched up the lantern and dashed out into the night.

One glance at the roof signal showed him that it was clogged and frozen; that it still turned its white eye up the line; and with a sobbing imprecation on his lips he turned and ran like a madman to gain the main-track side of the building before the train should pass. He was too late: the engine was already beyond the platform end, and Bloodgood had released the brakes. Clagett dropped his lantern and flung himself in sheer desperation at the rear platform of the last car, missed it, thrashed his way out of the snow-drift

Continued on page 60

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The BABY



Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night?

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Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria.

The doctor often tells you to do just that; and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!

Children Cry for

Fletcher's
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There is one simple, safe, and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads, that is to dissolve them. To do this, get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear. Blackheads are a mixture of dust and dirt and secretions that form in the pores of the skin. The peroxide powder and the water dissolve the blackheads and they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition.

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Retain the Charm
Of Girlhood
A Clear Sweet Skin
Cuticura
Will Help You
Use Cuticura Soap Every Day

The Sage Brush Operator

Continued from page 59

into which he had hurled himself, and did the most elemental thing that offered, which was to chase the receding tail-lights of the Mail down the track, afoot!

So running, with the sense of proportion and all other sober reasoning faculties gone by the board, he came presently to the stub-track where the section men had left their hand-car at quitting time. Without taking thought sufficiently to run ahead and set the switch, he kicked the wooden trig block from beneath the wheel of the car, climbed on, and threw his weight upon the driving lever. The car took the down grade with a shrill squeal of the flanges against the frosty rail, bounded into the air when it came to the locked safety switch, alighted, by one chance in a thousand, fairly upon the steel of the main line, and shot away toward the lower canyon portal with Claggett rising and falling on the driving lever as if it were his puny pushings and pullings, and not the steeply descending grade, which were giving the flying car its rapidly increasing momentum.

For thirty-six miles down the Black Rock gorge, dating from the joint plunge of the river and the railway through the Chrysolite portal, the descending grade keeps pace with the arrow-like rush of the Boiling Water, and throughout that distance there are no "let-ups," few tangents, and a breath-taking succession of loopings and reversed curves. The lightest of push-cars, set free at Chrysolite station, would find its way by gravity to the Broken Arrow outlet of the gorge, if by some unheard-of miracle it should keep the rails on its projectile flight from start to finish.

Claggett's vehicle was heavier than a push-car, and the storm wind roaring fiercely down the Chrysolite funnel gave him his start. When the hand-car dashed between the portal cliffs it was bettering thirty miles to the hour, and the castaway, no longer able to keep up with the quickened jig of the driving handles, was fain to let go and crouch and cling as he could, unnerved and benumbed by the biting blast, and sickened like a landsman in a gale by the pitching and plunging of the car around the curves. The men of the Mountain Division still tell the stirring tale of Claggett's heroic dash down the Black Rock gorge to save the Fast Mail; but it was Claggett himself who denied the heroism, after the fact. For what seemed like a long-drawn lifetime of nauseous agony the pitching and plunging endured and grew momentarily worse. The wheel flanges shrieked on the curve rails, and the cliffs flung back the yelling echoes to mingle like maniac cries with the sullen thunder of the river. Black darkness thickened upon the rushing blast, and the intense cold seemed to grip the marrow of his bones. It was a weary distance to death's door, and he thought he should be glad when the crash of the car into the canyon wall or over the river's brink should end it.

SUPERINTENDENT UPHAM'S private car was coupled to the Mail that night, and Brice, the general manager, was the superintendent's guest. Bloodgood, daring but careful, was easing the six-car train swiftly down the grade on the air-brakes, and the index finger of the speed-recorder in the private car held steadily at the canyon schedule of forty miles an hour.

Upham, better known to the rank and file by his courtesy title of "Little Millions," was anxious, as an operating official must needs be in times of storm and stress. When the swaying of the private car permitted it, he walked a

nervous sentry-go up and down the compartment, chewing his cigar and stopping now and then to scowl out at the backward-rushing sidewalls of the canyon illuminated by the window glare.

"I'd like mighty well to know where Dawson caught and held Number 207"—the California fruit train—he said, for the twentieth time. "It would be a terrible night for trouble in this hell-rift of a canyon."

The general manager smiled good-naturedly.

"You mustn't let the details get too large a grip on you, Gebby. Let's go out on the platform and get a breath of fresh air. Your porter keeps it stifling hot in here."

A moment later they were standing under the "umbrella-roof" of the deep observation platform, watching the silver lines of the steel reel backward under the dim red glow of the tail-lights. Suddenly Upham started and gripped Brice's arm.

"What is that following us?" he demanded, shouting to make himself heard above the echoing roar of the canyon walls.

"I don't see anything," said the general manager.

"There it is again!" exclaimed the superintendent excitedly. "Don't you see it?"

It was in plain view now, when the dodging curves did not hide it; a shapeless thing, flying low upon the rails, with a swiftly-beckoning finger gesturing rhythmically as it came. Just then the train plunged through a short tunnel and the smoke whirl hid all. When it blew free, the watchers on the rear platform saw that the mysterious follower was a hand-car, gravity-driven; that it had overtaken them; and that a hatless, half-frozen man was trying helplessly to climb to the platform of the train. They drew him up quickly, and without a word he jumped for the signal-cord, missed it, and fell in a fumbling heap at Upham's feet.

"Stop her!" he gurgled. "She ran past me—the fruit train!" and the broken explanation trailed off into a dog-like yelp.

Bart Bloodgood, regaining his lost time by priceless seconds, gritted his teeth and swore pathetically when the air-whistle screeched over his head. But he said other and more pointed things when, at the stand-still instant of driver-locking, the headlight of the opposing freight train swung into view a short quarter of a mile down the canyon.

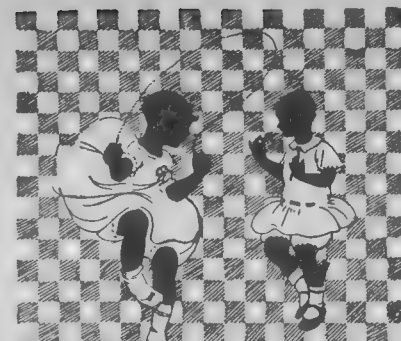
"Run for it, Johnny Shovel!" he yelled to his fireman; and while the fireman raced down the track with his flagging lantern, Bloodgood set the canyon echoes a-bellow with short, sharp whistle-blasts, and began to back his train.

It was a bad break for the Fast Mail. With no available siding for either train nearer than Chrysolite, there was nothing for it but a slow retreat up the canyon. Upham authorized the retreat, and the fruit train was signalled to come on.

On the way up, Brice and Upham thawed Claggett out in the private car and got his story; or so much of it as related to the rescue of the Mail. He took no credit for the happy outcome, but that was set down to his modesty. Speaking of it to the general manager, out of Claggett's hearing, Upham confessed that he was mistaken in the calibre of the two-by-four son of a swamp hunter.

"I hear he wants a station in the fruit valleys; wants to marry Pat Shannon's daughter and settle down,"

Continued on page 62



WRIGLEY'S

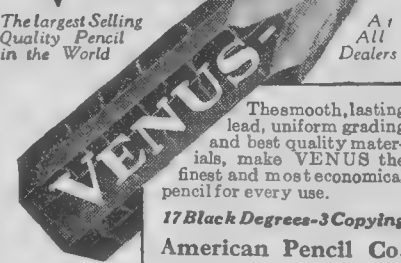
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It aids appetite and digestion, and satisfies the craving for sweets.



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Magnesia Best For Your Indigestion

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Most people who suffer, either occasionally or chronically from gas, sourness and indigestion, have now discontinued disagreeable diets, patent foods and the use of harmful drugs, stomach tonics, medicines and artificial digestants, and instead, following the advice so often given in these columns, take a teaspoonful or four tablets of Bisurated Magnesia in a little water after meals with the result that their stomach no longer troubles them, they are able to eat as they please and they enjoy much better health. Those who use Bisurated Magnesia never dread the approach of meal time because they know this wonderful anti-acid and food corrective, which can be obtained from any good drug store, will instantly neutralize the stomach acidity, sweeten the stomach, prevent food fermentation, and make digestion easy. Try this plan yourself, but be certain to get Bisurated Magnesia especially prepared for stomach use.



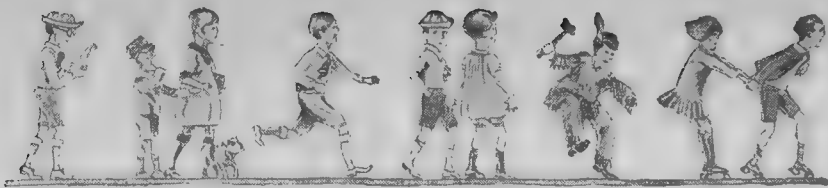
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Best for You and Baby too

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—WHY WORRY—

When an advertisement in "The Western Home Monthly" ALWAYS brings such wonderful returns.



So is the Tree Inclined

Helpful Suggestions for Building Your Little Child's Mental Health

PROPER diet is an important factor in building healthy bodies. But its importance does not end with the body. Body and mind are so closely related that what upsets the one will often affect the other. Proper diet, therefore, is essential to the well-being of the mind as well as the body.

The child of uncertain appetite and whimsical palate, whose cheek is pale, who tires easily but whose fatigue does not bring long and restful sleep, needs patient correction of his eating habits.

Fresh air and exercise will give an edge to appetite. So will food that is nicely served, and in moderate quantities. Children like variety, and their taste for a wholesome food should not be destroyed by serving the same food too frequently or by serving it always in the same manner.



As far as possible, meals should be at the same hours each day. If the child grows hungry between meals, give him only the plain foods that will not cloy the appetite. Children often eat at odd times simply to be doing something. They will be better off if their energy is turned toward interests that will take the mind of fancied needs for food.

Meals should be eaten in a leisurely way and should be occasions of pleasant relationship. Allowing the child to bolt his food is bad for his digestion. Disturbance of mind also is bad. Don't wrangle at the dinner table. If the child's table manners need correction, let the correction be amiable and kindly. Never nag, nor let your own nerves get the better of your temper.

Sometimes children refuse the food that is good for them. Sometimes they want food that is permissible for adults only. No child should have tea or coffee; both are particularly bad for a nervous child. Serve only plain foods: milk, fruit, green vegetables, eggs, whole wheat bread, butter, crackers, cooked cereals, wholesome soups, fish and meat within reason, and simple desserts. If your child's condition is such that your doctor prescribes a diet, see that his instructions are obeyed. That may cause you some trouble at first, but it is important for the child's future health. Whatever the appropriate course may be, it will not be successfully followed unless the father and mother play a team game. The most discreet plan may be wrecked if the child learns that the one parent will allow him to do what the other disapproves.

Be careful not to make the child's likes and dislikes the center of attention. Do not talk about them in his presence. He might have small rewards for good behaviour; although, for eating well, the announcement that you are proud of him will usually be reward enough.

Never use force. If you try to force or coax the child to eat certain foods, you probably will create a dislike that will last for years. You may even produce a nervous condition that will nauseate the child every time he tastes such food, simply because memory recalls the unpleasant experience.

If other methods fail, leave the food before the child until he eats it; but do not talk about it. Show him that you expect him to eat it; then let the matter rest. Or keep back such things as desserts until the plain foods are eaten.

Rest

REST is necessary for the healthy growth of the mind as well as of the body. If the child is wakeful, sleeps fitfully, or has night terrors, your doctor should be consulted. Disturbed sleep may be due to physical troubles such as digestive disorders, bed wetting, or mouth breathing. From babyhood on, bedtime should be a quiet time. Usually it is best not to allow exciting stories or exciting play at the bedtime hour.

Sleep is affected by thoughts gleaned throughout our waking moments; not merely by the thoughts gathered up at bedtime. The little trials and irritations in a child's play and school life are just as real and important to him as are business or home worries to adults. Try to have all the day's upsets smoothed out and forgotten before the child goes to bed. Never read cruel or terrifying stories to young children at any time. Most of the old-time fairy stories were written for adults in the first place; many of them are not suitable for children.

Consult persons who understand what the child needs in books, and let them suggest stories of the right sort. Never threaten a child who has done wrong. Do not threaten him with witches, bogies, or wild animals. Do not suggest that thunder, lightning, or the dark is to be feared. It is utterly wrong to think that children inherit a fear of such things. If they are afraid of the dark it is usually because they have been made to fear it by thoughtless adults.

Unruly Children

TRAINING in obedience and self-control should start in the child's first year of life. Show a child quietly that obedience is expected. Never frighten, tease, or shame him into obeying. There are better ways. Make him understand that there are certain things he must do, and certain things he must not do. Be sure you are right; then be firm. Try to understand what is in the child's mind, and what he thinks he is doing. Perhaps his idea is all right, but his method wrong or annoying. Do not lose your temper. If punishment is necessary, do not punish in anger; neither must you weaken. If the child deserves it, he should be punished, but he should know the reason why.

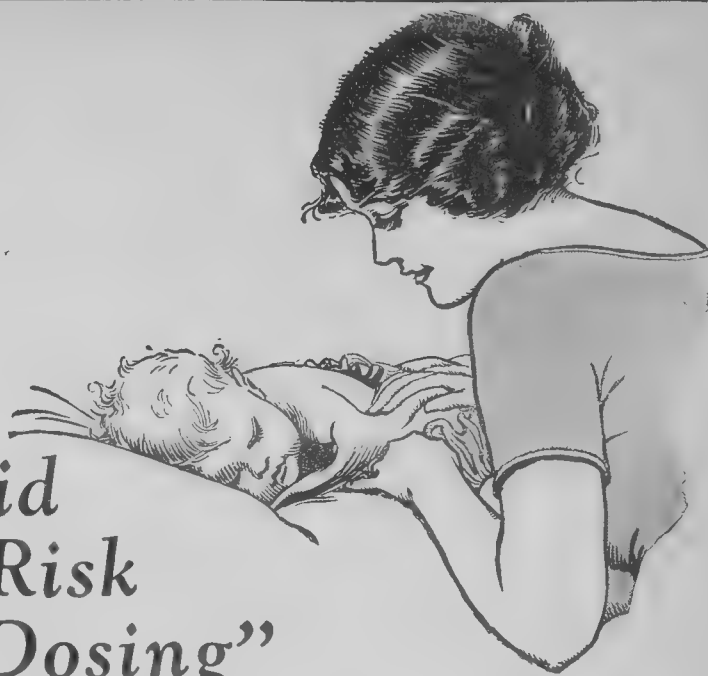
In cases of stubbornness or tantrums it is necessary to locate the cause and guard against recurrence. The cause may be undue weariness, irregular hours, improper food, over excitement, or lack of play and exercise. Some children develop the habit of flying into fits of bad temper as a means of attracting attention or of obtaining their desires. This usually means that they are not sufficiently occupied, and stresses the importance of allowing them plenty of play. Children want to be busy every waking minute. You can help to keep them busy making play out of many of the useful household tasks. Children love small responsibilities.

Of course, the child is not always wrong, and the parent always right! Sometimes stubbornness on the part of the child is due to careless, harsh or unfair handling by the parents.

It is not always best to let a child know when he worries you. You may be over sensitive. What does it matter if baby fingers drop an occasional dish when they are finding pleasure in helping you wash up? What does it matter

Continued on page 62

Avoid the Risk of "Dosing"



Treat Children's Colds the External Way

at the first sign of every cold.

DURING these days when colds come so frequently anxious mothers are apt to "dose" their children continuously. This often upsets a child's delicate stomach and paves the way for fresh colds and other ills.

Mothers now prefer rubbing Vicks VapoRub over the throat and chest of their youngsters

Acts Two Ways at Once

This modern vaporizing salve acts two ways at once in bringing relief:

(1) Its ingredients, vaporized by the body heat, are inhaled, direct to the inflamed air passages, loosening the phlegm and easing the difficult breathing.

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The Sage Brush Operator

Continued from page 60

said the superintendent. "After this night's work, I think he can have his wantings."

IT WAS past ten o'clock, and the wind had lulled to a frosty half-gale, when the Mail backed up to the station at Chrysolite, and Upham gave orders to have his car detached and left behind for the better expediting of the lightened train.

Claggett had swung down at the earliest slackening of the speed, and was presenting himself to a harassed travelling auditor when the superintendent and the general manager came in.

"I reckon you thought I'd skipped out, Mr. French, but I hadn't," he said surrendering in due form. "I'm ready to go to jail now for that shortage."

"What's that?" queried Upham sharply. French was evidently wrestling with problems of his own.

"A curious mistake all around," he explained. "I came in on Three and checked Claggett up. He seemed to be five hundred and forty dollars short, and so I reported him; but a few minutes ago, Miss Shannon came over and found the money in an envelope in the safe. It seems that she remembered seeing Claggett putting it away, and he had forgotten."

Claggett's homely face was working curiously, and he heard only vaguely the superintendent's promise to transfer him to the coveted paradise on the Western Division. But he found words a few minutes later when he was perched upon his stool in front of the lunch counter, with Kate drawing him a cup of piping hot coffee for his comforting.

"What was it Mr. French was giving me a few minutes ago about your find-

ing that money in the safe, Kittie?" he demanded.

"How should I know what Mr. French would be saying?" she answered evasively.

"If you found that money in the safe, Kittie, you put it there," he said definitely, between swallows of the life-giving coffee.

"Did I, indeed!" this with a charming toss of the beautiful head. "Next you'll be saying I took it, Danny Claggett."

Claggett's eyes laid hold upon her, pleadingly. "Tell me," he urged. "You didn't see me put the money away; you didn't know I had it until I told you at the ticket window."

She was smiling through the tears when she answered him.

"Tis a foolish boy you are, Danny. Mickey went east on Three, and—and I'll never see him any more. At the last minute he gave me a roll of bills—'twas what was left of the house money, he said; and Danny, dear, I always want to believe that, you'll remember. Would I be keeping the money when it was you instead of Mickey that would go to jail?"

Claggett's coffee choked him for a minute. Then he reached awkwardly across and prisoned both of her hands under one of his.

"I'm going to see Father Flaherty in the morning," he announced. Mr. Upham has given me the agency at Anita, and we'll go down to God's country and raise little red apples. I ain't much for a man, Kittie, but what there is of me—"

"Hush!" she said, and the black eyes were shining. "Didn't you save the Mail and everybody on it? Oh, Danny, dear; I'm that proud of you!"

So is the Tree Inclined

Continued from page 61

if children make a noise? You cannot expect that play will always be quiet.

A healthy child should be full of energy. If you constantly scold and repress, there will be a short-circuiting of energy and a state of nerves. Above all, remember that the child is easily impressed and naturally given to imitation. If you exhibit fits of temper, the child will copy you.

Truthfulness and Honesty

SOME children with vivid imaginations indulge in more or less exaggeration. This must not be merely interpreted by overstrict parents as "fibbing;" it is one mark of a vigorous imagination, a valuable asset that the wise parent will turn into useful channels.

Deliberate lying is usually done to escape the consequences of misconduct. It is not enough, however, to punish the child for doing wrong and lying about it. One must seek for the motives. One must try to know the child.

A craving for sweets may lead a child to help himself from a forbidden shelf, or even to pilfer money for the purpose of buying candy. A regular candy ration, preferably a small piece after each mid-day and evening meal, followed by a thorough teeth brushing before retiring, will usually satisfy the craving. In some cases he wants these things, not for himself, but so that he can treat his playmates. The desire to be host to others is a natural and worthy trait, and is easily kept within bounds by parents who are interested in the child, his little playmates, and their play. Punishment for childish pilfering from pantry or purse will not meet the situation, but will tend rather to drive the child into attempting greater secrecy and deceit on the next occasion.

Again some children are unruly or dishonest, because they feel neglected or ignored and want attention. Even the

attention a "bad boy" gets seems better than no attention, to some children. The parent must see all sides of the question. The child must be made to realize that the wrong act will bring punishment; at the same time, the parent must understand the workings of the childish mind, and must see that the punishment is just. Be a confidant to your child, and he will come to you with his plans, desires, and troubles.

There are unusual cases of persistent faulty conduct which can be traced to various defects, either mental or physical. If a child is given to chronic lying or thieving, he should have a thorough physical and psychological examination. It may be necessary for the parents to consult a mental specialist or a child guidance clinic.

The Child That Is Backward With His Lessons

BACKWARDNESS may have its origin in physical troubles; diseased tonsils or adenoids; defects of hearing or sight; malnutrition; habitual mouth breathing. Any such physical causes should be removed at the earliest possible moment. Delay may mean years of trial for the child, to say nothing of the ill-health involved. But even those children who enjoy perfect physical health must not all be thought to have equal intelligence; indeed, two children of equal intelligence may differ so greatly in their interests that their school records will disclose marked inequalities.

If a child is definitely and noticeably backward, early recognition of that fact is important, so that he may have special training.

Wise parents will not jeopardize the child's health of mind in the pursuit of mental achievement; they know that there are other measures of success in life besides book learning.—Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.



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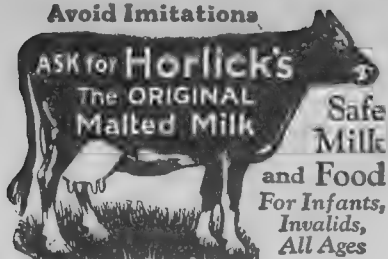
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The Legend of the Willow Plate

Continued from page 39

number of his titles, and the lanterns on which they were inscribed were very magnificent. Owing to his rank, he was borne in a sedan, to which was attached eight bearers, showing his rank to be that of a viceroy. The old mandarin gave him a suitable reception, and dismissed his followers.

The gentlemen then sat down to the feast according to custom, and many were the "cups of saluting" which were drunk between them, until at last they became boisterous in their merriment.

The noise of revelry seemed to have attracted a stranger to the house, who sought alms at the door of the banquet-room. His tale being unheeded, he took from the porch an outer garment which had been left there by one of the servants, and, thus disguised, he spread the screen across the lower part of the banquet-hall. Passing forward he came to Koong-see's apartment and in another moment the lovers were in each other's arms.

It was Chang who had crossed the banquet-hall. He besought Koong-see to fly with him, "for," said he, "the willow blossom already droops upon the bough." She gave into his hands the box of jewels which the duke had that day presented to her, and, finding that the old men were growing sleepy over their cups, and that the servants were drinking and feasting elsewhere, Koong-see and Chang stole behind the screen, passed the door, descended the steps and gained the foot of the bridge, beside the willow tree. But the old mandarin had caught a glimpse of his daughter in the garden and raised the hue and cry. Then he staggered after her himself. To represent this part of the story are the three figures on the bridge. (See plate.) The first figure is Koong-see, carrying a distaff; the second is Chang, bearing off the box of jewels; and the third is the old mandarin, whose paternal authority and rage are supposed to be shown by the whip which he bears in his hand. As the Chinese artist knew nothing of perspective, he could not place the old mandarin—to be in the picture—in any other position than so near the fugitives. The sketch simply tells of the flight and of the pursuit and is sufficient for that purpose.

The old mandarin, tipsy as he was, had some difficulty in keeping up the pursuit, and Chang and Koong-see eluded him without much effort.

The Ta-jin fell into a furious rage on hearing what had happened, and was well-nigh smothered in his drunken passion. Those few of the servants who were sober enough to have joined the pursuit were detained to attend the duke, who was supposed to be in a fit.

Every plan was adopted during the following day to discover whither the undutiful daughter had fled; but when the servants returned, evening after evening, and brought no news which gave any hope of detecting her place of retirement, the old mandarin became a prey to low spirits and ill-humor.

The duke, however, was more active and persevering, and he employed spies in every village for miles around. He made a vow of vengeance against Chang, and congratulated himself that, by his power as a magistrate of the district, when Chang could be discovered he would put him to death for the theft of the jewels. The lady, too, he said, should die, unless she fulfilled the wishes of her parent.

In the meantime, the lovers had retired to a humble tenement at no great distance from the mandarin's establishment, and had found safety in the concealment afforded to them by the former handmaid of Koong-see, who had been discharged for allowing Chang to meet his love in the gardens of her former home.

The husband of this maid, who worked for the mandarin as a gardener, and Chang's sister, were witnesses to the betrothal and marriage of the fugitives, who passed their time in close concealment and never appeared abroad except after nightfall.

From the gardener they learned of the steps taken by their pursuers, and were able to elude them for a considerable time; but at last, when the mandarin issued a proclamation that if his daughter would forsake Chang, and return to

her old home, he would forgive her, the gardener showed himself so joyful at the signs of his master's relenting, that suspicion was attached to him, and the house in which he resided was ordered to be watched.

THE reader will find the house represented on the plate at the foot of the bridge. It is only of one storey in height, and of the most simple style of architecture. The ground about it is uncultivated; the tree that grows near is only a common fir; and the whole place has a sad air of poverty, which becomes more striking when the richly ornate and sheltered mansion on the other side of the bridge is compared with it.

It having been agreed that, in case any suspicion fell upon the house, the young gardener should not return at the usual hour, Chang and his wife knew that all was not right when he did not enter at the usual time in the evening. The gardeners wife also saw strange people loitering about, and in great sorrow she told her fears to the newly-married couple. Later in the evening a soldier entered the house, and after having read the proclamation of the mandarin, he pointed out the great advantages which would arise to all parties who assisted in restoring Koong-see, and bringing Chang to justice. He told her, moreover, that the house was guarded at the front, and reminded her that there could be no escape, as the river surrounded it in every other direction.

The attachment of the gardener's wife to her old mistress was, however, strong enough to enable her to retain her presence of mind, and after appearing exceedingly curious as to what reward she would obtain if she was successful in discovering Chang, she led him to suppose that he was not there, but in a friend's house, to which she would conduct him if he would first obtain a distinct promise of reward for her, in the handwriting of the mandarin and the duke.

The soldier promised to obtain the writing, but told her, to her great disappointment, that he must leave the guard about the house. She dared not object to this, for she felt she would be found out; but she complained loudly of the rough soldiers being left without their commanding officer, and thus she gave the trembling lovers the opportunity of overhearing the danger in which they were placed.

As soon as the officer had gone a brief conference was held between the lovers and their protector. A few minutes, an hour at most, was all they could call their own. A score of plans were suggested, examined, and cast aside. There was the suspicious guard who were ordered to let no person, under any circumstances, pass in front; and behind was the broad, rapid river. Escape seemed impossible; and, for Chang, at least, detection and arrest were death. To attempt to fight through the guard was madness in a man unarmed—and what would become of Koong-see? What was to be done? It was almost impossible to swim the roaring river when it was most quiet; now it was swollen with the early rains. But the river was the only chance. "You will be seen, and be butchered in the water before you climb the other bank," suggested the gardener's wife. "It is my only chance," said Chang, as he stripped off his loose outer garment, one commonly worn by the higher classes, or by those who seek for literary honors.

Koong-see clung to him, but his resolution was firm, and, bidding her be of good cheer, that he would get across and come again to her, he jumped from the window into the stream below, with Koong-see's promise of constancy ringing in his ears.

The struggle was frightful, and long before Chang had reached the middle of the torrent, Koong-see fainted and saw no more.

Her faithful attendant laid her upon a couch, and seeing the color returning to her lips, gazed out of the window on the river. Nothing of Chang was to be seen; the rapid torrent had carried him away. But where?

Continued on page 64



Family Tradition

has been carried down through the generations largely by the written missives of years ago. Happy scenes and tender emotions of bygone days are recalled, linking the present with the eventful past. The personal letter still survives as the one means of communication that carries your message in privacy—and an intimacy that bespeaks sincerity.

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SWEATERS AND HEAVY KNITTED GARMENTS should first be brushed or shaken to remove dust. Then cleanse garments by swishing up and down in cool Lux suds, using two tablespoonfuls or more of Lux to each gallon of water. Rinse in cool clear waters and squeeze out water. Never twist or wring! Lay the garment on a pad of old towels and poke and stretch into shape, using as a guide the measurements you took of the garment before wetting it.

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Won't shrink woolens

The Legend of the Willow Pattern Plate

Continued from page 63

Time passed on, every moment seemed an age, and darkness began to come down upon the earth. The poor gardener's wife hung over her mistress, and she dreaded her questions when consciousness should be restored.

The officer had been absent long enough to visit the duke and the mandarin. Hark! He was even now knocking at the door.

The soldier knocked again before the gardener's wife could bring herself to leave Koong-see, but no other course was left to her; and, scarcely knowing why, she securely closed the door of the apartment behind her, and drew the screen across to conceal it.

The soldier rudely questioned her as to her delay in opening the door, and showed her the document which he had obtained, in which large sums of money and the emperor's favor were promised to any person who should give up Chang, and restore Koong-see to her father.

She made pretence that she could not read the writing, and having given the soldiers some spirit made from rice, she managed to pass some time in delays. When the officer became impatient she told him that she thought it would be useless to attempt to catch Chang till it was quite dark, when he would be walking in a neighboring rice ground.

Two hours were thus wiled away, when the officer was called out by one of the men under him, who told him that a messenger had arrived from the Ta-jin, inquiring why the villain Chang had not been brought before him, and requiring an answer from the commanding officer himself. This gave the gardener's wife time to see what had become of Koong-see.

She fancied she heard some noise in the apartment, and she pushed the screen aside, opened the door, and peeped into the room. Koong-see was not there. There were marks of wet feet upon the floor and upon the narrow ledge of the window, to which she rushed. A boat had just been pushed off into the river, and in it, there was no doubt, were her mistress and her husband, the brave Chang. The darkness concealed them from the eyes of friends or enemies, as the rushing river carried them rapidly away.

The gardener's wife gently closed the window, and hastily removed all traces of what had happened. She then cheerfully returned to the other part of the house, and waited for the officer. He came, and commanded his soldiers to search the house; which they did most willingly, as upon such occasions they possessed themselves of everything valuable.

Their search was in vain, however, for they neither found traces of the fugitives nor anything worth stealing. The jewels were with Chang upon the river, and the gardener was but a poor man. Then they visited the rice ground, but were equally unsuccessful there. They suspected that the woman had played them a trick, but she, in a very innocent manner, persuaded the officer that she had been imposed upon, and that she was sorry she had given him so much trouble.

THE boat with its precious cargo floated down the river all that night, requiring no exertion from Chang, who sat silently watching at the prow while his young wife slept in the cabin.

When the grey of early morning peeped over the mountains Chang still sat there, and the boat was still rapidly carried onwards by the current. Soon after daylight they entered the main river, the Yang-si-te-keang, and their

passage became more dangerous, requiring more exertion and considerable management from Chang. Before the sun was well up they had joined crowds of boats, and had ceased to be singular, for they were in company with persons who lived wholly on the river, but who had been engaged in taking the usual tribute of salt and rice to his Imperial Majesty's treasury.

To one of the boatmen Chang sold a jewel, and from another he purchased some food with the coin. Thus they floated onwards for several days toward the sea, but having approached a place where the mandarins examined all boats outward bound, Chang moored his floating home beside an island in the broad river.

It was but a small piece of ground, covered with reeds, but here the young pair resolved to settle down, and to spend the rest of their days in peace.

The jewels were sold in the neighboring towns, in such a manner as not to excite suspicion; and with the funds thus procured, the persevering Chang was enabled to obtain all that was necessary, and to purchase a free right to the little island. It is said that Koong-see, with her own hands assisted in building the house, while her husband brought the island into a high state of cultivation.

On referring again to the plate the reader will find the history of the island recorded by the simple artist. The ground is broken into lumps, to tell of recent cultivation; and the trees around it are smaller in size, showing their youth. The diligence of Chang is proved by the manner in which every scrap of ground which could be added to the island is reclaimed from the water. To tell this, narrow reefs of land are seen jutting out into the stream.

Chang having gained a competence by his cultivation of the land, wrote a book upon agriculture which won him great reputation in the province where he resided, and was the means of securing the patronage of the wealthy literary men of the neighborhood for his children, one of whom became a great sage after the death of his father and mother, which occurred in the manner now to be related.

The reputation of Chang's book, if it gained him friends, it also revealed his whereabouts to his greatest enemy, the Ta-jin, whose passion for revenge had not abated. Nor did he long delay. Having waited upon the military mandarin of the river station, and having sworn that Chang was the person who had stolen his jewels, he obtained an escort of soldiers to arrest Chang; and with these the Ta-jin attacked the island, having given secret instructions to seize Koong-see and kill Chang without mercy.

The peaceful inhabitants of the island were quite unprepared; but Chang, having refused the party admittance, was run through the body and mortally wounded. His servants, who were much attached to their master, fought bravely to defend him; but when they saw him fall, they threw down their weapons and fled.

Koong-see, in despair, rushed to her apartments, which she set on fire, and perished in the flames.

The gods (so runs the tale) cursed the duke for his cruelty, with a foul disease, with which he went down to his grave unfriended and unpitied. But in pity to Koong-see and her lover, they were transformed into two immortal doves, emblems of the constancy, which had rendered them beautiful in life and undivided in death.

Candle Light

By William Thompson

Purer than words ever spoken
By the tongue or pen;
Like a pure hope shining
In a dark despair;
Like the diamonds sparkling
At the bosom of my fair.

I love to watch the twinkling stars,
They are so wondrous fair—
Like the jewels sparkling
In milady's dusky hair;
Like the dewdrops shining
In a darksome glen;



Pals of the Paddock

Continued from page 33

"No, not that. I mean—" but Chuck was lost for words to express what he did mean, while Dad was impatient for an explanation. The first hint of questionable success won by Hustler had plunged the honest old trackman into the realm of indignation.

"Oh, you needn't try to explain," he snapped. "I get you, but you don't get Hustler to ride in a crooked race. Hustler's never run that way yet and he's too old to begin now."

Dad shook a tremulous forefinger in front of Chuck's amazed face, then, wheeling about, strode angrily away toward the stables.

When Dad arrived at the stall he told Hustler of his conversation with Chuck.

"But we'll show 'em, won't we?" he inquired of the thoroughbred. "They think we're too old for the game, but when them circuit guys eat our mud everybody'll sit up and take notice."

Thus Dad sought to encourage himself and Hustler with brilliant promises for their future. But deep in his soul the old horseman was dubious of the results. He knew that the passing of years had deprived him of that something which was essential in guiding Hustler to victory. Contrary to his desires, Dad was compelled to credit Chuck's warning with more than passing thought, for the chances of him staying on Hustler until the finish were sadly outnumbered.

Many times Dad expressed the wish to Hustler that he had sufficient money to hire a jockey. He acknowledged that he had secretly thought of getting Chuck to ride on a strict percentage basis. But that hope had vanished because, if he had read aright, the young trainer had anticipated the proposition and so had made arrangements with the other contestants to run a crooked race.

Once this realization had occurred to him the old man's active imagination soon filled in the minor details. He was positive that Chuck, wishing to make certain of winning the purse for him, had gone to those despised circuit men and told a hard-luck story which would soften even a trackman's callousness. He had gained their approval to the good Samaritan idea, then the adroit young scamp agreed to win the principal factor to the scheme and arrange small details, while the sure-thing circuit men would arrange their bets accordingly.

"Yes," Dad told himself, "that was it, all right. That would be Chuck's way of doing it. To one bunch he would show the safe-bet idea; to the others he would peddle the sob dope."

Dad's spirits continued to lower until they placed him in a nagging humor. Then he ranted at the horse for being too slow, at himself for being crippled with age, at Chuck for being incomprehensible, and at life for dealing him a hand from an adverse deck.

DAD heard the jockeys and trainers go and return from their noon lunch but he still held conference with Hustler Joe. As two-fifteen drew near, the scheduled time of his race—the old man's fears became intensified until he at last felt certain of defeat. There appeared to be no logical way for him to win the race. Even if Hustler did possess the requisite speed he would still be unable to take first money with a rheumatic old man vying for position against four expert young jockeys.

"It's no use, Hustler, us thinkin' of gettin' that purse," Dad complained, fondly stroking the thoroughbred's neck. "We can't make the grade—not a chance in the world. But we're sports, ain't we? We'll run anyway—just to show 'em we're game. It's tough luck though, for we need that coin to buy our winter's grub. We'll sure have to tighten our belts before spring, if I know any thing about it."

Hustler Joe offered his consolation by caressing Dad's sleeve with his muzzle.

"Well, you've got things pretty well messed up this trip, haven't yeh?"

Dad rubbed the surplus moisture from his eyes before he turned to face Chuck's merry countenance.

"I don't see how you get that way," the old man snapped back. Chuck's patronizing manner was maddening.

"That's just because you're not on to the new rules they got this year," the

young man declared. "They're trying to make these fair races look like the real thing."

"Well, I don't give a hang," Dad vociferated. "What's it got to do with me, anyway?"

"It does you to a frazzle," Chuck contended. "That rule of theirs that owners can't ride their own nags puts you in the grandstand while the five-eighths is on."

Dan stepped quickly toward Chuck, and gripping him by both shoulders, stared steadily into his eyes.

"You're givin' me straight goods," he hissed. "If you're not, let me tell you—I'm in no mood for jokes."

Chuck assumed an attitude of injured innocence. "That's straight, Dad," he persisted. "I'd have told you before but I just heard it myself. I thought it couldn't be true when I first heard it, for I never knew this dustpan to have any rules before. Maybe if you hop up to the office and see Murphy, the chairman of the committee, he'll fix things up so you can ride in this whirl, just for old time's sake."

"I ain't got the time," Dad protested. "I've got to get Hustler ready for the five-eighths, for they'll pull that spin in half an hour."

Chuck waved this objection aside. "Don't let that worry you none," he said. "I'll get Hustler ready so when you come back all you'll have to do is snake him over to the paddock. Where's your layout?"

Unwillingly Dad secured Hustler's racing equipment and gave Chuck minute directions as to bandages. Then after a parting caution to have Hustler ready upon his return, the old man hastened out of the stable.

Once outside, Dad for some reason began to doubt Chuck's sincerity. He remembered the studied care the young man had taken in avoiding his eyes.

"You don't suppose—"

What Dad supposed lent animation to his stride. From a quick walk he increased his pace to a trot and then to a headlong rush as he dashed into the office.

Murphy was not in. The only occupant of the small room was a sleepy-eyed youth whose lazy and measured yawning suggested a late party of the previous night.

"He's over to the track," the young man replied in answer to Dad's inquiries. "No rush, are you?"

The youth's indolence nettled the old man's overtaxed patience.

"Yes, I am," he barked.

"Well, don't blow up. I'll get him for you if you keep your feet on the ground."

The youth leisurely reached for his hat and taking it from the desk, adjusted it to the proper angle, then strolled from the office.

His agitation not allowing him to sit down, Dad paced back and forth in the narrow room. Impatiently he waited for the youth's return. The minutes gradually passed but it was a considerable time before Dad's waiting was rewarded by the appearance of the youth and Murphy.

"And why in Sam Hill are you here," the descendant from Ireland demanded as he stared first at Dad, then at his watch. "Don't you know it's two o'clock and your horse should have been in the paddock fifteen minutes ago?"

"In the paddock fifteen minutes ago?" gasped Dad.

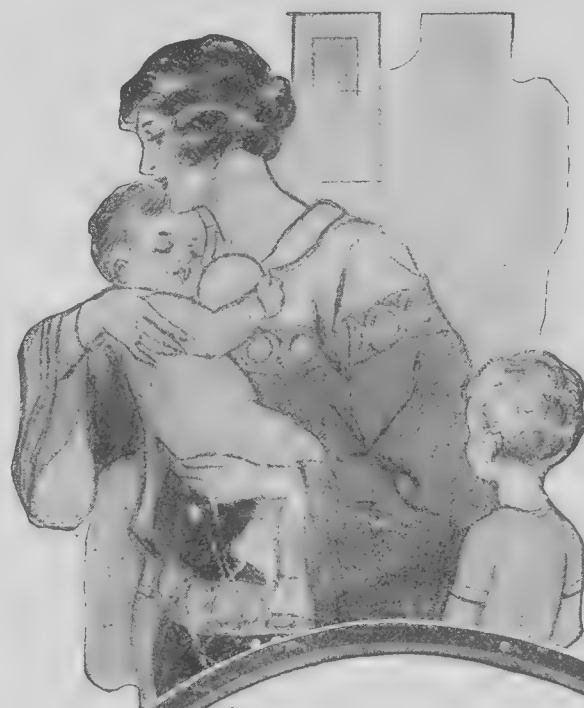
"Didn't Ross tell you that we'd changed the line-up, the five-eighths to be run half an hour earlier than booked?"

"No," Dad snapped back, "he certainly didn't."

The old man was undecided whether it was Chuck's treachery or the loss of Hustler's opportunity to run the five-eighths that clouded his vision. Speechlessly and blindly he faltered toward the door . . . it was one of the most bitter moments of his life. He wished for one thing only—quietness and solitude with Hustler the sympathetic consoler in his times of misfortune.

Continued on page 66

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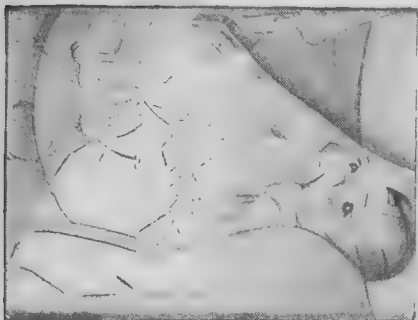
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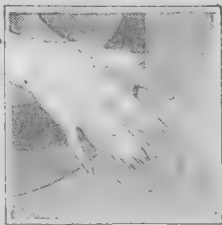
UNLESS your baby's silken skin is carefully protected, the delicate folds will rub against each other and result in painful chafing.

To prevent this condition, to shield your baby's body against itself—Johnson & Johnson have produced a super-soft, flaky powder, Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Light as a fairy veil, its effect on the skin is that of a healing cream. By covering sensitive flesh, by lubricating the skin-folds, it prevents discomfort.

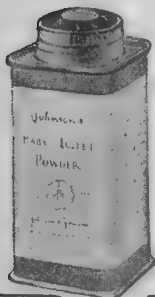
The base of Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder is pure talc, a flaky substance that breaks into soft, airy powder. Blended with boracic compound and delicate perfume, it becomes the gentlest of skin-healers. It smooths on tender skin without clogging the pores, keeps your baby fresh and sweet every hour of the day.

Now, while your baby's body is perfect, give him the skin care that will keep him always beautiful. Growing children, too, need this protection. Eminent physicians, famous hospitals, recommend Johnson's. Mothers who care for their children scientifically demand it above any other baby powder.

Make this simple hand test. Rub your palms together briskly and notice how the skin grows warm and moist. Repeat the motion, using Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. There is no friction, no ensuring warmth.



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First, give your baby his daily bath with Johnson's Baby Soap. Then sprinkle his body freely with Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Finally, relieve roughness, rash or any skin disorder with Johnson's Baby Cream.

YOUR DRUGGIST
is more than a merchant

Pals of the Paddock

Continued from page 65

MECHANICALLY the old man turned from the office and plodded through the mud toward the stables. He neither saw nor heard the salutations of those who passed him. He could think only of Chuck's treachery. Likely the youth had devised this for revenge because Dad would not consent to Hustler running in a framed race. Deep in his tortured soul the old man wished that it was any other than Chuck Ross, his faithful friend for many years, who had proved thus disloyal.

Sadly Dad opened the top door and was reaching for the hook at the bottom before he noticed that the stall was empty. He stepped back, nonplussed.

Slowly and by degrees his faculties returned to him, torturing his brain until he winced with the pain and reeled beneath the staggering shock of the worst calamity that had ever fallen to his lot. Hustler had been stolen!

His anguish demanding revenge, Dad rushed from the stables. He would lose no time in notifying the authorities. His way led him by the back stretch of the course and, though his brain was occupied with thoughts of injustice done to him, his eyes unconsciously rested on five thoroughbreds as they rounded the quarter-post.

A big black and a sorrel fought for the inside rail and the lead. The swing and style of the black brought Dad to the rail of the back stretch on the run, for those long sweeping jack-rabbit leaps were Hustler Joe's trade marks.

Go to it, Hustler! Show 'em your stuff! It's your track today. It's the soft track we've been prayin' for these many years."

Dad had forgotten his rheumatism. In his excitement he waved his hands in the air, and plucking his hat from his head, threw it away as unnecessary.

It was Hustler's track. The thoroughbred seemed to realize that the soft mud which hampered his opponents would serve as a padding to his sensitive hoofs. Without flinching he repeated leap after leap, apparently enjoying the exhilarating speed without pain in his hoofs.

Hustler and the big sorrel ran neck and neck for first place as they crossed the half-mile. Then the last dash. Dad reverently whispered a prayer that Chuck, for he instinctively felt that the jockey was Ross, understood his mount. If he did and acted by his knowledge, the race would be won.

The rider of the sorrel became impatient at the deadlock. He began to ply his quirt and loosen his grip on his reins. But Hustler's jockey brought howls of rage and indignation from the spectators. While his opponent used every device he knew to gain the necessary few inches that would bring his horse in a victor, Chuck tugged, strained and sawed on his lines. To the astonishment of all Hustler did not respond as expected. He became a runaway without thought of injury to sore hoofs. Infuriated he bounded ahead of the sorrel—a winner! Stubbornly he continued, and a full half mile was covered before Chuck regained control of his horse.

The unexpected turn of events caused Dad to spring on the track in his excitement, and as Hustler cantered back to the judges' stand the old man followed on the run. He arrived in time to hold Hustler's bridle as Chuck was dismounting.

"Don't shoot me here, Dad," the young man laughed. "I acknowledge I framed you, but I had to. After you got me wrong a horse trader couldn't have made you savvy that I knew how to bring the old boy in according to golden rule dope. So really Dad, I couldn't help but steal the old boy. Come on, Dad," he pleaded, "you can forget that I made Hustler run away with the purse, can't you?"

"You double-crossin' low-down—" Dad hesitated for an appropriate appellation. Failing which he motioned Chuck to dismount. Then as the latter complied with the demand, the old man threw his arms about his friend, and to Chuck's discomfort and the spectators' roars of approval, kissed the triumphant jockey's flushed cheek.

Film Favorite Shows Way to Good Form

A BEND in time may save a bulge later on.

That is the lexicon of beauty of Virginia Lee Corbin, pretty blonde featured player in First National Pictures.

"Slender is as slender does," says Virginia, and thereupon does her matutinal daily dozen with faithful regularity.

"Physical fitness is a primary requisite for the girl who would be a motion picture actress and varying tonnage isn't tolerated by any contract," says Miss Corbin, whose latest screen appearance is in "No Place to Go."

"If I should grow fat, or even plump, it would be a professional tragedy, at least for me."

"I might not gain a pound if I never waved an arm to a 'one, two, three' count, but I take no chances when it is so simple for me to keep my weight stationary and at the same time stay in good condition with plenty of pep and endurance for the hard work which I must do."

The programme of physical exercise which Virginia has evolved is a simple one, designed to flex every muscle in her lithe body and keep her slender figure at sweet sixteen.

"A stretching movement is always my beginning," she explains. "I stand before an open window wearing a gymnasium suit to give complete bodily freedom, then raise my arms above my head with an easy motion at the same time coming to tip-toe. Then I stretch, and keep on stretching just as far as I can."

"At the count of two I let my arms fall and the heels touch the floor, but hold the sensation of stretching as long as possible. This exercise I repeat ten times."

"For number two I stand with my feet together and my hands clasped above my head. In that position I bend from one side to the other as far as possible without moving the lower part of my body. That is repeated ten times."

"Following that I take a position with knees straight, arms extended full length and feet firmly on the ground, then twist the trunk to the left five times, then five times to the right."

"Next I swing the arms overhead and bending the trunk forward swing my arms with a swooping motion toward the floor between the legs, then swing the arms rapidly above my head. When I have repeated this five times I turn at the waist as in the preceding exercise and swing the arms downward, outside the right leg five times, then five times to the left."

"The next one is a little more difficult until the muscles have been limbered up. Assume a good standing position with head erect, chest out, chin drawn in, shoulders back, abdomen in and tense. The feet are planted far enough apart to give a good stretch. Extend the arms sideways and with the right hand touch the toe of the left foot five times. Reverse the movement to touch the right foot with the left hand an equal number of times. Just to make this a little harder and give the muscles a greater play after they have become flexible I always touch the floor on a line with my heel."

"The last exercise before my cold shower is one that had better be attempted slowly at first. Lie flat on the back and, without raising the knees from the floor any more than is absolutely necessary, lift the upper body and with arms high in the air describe an arc with the hands stretching toward the toes. This is an exceptionally good exercise for strengthening the abdominal muscles, but should not be attempted more than five times at first."

"Anyone who attempts these exercises will be stiff at first. That is to be expected when one realizes that muscles long unused are being brought to life, but perseverance will make them all easy and bring the physical well-being that will result from the exercise will be well worth a few days of stiffness."

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Have They Died in Vain?

TAKING as his text the following extract from the London Times, Ernest Raymond bids us pause and reflect upon the appeal of Armistice Day:

"There is one question that will hammer at all our hearts for many years to come. We have heard it often, the question that the dead themselves might ask: 'Have we died in vain?' and the question you hear asked by mothers and widows and orphaned children all over the world. The answer we can give will depend upon what superstructure we can build upon the foundations that have been cemented by their blood. It will be hard work, and it will be hard work to prove to the world that those deaths have not been in vain, for there is no toil like that of trying to mend things, trying to make the world better and happier."—Premier Baldwin.

"Have they died in vain?" asked the premier, and no man living dare answer him "Yes"; for that is the unthinkable thought; that would be a draught that none of us would have the courage to drink; if dispassionate thinking, and a careful survey of the world as it is today, must prove a futility in the cheerful self-offering of our eight hundred thousand dead, then it were better not to think. This much we all hold, and many of us turn away from a question so merciless.

But it is best faced and answered; and maybe the answer is something better than we know. But to believe in our answer when we find it, we must ignore nothing, we must hear the Devil's advocate to his last word. Disappointment is everywhere, and there is much matter for cynicism. The nations, it would seem, have learnt little and forgotten little; keeping their old jealousies and suspicions they arm and counter-arm. America, apparently despairing of Europe, has left it to its tortuous diplomacy and its entanglements. Men of the same blood and language strive with the old bitterness among themselves. Some of the "heroes" of yesterday walk today among the unemployed, and there are not too many of the comfortable classes who really seem to care. Idealism in literature has yielded place to a predominating school of cynicism and despair. Frivolity and selfishness, we are told, have captured the young people who seem quite unaware that they are the successors of a generation that turned from the good things of life and steadfastly set its face to go to Jerusalem. As far as the evidence can show, the dead have provided us with little except our perorations.

An Impalpable Legacy

SO FAR the case is dark enough, and we struggle to escape from the intolerable verdict. Perhaps the tale of how one man at least has escaped from it, and reached to great hopes, may be of help to those who are still bewildered and fearful. This has been my own line of escape. We must not expect to see in a palpable form the legacy won for us by the dead. It is with us; it is immense; but it is impalpable. It takes the form of Thought, and Thought in the long run is the most powerful thing in the world. What I mean is this: for every one who died there were two, five, possible twenty (both among those who fought at their sides and those who remained at home), whose habits of thinking and whose scale of values were utterly broken up and changed by the sight of the sacrifice and who began to think as never before. Perhaps they are typified by Mr. Britling, who, on hearing of his son's death, opened his atlas and tried to puzzle out a better arrangement of the world.

Now all these thinkers, young and old, strong-brained and poor-brained, are scattered over the face of the continents; they are quite unorganized, and can speak with no concerted voice; indeed, they are hardly heard, but they are letting loose their ideas everywhere, and ideas can be trusted to work and burrow alone. Many, I know, are arriving at ideas that are radically opposed to one another, but that hardly matters; truth will emerge as the ideas conflict. In addition to those who are trying to think and work there is (as was the case in the fighting armies) that great, ignorant, inarticulate mass of men

who could not think if they tried, but were dimly aware of their loyalty to the dead, and will always answer when the true deep calls to the true deep in them.

The Appeal of Armistice Day

ONCE or twice a year, this emerges into evidence. What is the only appeal that can unite this country till it has but a single heart—yes, and for a short hour, can unite the world? It is the appeal of Armistice Day. Armistice Day proves that the most powerful party in the country, the leadership to which every man owes allegiance, is the party of the Dead. Their influence is not the less because it cannot be seen nor caught nor measured; their kingdom is within us.

It is really a wonderful thought, this party operating among us, and touching our politics with, at any rate, a dim radiance from the light of eternity. I am not speaking as a spiritualist, nor touching upon the question of their personal survival or their personal interest in mundane things, but simply its power among us.

Consider. Europe in the last eight years has probably been a continent riper for war than it was in 1914, and yet something has saved us: conciliation and common sense have triumphed; and among the forces that have achieved this must be placed, beyond question, the silent pressure of the dead. I chanced to be in France in 1920 when feeling was very bitter against England, and a Frenchman, arguing with me in the train, declaimed: "I think you English are behaving abominably, Monsieur, but I don't see how you and we can possibly go to war. Not one of our regiments could pass your silent cemeteries."

Loyalty to the Dead

THE very cynicism of our literature, again, springs in part from loyalty to the dead; or, if it does not, well, every cynic knows that the ten millions who, with open eyes and of set purpose, gave their lives for their countries erected thereby an eternal, indestructible sentiment that is certain of its place in every philosophy of human nature. That alone was something to have done. The frivolity of the age is nothing against all I have said; they were frivolous, right up to the face of death. Frivolity is but one side of our nature; and they have a place in the better part.

One reservation must be added, that there be nothing facile in our optimism. The appeal of the dead will wane. It is not waning yet; it will be with us for a generation, and then it will lessen its power. So we come back to what the Premier said: It is the task of our generation, it must be the work of all our unorganized thinkers scattered over the world to propagate everywhere those ideas of conciliation and service which we feel to be the legacy of the dead, to establish them where possible in lasting form, to imprint them on our history books and our literature, so that when the time comes we can leave them behind us, in the assurance that they are enlarging, maturing, and multiplying.

For This Day

By H. H. Fariss

*Give me this day my daily bread,
Enough that I may freely share;
A healthy body, too, Good Lord,
One that I may give proper care.*

*I humbly ask let me be wise
To seek the better things to win,
And seeing error, find some way
To lead the erring from their sin.*

*Give me a mind that cleanly thinks
And grasps life's problems, old and new.
Don't let me think of self too much,
But serve, as Thou wouldst have me do.*

*Grant me the grace to laugh and sing,
Enjoy a good joke now and then,
For life was made for happiness.
For these I thank Thee, Lord: Amen.*



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Flooded Meadows

Continued from page 13

them almost as suddenly, to sit up with wide eyes. "He must have known all the time about the dam!"

THE next morning Louise carried on her usual work as if nothing had happened. She tried not to notice her father's accentuated attentions; he seemed to look on her in a new light. He fawned over her as people are apt to do over someone who has fallen heir unexpectedly to money. His actions disgusted her, till one thought was to get away, anywhere, as long as she got away from her present surroundings. She had decided to tell Hector McLeod that she was not going on the river, and—yes, and tell him she would not see him again. She told herself over and over that she had got on before she met him and could do so again, and she was going away in any case. She held under the feeling of being a martyr that struggled and fought for a hearing. Her youth called out at the vandalism of breaking up a friendship that had grown much more deeply than she realized. But her pride that was ruthless, was stronger. How could she be friends with anyone belonging to that horrible man? And yet, how could his son be so nice? And then doubt assailed her. He must have known that their land was being ruined; and yet inwardly she didn't believe he knew about the dam.

Louise left the house at the time when she thought Hector McLeod would be waiting for her; she didn't want to get there before him. She knew she would have to speak to him quickly. Just tell him that she couldn't go, and then return. She hurried toward their appointed meeting place. So engrossed were her thoughts that she repeatedly stumbled over rough bits of ground. She was blind to the peacefulness of the woods that throbbed with the song of birds rejoicing to be back in their summer haunts; she was deaf to all these things. But now her world was shattered. It was unbelievable that so short a time ago she had looked forward to this special afternoon. She slowed her pace, then stopped; her fingers toyed with the glossy foliage of a young pine. Something within her whispered: "Forget everything, go on the river with him, let yourself go, be in accord with the young things of the woods." Then a voice laughed—a mocking laugh—the voice of Sandy McLeod at her threats. She straightened; her expression changed from wistfulness to determination as she walked steadily toward a clump of cedars where her canoe lay. As she neared the canoe she saw it was all ready for launching, and lying inside was the largest box of chocolates she had ever seen, but beside it was something that for the moment brought tears to her eyes. Books with bright new covers. She turned to see Hector, his face wreathed in smiles, his eyes bright with suppressed excitement as he hurried toward her.

"Look!" he cried, holding up a huge trout. She heard herself saying something, but it didn't seem to be her voice.

"I am sorry, Mr. McLeod, I will not be able to go on the picnic." Her voice was hoarse. "I am afraid I have to get back to the house," she added.

"Go back to the house," he repeated, as if her words had been spoken in a foreign language and he was translating them. All traces of his smile vanished; she noticed his worried frown intensified a hundred-fold as she turned to go.

"But — but is there anything wrong?" he appealed.

"No, nothing," she said without turning. She heard him call; she thought he called "Louise," but she hurried on; she felt stunned, but she couldn't turn back. When she came in sight of the house, she saw her father lounging near the door, and turned away—anywhere to be alone.

She scrambled up a rounded hill that was backed by wide branching trees, while far below wound the river like a broad blue ribbon. It was a place that brought back a flood of memories. Among the trees stood the remains of a crude hut she had built when a child. Beneath one of the trees where a view of the river opened out, her mother used to sit and read aloud to her of distant lands. She realized her loneliness, and a great longing for her mother swept over her, someone to confide in. But the thought of feeling sorry for herself, a thing she despised in other people, made the hot tears, that had welled to her eyes, stop. The distant thunder of the dam that grew and faded as the movements of air carried it, drummed in her mind. She knew she could never be happy in this part of the country again. She would go away. She would strike out on her own. The adventure of going away thrilled her, but she could not go away without letting Sandy McLeod know she always stuck to her word. He must know that she had meant everything she had said. She stood up, her eyes bright as the thought flashed across her mind: she would do away with that dam. She had helped her father blow up stumps and had loved it. She would do the same with the dam; it would be quite easy, and, why not? He had ruined their meadows, why shouldn't she ruin his dam? With the plans quickly forming in her mind, she hurried down the slope, ducking her head to avoid low branches. On she ran, now bordering the river, then following higher ground, all the time the steady thunder of water came nearer till the dam loomed up before her, its bright new timber work shining in the sun, the water curved over its edge glistening like a steel ribbon.

It was not a particularly high dam, but in heightening it the water had backed over the meadows.

Louise studied the scene before her with a steady eye. Below the dam the water hissed and surged around large boulders that stood up like stepping-stones. At the first deep water where it rushed dark and sullen toward the long rapids below which she and Hector were to have launched the canoe. She decided she would have to go to Deer Lake Station by water; it was the quickest and easiest way. By this route she would avoid being questioned about the dam as some of the neighbors would be sure to hear the explosion and she would be far away by that time. She looked cautiously through the cedars; the canoe was still there. She turned away from the spot with a tinge of regret; perhaps she had been rude to him; too abrupt, but still, she thought, that was the only way she could have said anything. But it was all over now; her thoughts became engrossed on her plans. Her father would be in the village the next day. She would leave a note to say she was going away. No one need know anything about it. She felt impatient for the time to come. Nothing now would prevent her from starting a new life. She would be on her own. She had enough money to keep herself going until she found a job. She convinced herself that any kind of a job at first would do.

LOUISE waited till her father was well on his way to the village before she made her final preparations. The very reason her father had been nicer to her since he had talked about Hector made her feel resentful toward him. She was convinced it was pure selfishness on his part. She felt no regret at leaving him. She collected the fuses and dynamite that had been left over from the stumps, and with her few belongings started for the river. She walked away without once turning to look at the place that had been home. She never thought of the future, or whether she would ever see the place again; it made no difference; she had made up her mind to leave, and before she left she would show Sandy McLeod she had carried out her threat.

When she reached the dam, she satisfied herself that no one was about. She examined the canoe. It had been turned upside-down and the paddles laid carefully underneath to protect them, and as she righted it to be in readiness for her quick departure a feeling of loneliness swept over her. He had been the last to touch it; she forced herself to forget him and think only of the present. Anyhow, she thought, he wouldn't have anything to do with her after the dam was gone.

Louise zig-zagged over the boulders toward the dam, and worked calmly in the shelter of a pier, laying all the fuse she had; it wasn't very long, but she depended on the swift current of the river to carry her out of danger. She glanced up the damp crib-work of the pier. It seemed huge; it trembled with the fall of water over the spillway, whose deafening roar for the moment unnerved her. She shuddered to think of what was going to happen. She fought a strong desire to leave the dam and paddle down to Deerlake Station and take the train. But the thought of Sandy McLeod again goaded her to carry out her plan. She struck a match; her hands trembled as she touched the fuse, and as she turned panic seized her; she realized the tremendous force that would be set at large in a matter of minutes; once she slipped but quickly regained her balance as she sprang from stone to stone, the surging, sucking water lapped up to her feet as if trying to seize her.

She tugged frantically at the canoe to free it from its moorings. "Oh, water," she murmured, "carry me quickly away."

As she climbed into her canoe the bow was suddenly caught and held by a strong pair of hands.

"Louise, wait, you can't possibly go alone!" cried Hector, holding the canoe. She knew that she had to get away by water and delay was fatal—every moment too precious to wait to explain the danger—she would have to take him.

"Get in, it's our only chance!" she cried, her eyes wide with terror at the thought of the burning fuse.

The canoe swung out giddily as it was caught in the swirling water that carried it at a terrific pace which seemed slow to Louise's dread. Hector kneeling amidships, took up a paddle, ready at an instant's notice to swerve the bow from half-hidden rocks; the girl knelt behind him guiding the canoe.

At ordinary times the shooting of the rapids was a pleasant occupation with a wonderful thrill, a feat she had accomplished alone, but never in the spring freshet. She knew the course in the river perfectly. But this was different. They were fleeing from death—from a spluttering fuse which would free an energy that would destroy all in its path of freedom.

The canoe swept on, riding the swift-running water like some terrified animal fleeing from danger; one minute lifting on the crest of a wave to plunge

down a sudden drop, the hissing water all but engulfing them, but always the canoe righted itself to continue its mad flight.

Louise crouched waiting for the unknown behind, afraid to take her eyes from the water ahead, yet she experienced an overpowering desire to look behind. Were they far enough away from the dam, she wondered. She watched Hector's broad shoulders as he quickly dipped his paddle to swerve the bow to right or left. He understood the management of a canoe perfectly; she realized she could not have managed alone. She made up her mind she would tell him about the dam whenever they came into smooth water, yet a feeling of despair came over her at the thought of losing him. He would never have anything to do with her again.

Then from behind came a crashing boom that rolled above the hiss of water. Hector for the second turned his head to look up to a cloudless sky. On they flew, but from behind came a roar that grew like the approach of an express train. It reared over them as a solid wall of water. Louise tried to scream, but could not. Then as suddenly she was forced down, down, struggling, strangling for air, being turned and twisted by a thousand eddies, to be forced to the surface gasping for air, then sucked down for what seemed ages, then silence, to awaken to bewilderment. A voice called her. A voice she knew—and loved. She opened her eyes. She was in Hector's arms; he was carrying her and they were among trees. She nestled closer to him, like a tired child. She only knew that they were safe, and she was happy.

"Hector," she murmured, looking into his eyes as he gently set her on dry ground. "It was all my fault; I blew up the dam."

"Good Lord! that's what happened to the canoe!" His worried expression vanished as he spoke.

"But I blew it up purposely; it was flooding our meadows!" she said haif defiantly. She watched his face, expecting him to become angry, yet hoping he would forgive her.

For a moment he looked at her, then he spoke slowly.

"You are the pluckiest thing I ever met."

"But your father—what will he say?" she asked, wide-eyed surprise showing in her face at his lack of interest in the dam.

"Oh, that's all right; it's the best thing that could have happened; it's saved poor old Dad no end of expense."

"But your dad built it!"

"Oh, no, Dad didn't build it. He's raging about it. You see," he explained, "old Sandy has developed a regular mania for building dams where they are really not needed, in fact they hold up the spring drive of logs, and Dad sent me up to look after the matter."

"And old Sandy McLeod is not your father?"

"Oh, heavens, no," laughed Hector. "He's no relation. He's manager of this part of the business, but there's a new manager here to take his place," he said, looking into her eyes. "I'm going to take his place, and you're going to help me," he said resolutely, taking her into his arms.

The traveller had engaged a native to show him the more picturesque spots in Ireland. At one part of the trip the guide, pointing to some distant mountains, astonished the visitor by saying: "You see those mountains? Well, them's the highest in the world."

"Is that so?" replied the other, surprised.

"Sure," replied the guide, "exceptin', of course them in furrin parts."



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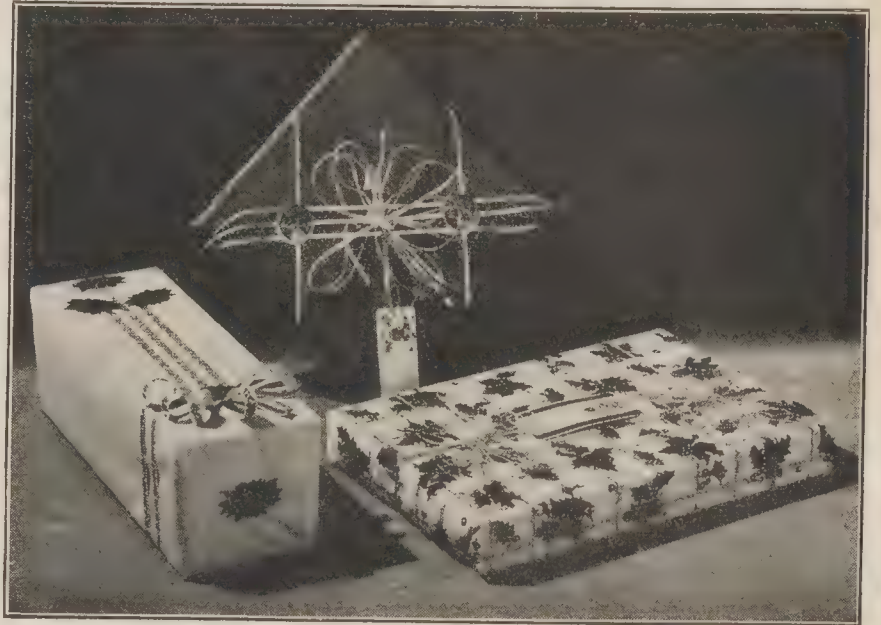


Some Ideas for Christmas

By Dorothy Wright

IT is time now to think about this year's Christmas gifts that are to be bought and that are to be made and particularly those that are to be made. You remember, don't you, last year when you resolved that you would begin earlier another year and not be so rushed with a hundred and one things to do all at once?

articles that can be made or decorated with sealing wax and that will make exquisite and practical gifts; vases, trays, lamps, lamp shades, boxes, screens, flowers, candles, candlesticks, clothes hangers, bowls, beads, pendants, plaques and book-ends. This is by no means a complete list, but it will give you a fair



"Dressed Up" Christmas Packages

And you remember the price you were obliged to pay for some things that, if you had the time, you could have made for less than half the amount? So why not start this very minute to learn to make some gifts that are different and that will be sure to please the most fastidious of persons. And, too, there is the greater pleasure to be derived from gifts that you make yourself—the double pleasure of making and of giving. First, I am going to tell you about some new uses of sealing wax in gift making, and then about basket making with crepe paper rope. I shall tell you, too, how to make some of those adorable wire dolls you have seen and wondered just how they were made, and lastly about "dressing up" your Christmas packages.

to 24 hours, depending upon the size of the broken pieces of wax.

The cut-out crepe paper design is first pasted in position on the vase and the entire surface of the vase and the design is then painted with transparent amber sealing wax paint. When this is thor-

The Vase and Book-ends

The use of sealing wax for decorative purposes is something comparatively new in the realm of art. It is one of the most interesting craft materials because it is so easy to handle that an inexperienced person can use it successfully. For the persons talented in art craft it provides a wide field for expressing and developing their skill. The wax may be had in a variety of shades and colors—about 36—making it possible to secure most unusual effects when dissolved in denatured alcohol, and used as a paint, or heated and used for covering surfaces in various ways. Let me name just a few of the many idea of the possibilities of gifts in the sealing wax craft.

The vase shown in the illustration is of plain unglazed pottery. It is decorated with a design cut from crepe paper, and



An attractive little wire lady



Plain unglazed Pottery decorated with sealing wax and crepe paper

painted with sealing wax paint. The paint is made by breaking a stick of wax (any color desired) into small particles, covering with denatured alcohol, and allowing it to stand in an air-tight container until dissolved—this takes from 12

oughly dry the color for the background is painted. It may be a plain color or shaded from dark to light. Several tints may be merged together by working the colors together with a brush dipped in clear alcohol. A background in stippled effect is very pretty and is produced by applying the paint by holding the brush in a perfectly vertical position and using a quick up and down motion. The crepe paper designs are sometimes outlined in black making them doubly attractive. A fine camel's hair brush is used for the outline, and is done after the background has been painted and thoroughly dried. A rather stiff brush is used for painting the background.

The design on the book-ends is of crepe paper and is pasted on in the same manner as explained for the vase. The design, however, instead of being painted over with the transparent amber wax, is raised and moulded into shape. To make the raised designs the end of the stick of wax is heated and dropped in place—two or three drops is sufficient for one small petal. When it has slightly cooled it is pressed into shape with a

Continued on page 96

Pressureless Point— Non-Breakable Barrel

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Something Different for Thanksgiving

ONE may feel that turkey is the only appropriate meat to serve for Thanksgiving. If so, for the sake of variety, the "fixin's" may be different; the dessert need not be pumpkin pie. The turkey may have a different stuffing. Something new in vegetables may be served.

Raisin-Prune Stuffing

Bread Crumbs, 4 c. Raisins, 1 c.
Fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Prunes, 1 c.
Poultry Seasoning, 1 t. Chopped Onion, 1 tb.
Salt and Pepper Egg, 1

The egg is not necessary unless one wishes to serve it sliced, cold with the cold turkey. Pour 1 pint of boiling water over the raisins and prunes and let stand, covered, till cold. Drain. Cut the prunes in pieces. Mix the fruit with the crumbled bread crumbs, seasonings and fat. If necessary, add a little water, but care should be taken that the stuffing is not too moist. The fat may be finely chopped suet, butter, or bacon drippings.

Oyster Stuffing

Crumbs, 1 qt. Pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Oysters, 1 c.
Chopped Celery, 2 tb.
Minced Onion, 1 tb.
Salt, 1 t.

Crumble the bread, add the melted butter, seasonings, and oysters which have been picked over and drained, and cut in pieces.

Stuffing for Roast Goose

Butter, 4 tb. Egg, 1
Salt, 1 t. Sage, 1 t.
Hot Mashed Potato, 2 c.
Soft Stale Crumbs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Chopped Salt Pork, 4 tb.
Chopped Onion, 4 tb.

Mix all ingredients together carefully.

Potato Stuffing

For roast goose or duck.
Liver of Bird Mashed Potato, 3 c.
Chopped Celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Chopped Onion, 1 tb.
Egg, beaten, 1 Bread Crumbs, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Butter, 3 tb. Salt and Pepper

Cook the goose or duck liver in boiling water for twenty to thirty minutes, drain (using the liquid for gravy), cool and chop. Fry the bread crumbs in the butter till golden brown. Mix all the ingredients together.

Orange Sauce for Roast Duck

Use $\frac{1}{4}$ c. of the fat from the roasting pan in which the duck was cooked. Add 4 tb. of flour. Stir till well browned. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. of hot water or stock. Season with salt and pepper and just before serving add 1 t. of lemon juice, and the grated rind and juice of 1 large orange, leaving it on the stove only long enough to be sure it is hot.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

Cook the sweet potatoes in boiling water for 10 minutes, peel and cut in halves lengthwise. Lay on a shallow pan. Make a syrup by boiling together for 2 minutes, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ c. water, then adding 2 tb. butter. Brush over the potatoes, and baste at intervals with the remaining syrup. Bake for about half an hour.

Riced Sweet Potatoes

Boil the sweet potatoes till tender (about half an hour), peel, put through the potato ricer, sprinkling with salt while doing it, and dot with butter.

Cauliflower Fritters

Cut a firm large cauliflower into flowerets, soak in cold salted water, then cook in boiling water for 20 minutes, drain and cool. Just before serving, dip

each piece in fritter batter, and fry a golden brown in deep hot fat, drain on brown paper, and serve at once.

Fritter Batter

Flour, 1 c. Eggs, 2
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Melted Butter, 1 tb.

Mix the flour, salt, beaten egg yolks, melted butter, beat well, then fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Have all parts of each floweret covered with the batter.

This is a dish it is not wise to serve if there are many other last-minute things to do.



An Effective Table Decoration for Thanksgiving Dinner

Stuffed Celery

Select stalks of celery which have deep grooves. Fill the cavity with a mixture of soft cream cheese, chopped stuffed olives, and chopped well-drained sweet pickles. Cut the stuffed pieces of celery in 2-inch lengths. Put on a dish, interspersed with olives.

Baked Sweet Potatoes and Apples

Parboil 6 large sweet potatoes for 15 minutes. Drain and peel, and slice in rather thick slices. Core and peel six tart apples. Put in alternate layers in a greased bake dish. Pour over them a syrup made of 4 tb. butter, 4 tb. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. water boiled together 5 minutes, or till the sugar is melted. Cover and bake till the potatoes and apples are tender, uncover and brown, and serve in the dish in which they are baked. A very little salt should be sprinkled on the potatoes as they are put in the dish.

Squash Fluff

Cooked Squash, 2 c. Brown Sugar, 1 tb.
Salt, 1 t. Pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Milk, $1\frac{1}{4}$ c. Eggs, 2

Mash the steamed, baked or boiled squash, add the seasonings, milk, and beaten egg yolks. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites, pile in a buttered dish and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Kiss Pudding

Egg Whites, 6 Sugar, 1 c.
Vinegar, 1 tb. Fruit
Whipped Cream

Beat the egg whites till stiff, then beat in gradually the sugar and vinegar and continue beating till it will hold its shape. Pile on a large pie plate, preferably

glass or earthenware, and bake in a very cool oven till browned and firm to touch. Cool and serve with fresh or preserved fruit on top of it and garnished with whipped cream.

Frozen Fruit

Bury a can of any chosen fruit in ice and salt for four hours. Open the can, slice the fruit with a sharp knife, and put whipped cream on top. Sliced peaches or apricots are especially good.

Apricot Whip

Pick over dried apricots, soak overnight in cold water enough to cover. Simmer till tender in the water in which they were soaked. Add a little lemon juice, and sugar to taste. Cool. Mash to a pulp. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites, pile on a buttered bake dish, and bake in a slow oven for 20 minutes. Serve cold with custard sauce.

II

To the Apricot pulp add whipped cream, pile lightly in glass dishes, chill and serve.

TOMATO TIME

The tomato is one of our newer foods. Not quite a hundred years ago was it brought to this country. It is only recently that people decided it would not poison them. "Love apples," as our grandmothers called them, are still almost unknown in most of Europe. Very few people from the "old country" have tasted or learned to like them before coming to live in Canada. As recently as ten or fifteen years ago, we looked on tomatoes as an expensive luxury, owing to the very slight food value they contained. Now we know that there is scarcely another food as rich in vitamins

as the tomato, especially in the vitamins which prevent rickets. So valuable is it that in many hospitals canned tomato juice is fed to tiny babies. The vitamins are either so plentiful that enough are left after canning, or else they are of such a nature that canning does not destroy them. In any case, canned tomatoes are an exceedingly rich source of vitamins.

During several months of fall and early winter, with a little planning we may have abundant supply of ripe tomatoes, by putting the green ones away in the dark, between layers of papers in boxes and baskets, in any cool place. They are delicious either raw or cooked. The surplus may be canned.

Canned Tomato Soup

Ripe Tomatoes, 1 pail Onions, 4 large
Butter, 1 lb. Flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Sugar, 1 c. Salt
Cayenne Pepper

Cut up the tomatoes and onions, and cook till tender, taking care that they do not scorch. Strain. Rub the butter and flour together, pour on a little hot tomato juice at a time till well blended, then add to the rest of the hot tomato juice, add the sugar, and salt and cayenne to taste. Stir over the fire till it boils up, then seal in sterilized jars. This may be used in a variety of ways during the winter—adding to milk or water or stock for soup, as sauce, in salad dressing, etc.

Baked Red Bunnies

Bread Slices Cheese
Tomatoes Bacon
Cut the desired number of slices of bread. On each lay a slice of cheese, on that a slice of ripe tomato, on top of that a piece of bacon. Put in a pan and set in a hot oven till the bacon is cooked. The bread will

Continued on page 74



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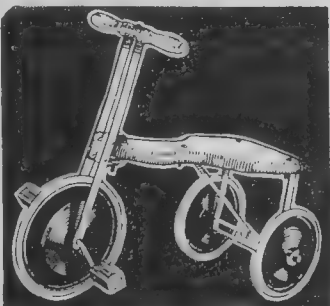
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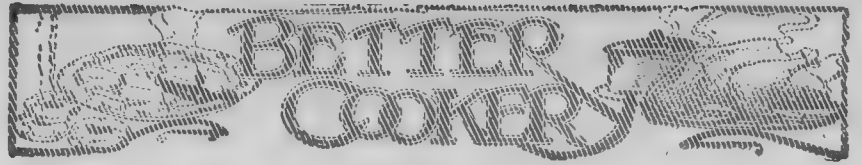
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Continued from page 73

be toasted, the cheese melted and the tomato cooked as soon as the bacon is done. When ripe tomatoes are not available, a spoonful of tomato sauce or of tomato soup (canned), may be put on the cheese. This makes an excellent luncheon or supper dish.

Broiled Creamed Tomatoes

Slice unpeeled tomatoes, vertically, rather than crosswise, in rather thick slices. Brown in butter in a frying pan. Remove each slice when done, carefully to a serving dish, and keep hot. When the required amount of tomatoes are cooked, rub a little flour in the butter and tomato juice in the pan, till smooth and slightly browned, then carefully add milk, and stir over the fire carefully till smooth and thick, season and pour over the tomatoes and serve at once—on toast if wished. Use 2 tb. of flour to 1 c. of milk.

Tongue and Tomato Salad

For Sunday-night supper.

Cucumber Celery
Chopped Pickle Salad Dressing
Firm Ripe Tomatoes
Diced Cooked Tongue

Cut the tops from the tomatoes and scoop out the pulp. Cut the celery and cucumber in cubes, add the meat, chilled, and a tablespoon of chopped pickle, and moisten with salad dressing. Fill the tomato cups with the mixture, put a little dressing on top, and stick a sprig of parsley in it. Serve on lettuce leaves, with brown bread and butter.

Jellied Vegetable Salad

Gelatine, 2 tb. Tomatoes, 2 c.
Cold Water, 3 tb. Onion, 1 small
Salt, 1 t. Celery
Sugar, 1 t. Cucumber
Peas, ½ to 1 c.

Cook the tomatoes, onion, salt and cut-up celery leaves or tough pieces, for about 15 minutes. Strain, add the sugar and the gelatine dissolved in the cold water. When it begins to thicken, stir in the peas, rings of celery, and cubes of cucumber which have been drained in a colander. Serve with salad dressing on lettuce leaves. The salad may be molded in either individual or one large mold.

Hot Tomato and Bacon Sandwiches

Sliced Tomatoes Toast
Bacon Lettuce
Salad Dressing

Have the lettuce shredded and the tomatoes sliced before making the sandwiches. Toast the thin slices of bread, butter slightly, put lettuce on one slice, then hot bacon, slices of tomato, salad dressing, and cover with a second thin slice of toast. Serve at once.

Hot Tomato-Ham Sandwich

Make sandwiches of white bread buttered, and cooked ham, either sliced or chopped and mixed with tomato juice to hold it together. Toast the sandwiches, which will also heat the filling, and lay on a hot platter. Cover with a sauce made of: Salt and Pepper Flour, 1½ to 2 tb.
Worcestershire Sauce, 1 t.
Onion Juice, a few drops
Butter 1 tb.
Cooked Tomato 2 c

Strain the tomato, add the flour and cook till thick, then add the butter and seasonings. Serve at once.

Baked Tomatoes and Spaghetti

Wipe firm large ripe tomatoes, cut a slice from the top, and scoop out the inside. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mix together 3 c. cooked spaghetti, 1 c. medium white sauce and 4 tb. grated cheese. Pack into the tomato shells, put in a baking dish and cook till the tomatoes are tender, but not broken. A few moments before taking from the oven, put a little more grated cheese on the top of each. This amount of spaghetti is sufficient for 6 or 8 good-sized tomatoes.

Creole Baked Tomatoes

Cut the tops from large firm tomatoes and scoop out the pulp. Chop the pulp and add to it 1 c. chopped cooked meat,

1 c. bread crumbs, salt, pepper, 1 tb. finely chopped onion, and if the meat is very lean, a little melted butter. Pack into the tomato shells, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake in a buttered baking dish till the tomatoes are done. Baste if necessary, with hot water and butter. Serve with boiled rice.

Baked Tomatoes and Corn

Chopped Onion, 1 t. Butter, 2 tb.
Green Pepper, ½ Salt and Pepper
Large Ripe Tomatoes, 6
Corn, cooked or canned, 2 c.

Scoop the pulp from the tomatoes, sprinkle the inside with salt and pepper. Mix the corn and tomato pulp, add to the onion and butter and a little chopped green pepper if it is liked, which have been cooked till the onion is yellow, stir over the fire till well heated, drain, reserving the juice. Pack into the tomato cups, cover with buttered crumbs, bake in a hot oven till tender, basting occasionally with the liquid drained from the corn mixture. If some remains in the bake dish, it may be thickened and poured around the tomatoes when ready to serve.

Grilled Tomatoes

Wipe the tomatoes and cut in halves, crosswise. Put in a bake dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dot with butter, cook in a hot oven till tender—(8 to 10 minutes). Put on a hot platter and pour over them the following sauce.

Mustard, 2 t. Paprika, ½ t.
Sugar, 2 t. Flour, 2 t.
Butter, 3 tb. Vinegar, 2 tb.
Water, 2 tb.

The amount of vinegar and water may be varied according to the strength of the vinegar. Mix the ingredients together and cook till thick. Serve hot.

Tomato and Egg Salad

Cut small ripe tomatoes in sections, lengthwise (quarters or sixths). Shell hardcooked eggs, and cut in quarters or sixths, lengthwise. Arrange alternate sections of egg and tomato, in a circle on lettuce leaves on a platter. Serve in a separate dish, salad dressing to which has been added a little grated cheese.

Curried Tomatoes

Cut firm ripe tomatoes in halves, crosswise. Dip in flour, sprinkle with salt and paprika. Cook a tablespoon of very finely chopped onion in 3 tb. of butter, seasoned with celery salt. Carefully cook the tomatoes in the butter when the onion is softened. Lift to hot slices of buttered toast, and keep hot while making a sauce by adding to the butter and tomato juice 1 tb. flour mixed with 1 t. curry powder, stir till brown, then add slowly ½ to 1 c. milk. Season if needed, cook till thick and smooth, and pour over the tomatoes.

Tomatoes with Bacon

Cut firm tomatoes in halves, crosswise, lay in a buttered pan, put thin slices of bacon on top of each, and cook in a hot oven till the bacon is crisp.

BEANS IN MANY WAYS

The humble bean is one of our excellent foods which deserves a place on our tables far oftener than it is served. It is an excellent substitute for meat, and other expensive protein foods. But to be good, it must be properly cooked. There is a vast difference between rich, juicy dark-brown beans as they are baked in Boston, and the pallid, unappetizing article we frequently see. If one has not the time and patience to cook them all day long, it would be better to open a can of commercial ones, even though they cannot compare with the genuine home-baked variety, no matter what the advertisements say.

As Boston Bakes Them

It pays to bake a quantity of beans at a time, during the cold weather, and re-heat them when wanted. The ideal vessel is an old-fashioned earthen-ware

Continued on page 75

A MATTER OF DOLLARS

THERE are many ways in which Knox Sparkling Gelatine can help you save food and save money in the kitchen—especially on Monday, when there are left-over meats and vegetables from Sunday.

A meat loaf made with Knox Gelatine is simply delicious—exquisite—the family will forget that the meat is making its second appearance on the dinner table. And just as appetizing is the Vegetable Ring, another Knox Gelatine triumph in economy. Try them—and write for Mrs. Knox's book on "Food Economy." It will surprise you with its many practical suggestions. And remember that Knox Gelatine is in itself an economy—one package contains enough gelatine to make four different dishes, six servings of each!

MEAT LOAF



Take two cups of any left-over well seasoned stock, bouillon or diluted gravy, bring to the boiling point and add one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine softened in one-half cup cold water. When mixture begins to stiffen, add two cups of any cold chopped meat at hand (veal, ham, beef or chicken). Also mold in a little red or green pepper, celery, sliced, hard boiled eggs, onion if desired, or parsley. Turn into a square mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold and cut in slices for serving.

VEGETABLE RING



$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar.
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice.
1 teaspoonful salt.
1 cup celery, cut in small strips.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded cabbage.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned peas.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup small cucumber cubes.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water; then add sugar, vinegar, lemon juice, and salt. Strain, cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vegetables. Turn into a ring mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove to serving dish, and arrange around jelly thin slices of cold, cooked meat. Fill center with boiled salad dressing.

Be sure to write for Mrs. Knox's Book, "Food Economy"—it is free upon request—unusually helpful to the woman who keeps a watchful eye on the Family Budget. Please address the Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
Dept. K, 180 St. Paul St.
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Continued from page 74

bean pot, with a lid of the same material. They are not expensive, and can be used for a number of purposes, so that two or three jars are desirable equipment to secure. Pyrex dishes with lids are equally satisfactory, but more expensive.

Pea Beans, 3 pts. Brown Sugar, 2 tb.
Salt, 2 tb. Mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Fat Salt Pork, 1 lb. Vinegar, 2 tb.

Pick over the beans, and soak overnight in cold water to cover. In the morning, drain, add $\frac{1}{2}$ t. soda, cover again with cold water, bring to the boiling point and boil for 15 minutes. Scrape and scald the rind of the pork, and cut it every half inch to a depth of an inch. Cut the pork in as many pieces as you will have dishes of beans. Mix together the sugar, salt, pepper, mustard, molasses, vinegar, and add to the beans. Divide the beans among the dishes used for baking them, and bury a piece of the pork in each one. Fill the pots with boiling water, cover, and bake for at least 6 hours, in a slow oven. Add more water if needed.

Wash the grapes and pick from the stems before measuring. Cook till soft then rub through a strainer, add the spices and vinegar and simmer till thick.

Tomato Catsup

Ripe Tomatoes Onions
Sweet Red Pepper

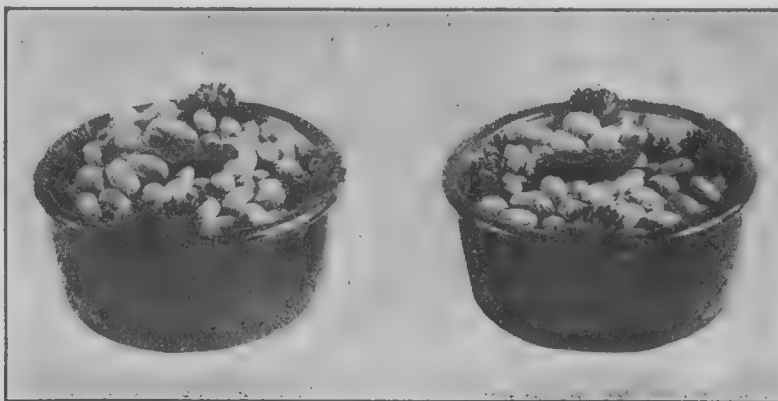
Use 1 medium onion and half a cup of the chopped sweet pepper to every 2 quarts of cut-up tomato. Boil till the tomatoes are cooked. Rub through a sieve, measure and to every quart of the juice and pulp, add:

Whole Allspice, 1 t. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Sugar, 1 tb. Whole Cloves, 1 t.
Mustard, 1 t. Cinnamon, 1 t.
Vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Peppercorns, 1 t.

Put the spices in a bag, and add to the tomato with the salt, sugar and vinegar. Cook till thick, taking care that it does not scorch. Seal while hot in sterilized bottles.

Lima Beans

Soak dried lima beans overnight in enough water to cover. Boil till soft but



Baked Pork and Beans

Boston Brown Bread

Is the perfect accompaniment for baked beans, with a catsup of grapes, apples, or tomatoes. This quantity makes a large amount, which may be heated as wanted.

Corn Meal, 2 c. Molasses, 1 c.
Graham Flour, 2 c. Salt, 2 t.
Soda, 3 t. Sour Milk, 1 qt.
Wheat or Rye Flour, 2 c.

If sweet milk is used, either use the soda and 4 t. cream of tartar, or 7 t. of baking powder. Raisins are an improvement. Any combination of flour may be used in place of those specified.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add the milk and molasses, beat well, and put in well-greased covered molds, baking powder cans are excellent, filling not more than two thirds full, cover and steam $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The molds may be set on a false bottom in any large closely covered kettle, or a roasting pan, keeping the water boiling throughout the cooking time. To cut, divide the loaves with a strong string, rather than with a knife. To be eaten with a fork, served on the plate with the beans. When cold, it makes delicious sandwiches, being then stiff enough to eat in the fingers like any other bread. To reheat, steam again for about 45 minutes.

Apple Catsup

Sour Apples, 10 lbs. Mustard, 4 t.
Water, 3 qts. Cinnamon, 3 tb.
Sugar, 5 c. Salt, 4 tb.
Paprika, 3 t. Onions, 2 small
Cloves, 4 t. Vinegar, 2 qts.

Weigh the apples after washing, quartering and coring. Add the water and cook till soft. Rub through a strainer, add the other ingredients and simmer till a rich red color, and as thick as desired. Seal while hot.

Grape Catsup

Vinegar, 4 c. Cloves, 4 tb.
Allspice, 4 tb. Cinnamon, 4 tb.
Salt, 4 tb. Cayenne, 1 t.
Concord Grapes, 6 qts.
Brown Sugar, 4 lbs.

not broken, adding a little salt when half done. It will require about an hour or a few minutes longer. Drain off any surplus liquid, add a little cream, or milk and butter, and salt if needed. Reheat over hot water.

Beans with Dumplings

Use cooked lima or navy beans, or canned baked beans. Add enough well-flavored liquid that there will be no danger of the beans burning. Soup stock, gravy, water with beef extract and a lump of butter may be used. Have the beans and juice boiling. Make a batter of:

Shortening, 2 tb. Flour, 2 c.
Baking Powder, 4 t. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Beaten Egg, 1 Milk

Sift the flour, salt and baking powder together, rub in the fat, add the well-beaten egg, and enough milk to make a batter which will just drop from the spoon. Drop by spoonfuls quickly on the top of the boiling beans. Cover tightly and do not lift the lid for 18 minutes, when the dumplings should be served at once. Pile them around the edge of a large hot platter with the beans in the middle.

Succotash

Heat together approximately equal quantities of cooked lima beans and corn, either canned, or cooked and cut from the cob. Season with salt, pepper and butter.

Lima Beans with Tomato

Cook lima beans, after soaking overnight, till soft. Add to the drained beans a rich tomato sauce, made of cooked tomato, 1 c. flour, 2 tb. butter, 4 tb. salt and pepper; heat in the oven.

Spanish Beans

Tomato, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt, 2 t.
Soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Paprika, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Chopped Onion, 1 Chopped Pepper, 1
Red Kidney Beans, 2 c.
Fat Salt Pork, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

Continued on page 78

A MATTER OF SENSE

KNOX Sparkling Gelatine has become so important as a food for daily use in the home that it is worthy of your careful interest and thought! Remember that Knox Sparkling Gelatine is the purest of gelatine—has been for over forty years. It contains no flavoring, no coloring, no sweetening. That is why it is so healthful—and so delicious. That is why the desserts and salads prepared with it have a home-made (not a ready-made) appearance and taste! That is why it blends so attractively and zestfully with all kinds of fruits, vegetables, meats, eggs, fish, etc.! Two favorite Knox Gelatine recipes are here presented to you. Other delightful recipes are in the package.

FRUIT FAVORETTE



Soak one-half envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-half cup cold water ten minutes, and dissolve in one cup hot fruit juice (using any left-over fresh or canned fruit juices). Add one-half cup sugar, one tablespoonful lemon juice and some of the fresh or canned fruit if desired. When mixture begins to set, add white of one egg beaten until light. Beat all well together. Turn into a mold first dipped in cold water, and chill.

HAWAIIAN SALAD



$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
1 cup cucumber.
1 cup canned sliced pineapple.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar.
 $\frac{1}{8}$ cup pineapple syrup.
1 tablespoonful tarragon vinegar, if desired.
1 tablespoonful lemon juice.
Few grains salt.

Pare, chop, and drain cucumber; there should be one cup. Chop and drain pineapple; there should be one cup. Mix cucumber and pineapple, and add gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water and dissolved in boiling water; then add remaining ingredients. Turn into individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from molds to nest of lettuce leaves. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing.

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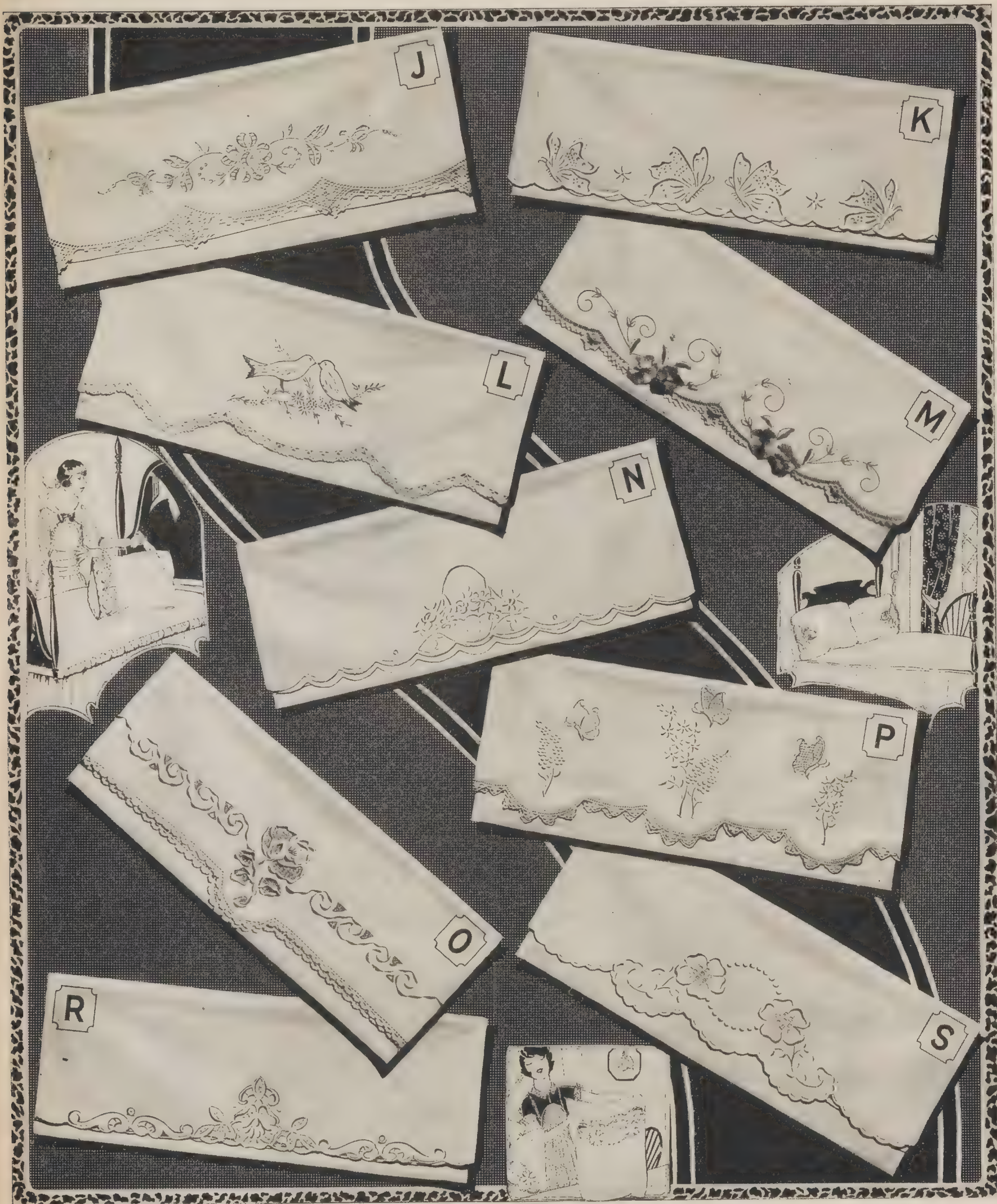
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CROSSE & BLACKWELL (Canada) Limited, TORONTO



Continued from page 75

Pick over the beans and soak overnight. Drain, cover with cold water, add the soda, bring to a boil and boil for 15 minutes. Drain. Add the tomato, diced pork, seasonings and enough water to cover. Simmer gently for 6 or 8 hours. Add a little water as it may be needed.

Lima Bean Soup

Parsley, 2 sprigs Celery Leave
Butter, 2 tb. Flour, 1 tb.
Milk, 3 c. Salt and Pepper
Dried Lima Beans, 1 c.
Chopped Onion, 1 tb.
Carrot, chopped 4 tb.

Soak the beans overnight. Drain, add 1 quart of cold water, the chopped onion carrot, and parsley and celery leaves or coarse stalks if available, and cook till soft. Rub through a coarse sieve. Add the milk, flour, butter, salt and pepper, and cook over hot water for 15 minutes or a little longer.

Baked Bean Soup

Cold Water, 6 c. Sliced Onion, 2 tb.
Tomato, 1½ c. Butter, 2 tb.
Flour, 1 tb. Salt and Pepper
Cold Baked Beans, 3 c.
Celery, a few stalks

Cook the beans, water, chopped onion and celery stalks or leaves slowly for 20 or 30 minutes. Rub through a sieve, add the tomato, flour, butter, salt and pepper to taste, and cook till the flour is done.

Bean Stew

Tomatoes, 1 pt. Water, 1 pt.
Diced Potatoes, 2 c. Butter, 2 tb.
Canned Red Beans, 2 c.
Celery, cut in pieces, 1 c.
Onion, chopped, 3 tb.
Salt and Pepper to taste

Cook all together for 30 or 35 minutes.

Mexican Chili

Tomato, 1 c. Water, 2 qts.
Red Kidney Beans, 2 c.
Hamburg Steak, 1 lb.
Chopped Onion, 1 medium
Fat Pork (chopped), 2 tb.
Chili Powder and Salt to taste

Soak the beans overnight, drain. Add the 6 cups of water and cook slowly till soft. Cook the pork fat and hamburger steak in the remaining water for 2 hours. When partly done add the tomatoes and onion. Combine the two mixtures, add seasonings and serve.

Stewed Chicken

Draw and cut up a fowl. Put it with the giblets in enough boiling water to cover. Add 1 t., salt to each quart of water. Cook for 15 minutes, then in the cooker for ten hours. If the bird is very tough, re-heat and cook a few hours longer. Serve in any desired manner.

Dried Navy Beans

Soak the beans overnight. Drain, add three qts., of boiling salted water to each cup of beans, and a little soda. Boil ten minutes, and cook in the cooker for about eight hours. Use in any way desired.

Beets

Scrub the beets, cut off the stalks two or three inches from the beet (if they are wilted, soak in cold water till firm,) cook in boiling salted water for ten minutes, then in the cooker for six or eight hours. Remove from the water and peel.

Apple Tapioca

Pearl tapioca, ½ c. Sugar, ¾ c.
Water, 3 or 4 c. Salt, ½ t.
Butter, 2 tb. Apples, 6.

Soak the tapioca over-night, or for an hour or so. Drain, add the boiling water (3 c., for a warm pudding, 4 c., if to be eaten cold,) salt sugar, and apples, pare and cut in quarters. Cook five to ten minutes, then in the cooker for one or two hours. Serve with cream and sugar.

Stewed Rhubarb

Rhubarb, 3 qts. Sugar, 4 c.
Water, 1½ c.

Cut the rhubarb in inch pieces, add the water and sugar and when boiling put in the cooker for two or three hours.

Boiled Dinner

Lean salt pork or corned beef, 2 or 3 lbs.
Cabbage, 1 head. Turnips, 3 or 4.
Potatoes, 12 or 15. Carrots, 6 or 8.
Pepper, ½ t. Water to cover.

Wash the meat and cut it in gashes. Wash and pare the vegetables and cut in pieces if large. The number of each will depend on their size. Put all but the potatoes in the cooker pail and cover with boiling water. Cook ten or fifteen minutes after they start to boil. Put in the cooker for six to eight hours. Two hours before serving the potatoes may be added and the whole re-heated to the boiling point, or the potatoes may be cooked separately and put on the platter with the meat and other vegetables, to serve.

Irish Stew

Beef, 2 lbs. Celery, ½ c.
Potatoes, 2 c. Flour, 4 tb.
Turnip, ½ c. Fat, 4 tb.
Carrot, 1 c. Water, 3 c.
Onion, ½ c. Salt and pepper.

Cut the meat in inch pieces, roll in the flour and brown in the fat. Cut the potatoes in inch cubes, the carrots and turnips in small cubes, chop the celery and onion quite fine. Put all the ingredients in the cooker, boil five minutes and then cook in the cooker for five or six hours. If the gravy is not quite thick enough, add a little more flour and bring to a boil. Add more salt and pepper if necessary.

Beef Tongue

Wash the tongue, put in the cooker pail with water to cover it, boil for half an hour, remove to the cooker, and cook for ten or twelve hours. Plunge in cold water, and remove the skin. Either corned or fresh tongue may be used. A corned tongue should be put on the stove in cold water. A fresh tongue would have boiling water added to it. An onion, bit of bay leaf, salt and pepper may be added to it.

Jellied Chicken

Cook the chicken as above for fifteen or eighteen hours, with a little onion added, reheating about the middle of the cooking process. Cook till tender enough to fall readily from the bones. Remove all the meat. Boil the stock down to about one cupful, skim off all fat. Pack the meat in a dish, pour the stock, well-seasoned, over it and leave in a cold place till firm.

DAINTIES FOR THE CONVALESCENT

By Phoebe Cole

THE choice of foods for the convalescent diet depends, of course, upon the nature of the illness through which the invalid has just come, as well as upon his personal taste and the whims that may be noticed in his weakened condition. But every effort should be made to provide tempting looking and tasting surprises for the convalescent, just as soon as the doctor recommends solid foods.

Temperature is especially important in making the invalid's tray tempting; hot things should be really hot, and cold things quite cold, served on cold dishes.

Most invalids and convalescents crave the stimulating, mild tartness of the citrus fruits, and these are much more appetizing and delicious to the sick as well as the normally healthy, when kept on the ice until time to serve. A tepid grapefruit or a warmish orange is not appealing at all. A glass of cold lemonade or orangeade or the clear, undiluted juice of the latter fruit, is always a welcome drink to the invalid or convalescent, and dietitians have proved that the natural salts and minerals of these fruits actually help rebuild the depleted bodily tissues of the patient. Their vitamine content is high, and vitamins are health-builders.

Eggs are usually an important item in the convalescent's diet, but he will get

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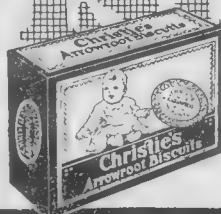
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unmercifully sick of soft boiled eggs, and poached eggs on toast, which are the standard home ways of offering them. The eggs can be deftly hidden in delicious omelets, or in nourishing custards and dainty little puddings, such as rice pudding, Brown Betty of several varieties, and in ice cream, which most invalids especially appreciate. Here is a dainty dessert for the convalescent who is just beginning to take light solids:

fortunately gelatine is very wholesome and easy to digest. The following recipes all use gelatine:

Orange Tapioca Jelly

(Serves 3)

Pearl Tapioca, 4 tb. Cold Water, 1 c.
Boiling Water, $\frac{2}{3}$ c. Sugar, 1 tb.
Orange Juice, 4 tb. Speck of Salt

Soak tapioca in cold water 3 hours. Add boiling water, sugar and salt. Cook



A Centerpiece for the Thanksgiving Table

Fruit Snow

2 egg whites
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange pulp and juice
Powdered sugar

Beat the eggs until stiff, add the fruit, sweeten to taste and continue beating until the mixture will hold its shape. A few spoonfuls of whipped cream may be added to the mixture if desired. Pile into individual glasses and chill thoroughly before serving.

Golden Gelatine

2 tablespoons granulated gelatine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
1 pint boiling water
Juice 2 lemons
Juice 2 large oranges

Soften gelatine in half cup cold water, then add the boiling water and sugar. Stir until gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Add the fresh fruit juices, pour into a mold and chill until firm. This is nourishing and delicious, and contains more vitamins than gelatine flavored with fruit extracts or colored tablets. The fresh fruit juices are an actual health-building element.

A slightly heavier dessert for the convalescent is:

Rice Delight

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cooked rice
1 cup scalded milk
1 egg
3 tablespoons sugar
Salt
Vanilla
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange pulp and juice

Blend rice and milk and soak until soft. Add the sugar and well-beaten egg, and cook until it begins to thicken; better use a double boiler as small amounts scorch easily. Add flavoring, stir in the fruit, pour into small mold, and chill. Serve with cream, plain or whipped. The rice should be thoroughly cooked in a double boiler, before starting the pudding.

Desserts That Appeal to Children

BY THE time we are ready for kindergarten, most of us have our "sweet tooth" so well developed that a meal that does not end with some sweet is as unsatisfactory as a circus without clowns. Yet desserts for children, feeble old people, and invalids, should be light and easy to digest. Custards, junket, stewed fruit, plain sponge cake, are all good. But the jellied dessert, which takes so little time to prepare, is usually a favorite, and

in double boiler $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Flavor with orange juice after cooking is finished. Chill and serve very cold.

Lemon Rice Jelly

Rice Flour, 2 tb. Cold Water
Boiling Water, 1 c. Speck Salt
Sugar to taste Juice of 1 Lemon
Milk and Sugar for serving

Mix the rice flour with enough cold water to make a thin paste, and then add the boiling water. Add salt, sweeten to taste and boil until rice flour is transparent. Add lemon juice and pour jelly in a mold that has been wet with cold water. When cold and firm serve with milk and sugar.

Golden Jelly

(Serves 6)

Boiling Water, 2 c. Cold Water, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Juice of 1 Lemon
Granulated Gelatine, 2 tb.
Orange Juice, 1 c.
Whipped Cream, if desired

Soften the gelatine in the cold water. Add boiling water and dissolve. Add sugar and fruit juice and strain through a cloth. Set away to become firm and chilled. Serve plain or with whipped cream.

Grape Jelly

Boiling Water, 1 c. Cold Water, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Grape Juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Granulated Gelatine, 1 tb.
Orange Juice, 3 tb.

Soften gelatine in the cold water, add boiling water and dissolve. Add sugar, orange juice and grape juice, strain, pour into cold wet molds and cool. Keep on the ice until ready to serve.

Date Jelly

Dates, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Cold Water, 1 tb.
Boiling Water $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Orange Juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Lemon Juice, 1 t. Sugar, 2 tb.
Granulated Gelatine, 2 t.
Broken Walnut Meats, 2 tb.
Cream for serving

Pit dates and fill with broken walnut meats. Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in boiling water. Add fruit juices and sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Pour half the orange jelly mixture into a mold that has been wet in cold water and when it begins to harden cover with a layer of dates and another layer of orange jelly mixture. When this hardens repeat the process until all has been used. Keep on the ice until firm. Serve with cream.

Continued on page 80

39 Authors of Cook Books say:

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AFTERNOON TEA CAKES (baked in paper cups): Break 1 egg yolk into bowl. Beat well, add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar slowly continuing to beat. Add 2 tbsps. butter—melted and $1\frac{1}{2}$ squares chocolate—melted. Sift 1 cup pastry flour, 1 tsp. Royal Baking Powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt and add alternately with $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk. Fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Partly fill the paper cups, set each in muffin tin and bake in moderate oven (345° F.) for 15 min. Decorate with nuts or cherries in white frosting. Makes 32 very small cakes.



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ROYAL BRAN MUFFINS: Mix well together $\frac{3}{4}$ cup bran, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups graham flour or equal parts graham and white flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, 3 tbsps. Royal Baking Powder and 2 tbsps. brown sugar (if sugar is used); add 1 egg, 3 tbsps. melted shortening, 2 tbsps. dark molasses (if used instead of sugar) and milk to make a soft batter (about $\frac{3}{4}$ cup). Beat well until thoroughly mixed. Put 1 tbsp. batter into each greased muffin tin and bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 20 min. (Sugar or molasses can be omitted). Makes 12 muffins.



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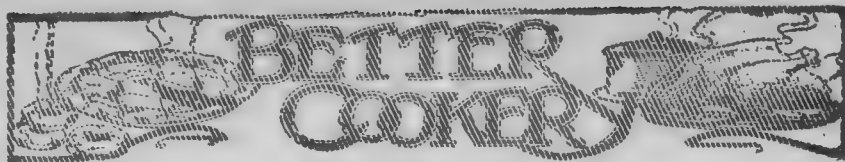
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Age 5 Before Virol.



Age 5. After Virol.



Continued from page 79

Prune Sponge

(Serves 6)

Cold Water, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Prune Pulp, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Egg white, 1
Granulated Gelatine, 1 tb.
Hot Prune Juice, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Juice of 2 Lemons

Soften the gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot prune juice. Add the sugar and stir until dissolved. Mix thoroughly. Add remaining ingredients with the exception of egg white. Place the mixture on the ice. When quite stiff beat it with a rotary egg beater until foamy. Then fold in stiffly-beaten white of egg and set in a cold place until ready to serve.

A SIMPLE SAUCE FOR BEEF STEAKS

BEEF steak, as most people will agree, is one of the most enticing meats we have, yet the most excellent steak which the butcher sells may be spoiled by careless cooking and poor serving. On the other hand, even a modest round steak, pan-broiled in a kitchenette which boasts no regular broiler, is food fit for a king if rightly cooked and nicely served.

Don't let a steak "sozzle!" The cook's motto should be, "If 'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly." See that the table is set, and the other foods nearly ready before starting the steak, for with the correct heat, a high one, the steak will be done in 10 to 12 minutes. Turn every 10 seconds for the first minute, to sear the surface and thus prevent the escape of the delicious juices. While the second side is broiling for the finish, quickly dish up the other foods and have ready a hot platter for the steak. A pan broil requires more constant attention from the cook. Once on the hot platter, seasonings are quickly added and the steak hustled to the table. And here is a simple seasoning so good that even a round steak is glorified thereby:

Lemon Butter

Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Paprika, $\frac{1}{8}$ t. Lemon Juice, 1 tb.
Chopped Parsley, 1 tb.

Cream the butter, add other ingredients and spread on steak as soon as placed on platter.

TEA TABLE TIPS

NOW that cooler days are here, it is delightful to serve your afternoon callers with a cup of hot tea and some light dainty. Avoid heavy cakes, however, as we Canadians dine an hour or two earlier than our English friends across the water, so a light tea is better if we are to have an appetite when we reach the dinner table.

In the smartest homes the question is no longer always "lemon or cream?" but "orange, lemon or cream?" And this is because some clever hostess, in search for a novel flavor, discovered that the flavor of orange juice and rind is very piquant in hot tea. Slice the orange in half-inch thick slices, and if the oranges are quite large, cut each slice into quarters. Get navels, if possible, as they have no seeds and give perfect looking slices. Some hostesses have both lemon and orange slices, some with cloves stuck into them, others without the cloves, so that all tastes can be suited.

Another tea table trick is to take the cut loaf sugar and rub it against an orange or a lemon, so that the loaf will absorb some of the oil and flavor found in the citrus peeling. When dropped into a cup of hot tea this delicate flavor is released.

INEXPENSIVE TABLE DECORATIONS

MOST housewives, even those with small income, realize the importance of some pretty and simple table decorations, as well as dainty linen and careful setting of the table. A pot of ferns, a few wild grasses in a crystal vase, a bowl of flowers, or a basket of gay fruit may be used as a centerpiece. Often in winter, a bright little flowering plant, such as a

geranium or a begonia, will add cheer to the meal.

But not all housewives realize how children and old people do appreciate extra decorations for birthdays, holidays, or once in a while just for a "surprise." If the housewife will bestow a very little thought and money on this matter, she can manage several lovely color schemes.

Pink, red and yellow are the easiest color schemes to plan for, because we have natural vegetable coloring for them in our kitchens at all times—a bit of blackberry or raspberry juice, or beet juice for red and pink, oranges for yellow effects. Cake icings and many simple desserts may be thus colored. Colored candles are now very cheap.

A little girl whose birthday fell in October was delighted to find the family dinner table set with a yellow color scheme a bowl of fine big oranges was used as the centerpiece, and about it, in simple glass candlesticks, were four orange-colored candles, large enough to burn throughout the meal. Orange slices on lettuce, with mayonnaise, formed the salad course, and when the birthday cake was brought in it was alight with eleven tiny orange-colored candles. It was a white cake with orange icing, made as follows:

Soak the grated rind of one orange in two tablespoons orange juice for half an hour. Add one well beaten egg, and then gradually stir in enough powdered sugar to make a paste right for spreading.

HOME CARE OF THE HANDS

NOT all women can have beautiful hands, but at least all can have clean ones, with well cared for nails. Nor is it necessary to spend a great deal of money on manicures or preparations for the home manicure. Some women who never hire a professional manicure and who do their own housework, still have lovely hands. It is a matter of care.

One of the most important lessons every girl should learn is that feminine charm simply demands absolute cleanliness. It is surprising how many dirty hands one sees even among well dressed people. Clean hands and clean nails are within every woman's reach. Yet frequently the woman who has least work to do has the least dainty hands, because she is too lazy to keep them clean.

The woman who desires pretty hands need not shrink from preparing meals, washing dishes, digging in the garden or painting an old bureau. She may do any kind of work she chooses, or needs to do. But she will take care to wash her hands thoroughly, in warm (not hot) water and soap, the very minute she finishes the dirty job. It is allowing dirt to stay on the hands and get ground deeply into the pores that coarsens the skin and blackens the nails.

A stiff little nail brush is a great aid in cleaning the nails, but as soon as the hands are wiped, the cuticle should be pushed gently back with the towel or orange stick and the nails should be cleaned carefully. If the job has been a wet and soapy one, like washing dishes, clothes, woodwork or the bathroom floor, a little oil or softening hand lotion should be rubbed gently into the skin to take the place of the natural oil which has been soaked out.

The woman who gardens or prepares fruits and vegetables need not go through life with stained finger if she will keep half of a freshly cut lemon on her wash stand and use a little of the clear juice to remove the stains of earth or vegetable coloring matter. Incidentally, the woman smoker will also find lemon juice an aid in keeping her fingers white and free from stain.

Cheap, loose cotton and rubber gloves, such as one can buy at the five-and-ten, should be kept always on hand. Wear the rubber ones for all possible wet jobs, even to bathing the baby, as continuous wetting of the hands coarsens the skin and also makes them chap easily in cold weather.



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The Princess and the Fairy Tapestry

Continued from page 18

meeting of the "Society of the Proper Little Sprites," and every member was present to answer when the roll was called, something unheard-of since the society had been formed. A committee was appointed to call on the Weaver and politely demanded that he take back what he had said about short skirts.

This he refused to do and during the argument one of the committee went up to the Royal Weaver and pulled his nose. He did not resent this at all. The other fairies, seeing that one of their society had dared to pull the Weaver's nose, feeling in the same mood, did the same thing. As they were all charming people the Weaver rather enjoyed the affair, their hands being like swans-down and wild violet, and so small that, pinch as they would, to the old Weaver it was like the caress of a butterfly-wing.

Seeing that the object of their displeasure was enjoying their call, their anger grew apace. Rushing toward him, their skirts were caught in the loom, and they were drawn into the pattern. Back and forth, back and forth, the old shuttle went, the Weaver too frightened to move from where he stood.

Back and forth, the shuttle jumped, rattlety, rattlety — rattlety, rattlety, "little by little, little by little," it seemed to say.

Going to the lever the Royal Weaver pulled with might and main, but stop the loom he could not. The more he tried, the faster the loom went, and the swifter the shuttle travelled.

Suddenly all was still, the beautiful fabric was finished, and in the centre, woven among the most beautiful array of flowers and birds, were the five angry fairies.

The members of the "Society of Pro-

per Little Sprites," very much worried because the committee did not return, rushed out to find the reason. The loomery was deserted. Following the tracks of the Weaver, they found they led to the Palace of the Oak. They heard faint sobbing, as though coming from the reception room of the Princess. Sure enough, they were right. It was the Princess. Between her sobs, she said: "I have always known that some strange fate befalls angry fairies; come with me." She led them into a secret chamber, very dark, and cold. Turning on a fairy light, they beheld all around the wonderful apartment, gorgeous tapestries from which peered the sad little fairy faces.

"This is the 'Chamber of the Angry Fairies'."

"Why have they been punished?" asked one of the Proper Little Sprites.

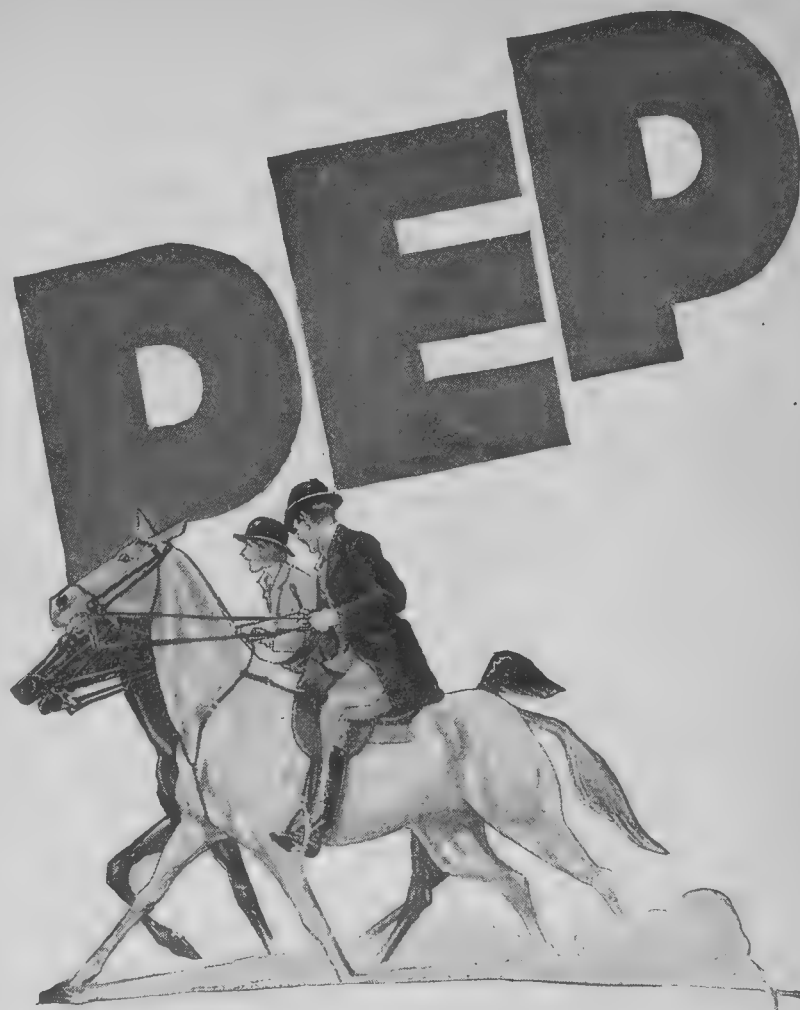
"Their vanity has been the cause of it all."

Visions of long skirts with flowing trains were passing through the minds of the visitors.

"They have been punished enough," said the Princess. When she had finished speaking, a great light burst upon them and from the tapestries jumped a thousand happy, laughing sprites, leaving the beautiful fabrics of a moment before, in shreds and tatters.

The Fairies, trailing one after another in their silken skirts, some with wings, and other with jewels of many colors, woven in their pretty dresses, passed the astonished group, who stood aside and allowed the wonderful procession to advance.

Those who had wings flew into the trees, others went on the lawn, some who lived far away, started for home, but many waited to see the Princess, and tell her how wretched they had been without her.



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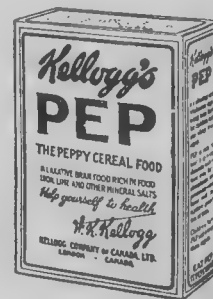
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Western Women Assemble Fine Exhibits for Canadian National Exhibition

By Elizabeth Bailey Price



British Columbia had a most graceful and artistic booth, decorated with B.C. flowers and greenery, and containing handicraft of the members of the British Columbia Institutes



Manitoba took "Poultry" as the keynote of its exhibit. Miss Florence MacLaughlin, in the picture, set a daily table with delicious-looking salads.



"Alberta, the Home of Good Schools" was the name of the exhibit assembled by the Alberta Women's Institutes. This was in charge of Mrs. Short of Woodbend, provincial convener of education.

THE women of the four Western provinces assembled fine exhibits for the recent Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto. This was done under the auspices of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, and was on display in the various provincial booths in the west wing of the Women's Building. This is the fourth year that this work has been done by the Women's Institutes, under the able convenorship of Mrs. David Watt of Birtle, Manitoba, and this year it was bigger and better than ever. Seven of the nine provinces responded, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island being the only two missing.

Each day representatives in charge of the various booths, and other prominent people gathered daily about the luncheon board, when the Ontario Government entertained in honor of the Women's Institutes of the various provinces, and when the most delicious meals, planned by Mrs. H. M. Aitken of Beeton, Ont., included special food products of the province being honored. It proved indeed a family table, for the various provincial problems of each province were discussed, their resources extolled, and thus a greater inter-provincial sympathy and knowledge promoted. Each day, too, in Canada's kitchen, demonstrations of special food products of the province, featured that day, were done by Mrs. H. Aitken.

Alberta Comes First

IT WAS the scene, too, of a galaxy of prominent national and provincial speakers. After the opening luncheon, that celebrated Canada's birthday, Alberta was the first province to be honored, this on an alphabetical rating. The booth of this province depicted "Alberta the Home of Good Schools." On the back wall, which was topped with a large blue and silver A.W.I. crest, made by the New Dayton W.I., were photographs showing Alberta's fine city and rural schools, her agricultural and business colleges and the University of Alberta. Another set was a story in pictures of the seven years' work of J. W. McAllister in a foreign school at Angle Lake. Other photographs showed the playground equipment, flag poles, groups of children in a musical festival, school gardens, etc., all telling what the W.I.'s are doing to further educational work in this province. In the foreground, a model of a well-equipped playground, peopled with small children cleverly fashioned of paper, with choke

cherry pits as heads, attracted much attention. Behind this rose a paper school, while from the tower proudly floated the Canadian Ensign.

Other features of the booth included correct types of school seats and desks, which in some instances have been presented by the W.I.'s; the bubbler fountain in contrast to the old unsanitary pail and dirty cup; the first aid kit; beautiful copies of old masters; paper towels, and a set of the Canadian History readers, written by Miss D. J. Dickie of Calgary, which many branches have placed in the schools.

The special speakers included Mrs. W. C. Short of Woodbend, provincial convener of the education committee, who was in charge of the booth, and who extolled the educational advantages of Alberta; Howard Stutchbury, Alberta's trade commissioner, who urged on the women the slogan of: "Sell Canada to Ourselves"; and Mrs. J. F. Price, Calgary W.I. publicity secretary, who gave glimpses of Alberta's storied past since confederation. Premier J. E. Brownlee was a visitor later and gave a most interesting talk.

British Columbia

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S booth was decorated with twenty of the choicest varieties of immortelles, combined effectively with old English honesty, delicate baby's breath, glossy green laurel leaves, while graceful greenery and beautiful bouquets decorated the front and sides.

Other features of the booth were attractive-looking boxes of many kinds of dehydrated fruits and vegetables; crystallized fruit; a huge pyramid of tulip and hyacinth bulbs from Salmon Arm and Kerrisdale; home-made gloves, these of stylish mode and soft doe-skin; specimens of pen-painting on the finest silk gauze; a pine-needle basket from Okanagan Lake; and many hundreds of lavender sachets; also transparencies of the

Alexandria Solarium at Malahat beach, where some forty children are receiving sun treatments.

On British Columbia Day women representatives of the World's Poultry Congress at Ottawa en route from Western Canada were present and were cordially greeted by Howard G. Ferguson, premier of Ontario. The principal speaker was J. E. Lynde, assistant timber commissioner. He stated that half the Empire's timber supply grows in Canada and fifty per cent of the higher grade of this in B.C., that the increase in timber profits of last year with a revenue of 81 millions as compared to 35 millions in 1916; that the pulp industry has increased in the last ten years from 57,000 tons to 150,000; and above all British Columbia spruce had a special claim to the high regard of women, for silk stockings were made from the pulp wood; that mineral production last year was 76 million dollars; agriculture was 70 millions and fisheries reached the record height of 28 millions.

In the afternoon Mrs. Margaret Murray, who was in charge of the booth, spoke to a large and interested crowd and told of the difficulties and urgent need of markets; that B.C., hemmed in by mountains and open seas, was a country in itself. She appealed to the East to supply these markets, stating that in five years B.C. could produce all the bulbs, nursery stock of ornamental roses and vegetable and flower seed for Canada.

Manitoba

BECAUSE poultry plays a leading part in the prosperity of Manitoba, and because it is largely in the hands of the women, this province decided it would be the keynote of its exhibit, and a most interesting booth was arranged. This was in charge of F. B. Hutt of the Extension Service of the Agricultural College and Miss Florence MacLaughlin, also of the college, who set a table daily with the most delicious salads.

In the back of the generous space allowed for this exhibit, fine large photographs were hung. These showed a common type of commercial flock in this province; loading a car of cull hens; the mammoth bronze favorites, and the Canada goose, the king of game birds, that has chosen Manitoba as its favorite feeding ground in the fall, owing to the grain it finds in the immense wheat fields.

Below this was a long special cold
Continued on page 94



Saskatchewan Homemakers told with exhibits of sheaves of grain, transparencies of buildings and farm scenes, and a stereo-motograph with seventy-five slides the story of Saskatchewan



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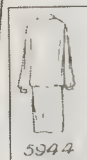
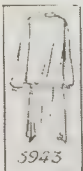
Waterman's

Art in Fashions

The well dressed woman plans her wardrobe carefully and deliberately so that when complete, coat, dress, hat and all accessories are in harmony.

It is well to have a dress for between the seasons that may be worn without a coat at home, while shopping or for business. It may be a coat dress, or a two-piece jumper model in wool georgette, a popular material at present or in flannel or jersey.

A top coat of tweed or wool mixture with small revers, and a coat collar, raglan shoulders and semi-wide sleeves, double breasted and with or without the new flare will be a coat of service and utility.



A black coat is also a good choice since it is a good accompaniment for all colors.

Satin or canton crepe are appropriate for daytime or afternoon dresses.

For evening wear a frock of chiffon lame fabrics and sheer velvets are in vogue.

A dress of gray or beige georgette is lovely for afternoon affairs.

The styles are most attractive, for the coming season.

The flare has returned with new grace in attractive ripples and swirls. The uneven hem is achieved with side and centre drapes in plait and jabot effects.

Bolero styles are still with us, tucks of all kinds, and at all angles are skilfully manipulated to form motifs and designs.

For a smart and sturdy tailored suit with wrap skirt and a short jacket corduroy is to be recommended.

If one likes a draped gown the new transparent velvets will be interesting, since the material is light and falls in graceful folds.



Sleeveless frocks are worn at bridge and afternoon teas with jackets of velvet or velveteen.

Lace is used extensively for trimming, sometimes it outlines a finish and again it forms cascade or jabot draperies.

In the newest ensembles coat and gown match in color and material. One may have a coat and frock of this kind for afternoon wear, with the dress so fashioned that it may serve as an evening dress without the coat.

Very attractive is a dress with a bolero back, and crosswise bands on the front of the waist and skirt.

Flounces and tiers are becoming to tall figures.

Simple dresses of all-over lace are shown. A small woman may have a lace gown with side drapery affecting the uneven hemline.

Well-dressed children are never showily dressed. For a coat for a small child, broadcloth, or chinchilla is appropriate, and velvet for dressy occasions. A cloth coat may have a collar of beaver, nutria, or squirrel. Tweeds and cloakings with a soft surface are lovely in navy blue.

Crepe de chine is ever practical for children's dresses. It lends itself well to gathering, shirring, smocking and plaiting and it washes well. Some of the lighter

woolen like the old-time cashmere, may be shirred and smocked.

Wool crepe is another serviceable material for children's dresses, where warmth is required.

For school and play the serviceable frock will also be in serviceable color.

Dresses for dance or party wear are made up in pastel shades in georgette, crepe de chine, taffeta and chiffon. A simple but effective model in light green chiffon, is trimmed with a wide crosswise band of lace. The dress hangs from the shoulders with tiny cap sleeves, and a collarless square neck.

A velvet party dress for a girl of fourteen may have a yoke and short sleeves of lace.

A smart two-piece frock is made of silk crepe. It has a straight skirt made with a plait at the left side. The blouse has tucks starting from each shoulder and meeting at the centre of the front and back.

A blouse of metal cloth looks well with a skirt of broadcloth or cashmere.

A coat and skirt of velveteen and a blouse of silk crepe form a very pleasing ensemble.

Jersey and checked woolen combine well in a one-piece dress. The checked material forms the skirt and the collar and cuffs of the blouse.



Straight Line Frocks for Fall Wear Are Cut in Many Ingenious Ways

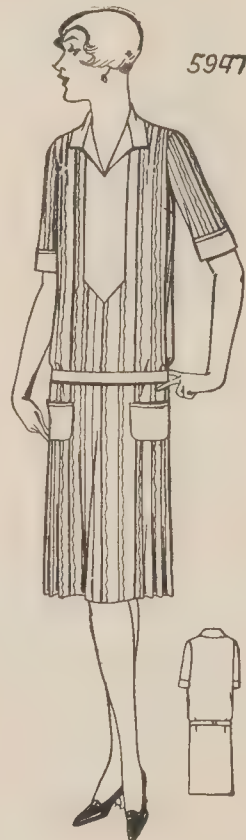
5948. Cambric, longcloth, crepe, radium, or crepe de chine may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 2½ yards of 36-inch material. For straps of ribbon 1 yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5954. Wool crepe, or flannel could be used for this design. It is good also for wash materials. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10-year size will require 2¼ yards of 36-inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and belt. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5961. Velveteen, or other pile fabrics, chinchilla, twill or cheviot could be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6-year size will require 1½ yard of 54-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5949. Figured percale, linen, sateen or gingham may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. For bias binding on pockets, collar and side edges 5¾ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5943. This model is lovely in the new soft silks or printed chiffons. It is good also for crepe satin—the reverse side of the material being used in contrast. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size will require 1¼ yard of 32-inch lining, and 3 yards of 40-inch material, together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for collar facing. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1½ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5947. Striped zephyr, tub silk, rep or crepe may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress as illustrated for a 38-inch size, will require 3 yards of 36-inch material striped or figured, and ¾-yard of plain material for facing on collar, plastron, cuffs, belt and for pockets. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 1½ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5952. Wool crepe, jersey or challie could be used for this attractive model. The sleeves may be in wrist length or short as in the small view. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size if made as illustrated in the large view will require 2¾ yards of 36-inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and belt. If made with short sleeves ¼ yard less of the material will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5938. Embroidered net, printed chiffon, or lace could be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3½ yards of 40-inch material. To face cuffs with contrasting material as illustrated will require ¾ yard 27 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



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A Variety of New Designs



5937. Wool crepe, satin, crepe satin and jersey are excellent for this design. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. To make the dress as illustrated for a 42-inch size will require



5944. This design may be made of one material, jersey, crepe or crepe satin, or the blouse may be of crepe or crepe de chine and the skirt of jersey or woollen. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The blouse alone will require 2 3/8 yards of 32-inch material for a 38-inch size. The skirt alone will require 1 3/8 yard of 40-inch or wider material. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is 1 3/4 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4 3/4 yards of 40-inch material together with 3/4 yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs, belt and vestee. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 1/2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5935. This set comprises a dress, rompers, petticoat, sack and cap. The dress may be made of crepe, voile, nainsook, dimity or china silk. The petticoat of lawn or long cloth. The rompers of gingham, rep or pongee. The sack of flannel, silk or albatross. The bonnet of lawn, chiffon or crepe de chine. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 6 months, 1 year and 2 years. A 1-year size requires 1 3/8 yard of 36-inch material for the dress, 3/4 yard for the petticoat, 1 1/4 yard for the rompers, 3/4 yard for the sack and 3/8 yard for the bonnet. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

NOTICE

Any of these up-to-date patterns may be obtained for the small sum of 15 cents each from the Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. When ordering do not forget the necessity of stating the size correct.

A Country Life

By H. J. Heath

Let others praise the town's allure,
Give me the simple country life,
Where the air I breathe is sweet and pure,
Far from the city's stir and strife.

I love the cool refreshing breeze,
And sweetly scented woodland flowers.

I love the mountains, hills and plains,
The wide and open prairies too,
The quiet winding country lanes,
Where every turn brings changing view.

The placid river flowing to the sea,
The shady pool, the rippling brook,
All these alike have charms for me;
I love to study nature's book.

I love the grateful sheltering trees,
The green and shady bowers,

And listening to the songs of birds,
As on the mossy bank I sit me down,
I think how true the Poet's words,
God made the country, man the town.

Celtic and Finno-Ugric Poetry

Continued from page 27

Yes, that spring's returning
Sets all nature burning
With its old delight.
Bird and flower recapture
All their ancient rapture—
Life is infinite.

Eino Leino strikes a gloomier note in his lyric *Black and White*:

As butterflies of black and white
Both flit above the flowers of June,
So grief and joy must oft unite
My open heart to importune.

As night and day half mix and melt
In cloudscapes of the summer eve,
So fate's dim dark and light have dwelt
Where my day's margins interweave.

As death and life have danced together
In autumn's hoary moonlight-ring,
So in my heart's October weather
The frosts have slain the flowers of spring.

Professor Koskenniemi in the following sonnet pays eloquent tribute to the chaste beauty of his mother-tongue:

As when with murmur of awakening trees
The vernal world salutes the morning sky
And on the needles of the dark pines lie
The dewy tears of dawning's ecstasies,
So, Finnish, in thy vowels night now flees
As softly with a dream, while, vaunting high
Our fathers' faith, thy consonants defy
The threats of fate in glittering panoplies.

Ah, holy language of my sires' use
Veiled virgin priestess of unsullied shrines
Whose form in long strange pleated robe
is drest,
Sure Dante, Petrarch, Shakespeare and
the Muse,
With all the mystic music of their lines,
Still slumber hidden in thy maiden breast!

Koskenniemi, who is Finland's most distinguished living poet, is a man still at the height of his powers and will doubtless increase still further his country's pride in his work.

Estonian Poetry

THE little Baltic republic of Estonia, established in 1920, has a population of about one million people, almost all Lutheran. They have a literary language, in which a good deal of religious literature was written from the 13th century to the 18th, but little secular poetry was published until the 19th century and even then no poet of the first rank appeared. On the other hand, it was discovered that the Estonians possessed a more copious folk-poetry than any other European people. The Finnish *Kalevala* was paralleled, though not equalled in quality, by an Estonian *Kalevipoeg*; and one diligent researcher, Jakob Hurt (1839-1906), succeeded in unearthing nearly 150,000 individual items of folk composition. One or two examples may be of interest. The following is a "rain-song," presumably sung by a peasant:

Mizzle, rain, and make it foggy,
Drizzle, rain, and make it boggy,
Shower, rain, and soak my neighbors,
But don't wet me at my labors,
For my woman is so pert
That she would not press my shirt.

And the following song, of greater artistry and far deeper feeling, may well be the work of some wandering minstrel:

Sing, oh sing, dear mouth of mine!
Twitter like a bird, my tongue!
Burn in love, my heart, that sung
Like a brook of joy divine!
For you will be mute indeed
When you lie beneath the earth,
Coffined in the grave's dark dearth
Underneath the grassy mead.

Magyar Poetry

THE eight million Magyars of Hungary are an Asaitic people buried in the flank of southeastern Europe. They

first appeared, under their king Arpad, in 895 A.D.; in 975 they officially adopted Christianity; and in the 15th century, under their leader John Hunyadi, they were the bulwark of Christendom against the Turkish attack.

Having been in touch with general European culture from the tenth century down, Hungary displayed in its literature the typical phenomena of the Renaissance and of Neo-Classicism; but it was not until the romantic era of the 19th century that it produced poets of the very first rank. Then three great poets appeared in a single generation. Michael Vörösmarty (1800-1855), John Arany (1817-1882), and Alexander Petöfi (1822-1849) are not merely the three greatest poets of Hungary but men with a permanent place in general European literature. Vörösmarty was preeminently an epic poet, but the following patriotic stanzas show that he also possessed lyric power:

Magyar, be unshakeably
Faithful to thy fatherland!
'Twas thy cradle and will be
Grave, too, when thy life is spanned.

Nowhere in the universe
Is another land thy home;
Whether fortune bless or curse,
Never absent shall thou roam.

'Tis the land thy fathers' blood
Consecrated to thy race.
Where a thousand years they've stood
Is thy sacred dwelling-place.

Here brave Arpad's mighty stroke
Won a wide domain for thee;
Here the arms of Hunyad broke
All the chains of slavery.

Magyar be unshakeably
Faithful to thy land of birth,
For it bore thee and will be
Thy last shroud of holy earth.

Arany was also an epic poet, much of whose verse betrays a quiet undercurrent of melancholy. Consider, for example, his lines *In a Cemetery*:

Over the resting, dreaming dead
A coverlet of green is spread
Within this ancient grove;
The tangled turf is mossy deep,
And spreading branches calmly sleep
In silent air above.

Who knows how many years have flown
Since as a tiny shoot was sown
This slumbering graveyard oak!
Ah, since that day what colonades
Of pillared trees have filled these glades,
What countless hearts have broke!

Petöfi, the greatest of the three, was essentially a lyric poet, sometimes called "the Burns of Hungary" because of the way in which he caught up and transfigured many elements of folk poetry in his own work. His poem *The People* is marked both by his democracy and by his patriotism:

One with his strong hand guides the plow,
Another wields a sword;
For thus does Destiny endow
The poor, good folk who seek to bow
To the bidding of the Lord.

Why does the nation grimly sweat
In furrowing the field?—
Because of needs that still beset
In cold and hunger storm and wet,
And still the earth must yield.

And why the sword and stroke of
blood?—
Because of foes that come.
For man must guard his nationhood.
A people lives through foes withstood,
A free man dies for home.

Basque Poetry

SPREAD about the western slopes of the Pyrenees both in France and in Spain are 600,000 people who speak a language unrelated to any other in Europe and so prodigiously difficult that an old French legend tells how the Almighty once imposed on the Devil, as a supreme

Continued on page 94



There's no gift more charming!

IF you are puzzled about gift buying, let the store which caters to the well-dressed woman show you Novasilk.

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Climbing Bear Mountain

By Ella G. Martin

CLIMBING a mountain had always been one of my aspirations. When prairie-bound, many were the dreams of scaling mountain heights. The opportunity finally came.

I was located in a picturesque harbor village on Vancouver Island, some forty miles from Campbell River, twenty miles from Salmon River, and not far from Little Bear Bay. Outlined, crouching against the sky, behind the forest, one could see Bear Mountain. If I am not mistaken, this mountain is a part of the Halifax Range. Certain parts were said to be as yet unexplored. A number of us, novices as to mountain-climbing, planned to explore its height the first week in July.

To begin with, there were objections to my going. This was typical. "You may do as you decide best, of course, but I think you are absolutely crazy to ever think of going. What if it should rain, and no tents are being taken?"

Despite head-shakings the evening of departure arrived, the last day in June. In the kitchen, Moon, the Chinese cook, joyously contributed to my supplies, I was initiated as to how the blanket could be rolled compactly around the provisions, the straps for arm-holes, so that the pack rested comfortably on the shoulders. A greenhorn was I!

The logging train was in, on its last trip for the day back to Operating Camp. We had received special permission to ride on this as far as the point from which we were to leave next morning. Escorted to the train, there I found the other girls of the party already seated, looking business-like in their brakeman's caps and heavy shirts. Methinks, they rather glowered at my regalia. Foolishly, I had topped off my khaki hiking-costume by a white linen hat. I felt a coolness in the evening air, not entirely due to climate.

All aboard! A rough supply-box served as a seat. With farewells and wavings, off we started, the train backing to camp. Have you ever ridden on a logging train? Behind was the engine, roaring and rocking, and all along on the cars, standing erect, or sitting on the brake-wheels, immobile as statues, the imperishable brakies! Forest on each side, giant cedars and hemlock, and the very occasional spruce and fir—past, strange but true, an area of English yew, and then to the rock-cut. Here I held my breath, as I looked up at the huge side of mountain wall overhanging Bear Lake. Out of this had been blasted the railroad path, around which edges the train seemed slowly to coil. Above, and it appeared to me, ready to fall, were huge boulders, and farther on, at a height above, a mammoth dead hemlock, caught in the rock, but looking poised for a downward plunge. Two feet from the edge of the outer rail, and we would soon have met the icy waters of the lake, now silvery blue, far below.

I shuddered, but settled down to "normalcy" as we emerged from the danger zone. A stop at the "Y"—frantic signalling from a brakie—and there ahead, grazing by the track, a doe and her two fawns!

Forest people and nature lovers scarcely breathe at such a sight. Some of us have crept along in silence by the hour, in the hope of beholding such sights. When we have been so blessed, comes a sudden pricking of ears, a dash, and the scene is vanished with a twinkling of short tails as they bounded into the forest.

But on with my tale. Arriving at camp, we found ourselves billeted for the night, with a warning of readiness for an early rising hour.

At six a.m. what a scramble—my pack to roll—a breakfast of bacon and eggs, coffee and toast. With my kind hostess, I went to the cook-house rendezvous, to find the party eating, or rather, on account of the delay, re-eating. I became a Roman, and was soon surrounded by hot-cakes, syrup and muddy but hot

Then came our first halt. Packs were lowered and out we stretched. Here Blueberry Bill came to my rescue, a tall, lank, freckle-faced, humorous Irishman, uncle to Lizzie.

"Give me that there pack, Miss M—" he said, "and yours, Liz."

As for me, I was adamant in my determination to carry my pack to the painful top, but he commandeered our sweaters.

Beginning the ascent, the guide with his seventy-pound pack was off like a deer, his fourteen followers strung out at various distances behind. Another stop. My breath coming in short gasps, exquisitely aching from the climb, and with waves of heat sweeping over me, I stretched prone. "Shall I ever make it?" thought I. The guide was eyeing me curiously. Oh, it was good to rest!

"Next stop, we come to water," was announced, and on the greenhorns of the party staggered. That blessed, clear, cold, peppery, mountain-water. How it jacked one up! But on again! My second breath had come, respiration began to be regular, the aching to be less, and I felt ready for the real exertion ahead.

"Let's have lunch," sang out Blueberry Bill. He sat down in a shady place, after locating water. "Gollies, boys, but I'm hungry! Didn't take time to eat my breakfast—just a snack—and it's empty I am. Only had time for twenty-six hot-cakes. Give me something to eat, or it's starved I'll be."

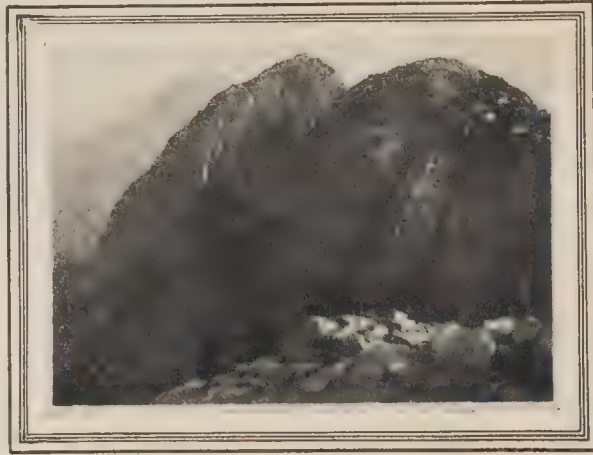
There were roars of laughter, and he rambled on, one tall tale after another, until we forgot how tired we had been.

A hot July sun, beating down on the mountain-side, did not encourage us to go on, and, as we resumed the climb, our line went slower. We scaled rock hills, and the line wound around the ledge of a precipitous cliff. Again, I came to a stop, petrified by the sheer height, helpless, to be again gratefully led out of danger.

AT FOUR o'clock the top was gained, and all stood in silence to gaze on the view, extending far on every side. We saw the neighboring peaks of the majestic Halifax range, and far-distant mountains, meeting the sky on the east and west. The snow-caps glittered in the light of the lowering sun. Down below Bear Lake, Duck Lake, and others shone from the open spaces like silvery blue gems. To the west, we saw the ocean, stretching up towards Salmon River and Hardwicke Island, in and around Thurlow and Pender Islands, and sweeping in to Bear Bay. Down in the lower country the woodsman of our party described the logging train, winding with its load of timbers around the Rock Cut. Only four thousand, eight hundred and sixty-five feet above sea-level, but to one accustomed to the flat prairie stretches it was like the top of the world!

Who has toiled in sun and dust, first thinks of a splash. As we gazed at the scene around us, we saw several delightful little lakes—ponds, perhaps, would be more true—half-hidden by the surrounding snow and bushes. One was relegated to the ladies of the party; the water was cool, but not icy, and the incongruity of a bath in the heat of a midsummer sun, in a pool surrounded by slow-melting snow, was an experience we thoroughly enjoyed. Returning, we found that our guide had

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Some scenery at the top of Bear Mountain

morning coffee—just a part of the day's fun!

Then the excitement of starting—and off we went, riding on the platform of a car until we reached the beginning of our climb. We delved from thence into the forest—jungle, I nearly said—and, yes, I'll stick to it—jungle it was. We followed the trail—trail by name, by nature, no!—rather, we followed the guide. He, aided by sundry tree-cuts, led the way at a seemingly break-neck speed. It was the plan to make the trip in a minimum of time.

Shall I ever erase from my memory the first windfall of trees to be crossed? There were the shiny bald logs high up in the air. One slip, and where would I be. I made an essay to cross, saw the depths below, stopped, unable to retreat, and without the courage to go on, and began to pray. Help was near and, hand in hand with two sons of the forest, I, a craven, was guided, step by step, down the incline of slippery log.

I may add that a hornet's nest, discovered whilst crossing this natural bridge, added not a little to the prevail-



View across the harbour of Rock Bay



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Beauty Notes

By Phoebe Cole

Hair, Beautiful and Otherwise

IT USED to be said that a woman's hair was her crowning glory, and this is still true of an occasional woman or girl, even among the bobbed, for some versions of the bob are vastly becoming to some women.

The bob has this in its favor: it makes practically any woman look from five to fifteen years younger. The only unfortunate thing about the wholesale bobbing that has been done in the past few years is that so many women and girls blindly follow what they believe is the style regardless of the effect on their own appearance. They evidently do not know that the truly fashionable woman considers first her type before she buys a single garment, or before she would let a barber touch shears to her hair. She does not blindly follow a mode, and wear and do what her friends and neighbors do; she wears both her clothes and her hair in a manner that will flatter her, bring out her best points, make her more fascinating. So don't wear your hair the way your best friend wears hers unless it is becoming to both your face and your figure. A stout woman has no business wearing her hair so short that her head looks like a pin on top of a large cushion.

If the hair is still worn long, one thing is essential, and that is neatness. No woman ever looked charming or smart with a fuzz of "scolding locks" free about her neck. The coiffure must be tidy to be attractive.

So much for the hairs of one's head. There are other hairs that are very far from being woman's crowning glory—they are her crowning disfigurement. For now that dresses are worn so short, hosiery so sheer and light-colored, with afternoon and evening dress quite sleeveless, the problem of unwanted hair is an acute one to most women. Hairy arms and legs bespeak virility, not feminine daintiness and charm. Our modern style and the thin fabrics of which frocks are made now make superfluous hair not a mere annoyance, but actually a breach of etiquette. It is so unnecessary, too.

Don't use a razor, not even the prettiest little gold safety razor in the world, if you wish to be free of the ugliness of unwanted hair. Everybody knows that the first growth on a young boy's face is a mere down, soft and usually light-colored. But a few months of shaving will render this stiffer and stiffer, until shortly he has a most satisfying growth of hard, dark bristles that have to be shaved off every day. How proud he is of them!

But no dainty, beauty-loving woman wants bristles on her body. So she will never, never use a razor. Instead, she will simply buy a good cream depilatory, as safe and easy to use as cold cream, and she will quickly, easily, painlessly and daintily get rid of all unwanted hair on face, forearms, arm-pits, and legs. It is quite safe to use these cream depilatories every week or ten days, if they are needed that often. Simply follow the manufacturer's directions accurately, and unless your skin is unusually sensitive, you will experience no discomfort or irritation.

It is fortunate for the woman who wishes to be dainty and attractive that today so many beauty aids that were

formerly within the reach only of stage beauties and women of great wealth are now offered in every drug or department store at prices well within reach of even the most modest income. Any woman who has a few dollars a year to spend on her looks can have good tooth-paste, non-perspirant, cold cream, deodorant and cream depilatory if she needs it. Women are today showing more of the bodies, through sheer fabrics and by short skirts and sleeveless frocks, than ever before in history. But never before could the lowliest woman in the land make her body beautiful, sweet-smelling, and dainty at small cost, as can the woman of today.

Keep Your Chin Lovely

A FIRM, beautiful chin is essentially youthful, and it is something which the woman past thirty will strive for, if she is sensible, for nothing proclaims advancing age so soon as a flabby chin, a double chin, or a chin that is neglected.

First and foremost, the chin must be kept clean, and even with all sorts of delightful toilet accessories on your dressing-table, this is not always so easy as it sounds, in this year of grace, 1927. There are ever so many factors that combine to spoil the chin—aside from fudge sundaes and other fattening things! Motoring and city smoke may make many chins grimy—even many firm young chins.

Then, never before in history have furs been used so lavishly as today, and one thing that every woman knows is that furs do darken and soil the skin. So, when furs are worn snugly, one has to be doubly careful to keep the neck and chin clean. A good, penetrating cleansing cream, followed by an astringent, is the treatment some women rely on for cleansing the face, throat and chin, others prefer to wash with a good bland soap and warm water. Others like almond meal in place of soap. Still other women keep their hands, necks and chins clean by washing with a little common cornmeal spread on the wash cloth.

To keep the chin and the throat just under the chin firm and young-looking, nothing is so stimulating as ice or very cold water. The muscles involuntarily tighten at the shock of the cold, and of course that is exactly what you want—tight, firm muscles. Some women use no other astringent than cold water, applied lavishly several times a day; make a cup of the hand and dash the cold water against the chin for several minutes, until it fairly tingles with the cold.

Lastly, no hairs must decorate the feminine chin. They bespeak masculine virility, not dainty feminine charm. Yet, unfortunately, many women around forty develop an unsightly growth of hairs on their chins. If there are only one or two, they can be pulled out with tweezers. If there are too many to make the tweezing comfortable, then a depilatory should be used. Never use a razor! Razors only make the hairs come back more stiff and bristly than before.

Diet and posture have much to do with double chins. The woman only slightly inclined to double chin can usually banish it by tensing muscle exercises, and a good posture, carrying her head high with chin up.

To a Ground Thrush

By V. W. Newson

O Thrush, with the auburn breast,
Welcome to your last year's nest!
Near my window, neighborly,
Caroling your litany:
Cheer-o-lee, Cheer-o-lee,
Wakes the day for me.

Often in the morning dew
Have you fed your fledgling crew,
While your mate in branch nearby
Chants a paean to the sky.
Cheer-o-lee, Cheer-o-lee,
Lives my love for thee.

There by front of velvet lawn,
Will your summer food be drawn,
Now to pluck and now to pass—
What you hear beneath the grass:
Cheer-o-lee, Cheer-o-lee,
Lives the day for me.

The Homeland

By Albert Wilton

Go—live upon the Isle of Dreams,
Read ye the Rainbow's story,
Go—sail the Main or live in Spain,
Or sing of Fame and Glory.
Go—seek the caves of Pirates bold
And list to heathen chunting,
Ye may not find the precious gold
Lest where a sunbeam's slanting.
Go—follow where the West Wind calls,
And live the dreams of childhood,
Go—clasp the hands of Sun Kist Sands
Or linger in the Wildwood:
Go—where you will upon this earth,
When the fires of life are dying,
From that Homeland that gave ye birth
Ye hear a voice a-crying—
Thy blood will prove the thrill ye lack
In that insistent call—Come back!

Climbing Bear Mountain

Continued from page 88

made a location, a nice, open spot, rather hummocky, surrounded by a little elevation of rock and trees. In the centre was a fire, and soon we were enjoying supper.

The dishes washed, we proceeded to explore. Down in the valley-slope was a field of snow, and soon we were snow-sliding. What about toboggans? Our guide was full of brilliant ideas. Down he went—on a pie-dish, if you please! to shrieks of excitement. We all tried it. The innovation, if not the driest thing in the world, was fun, and better than nothing. Mystic evolutions were quite in evidence, as we rolled off the path before coming to a stop.

We climbed a nearby summit, and carved our names on some timbers found at the top, for the edification of the next visitors, before our return to enjoy the camp-fire.

Ten o'clock, and we crawled under the blankets, the stars overhead, the hummocks below, and the drifts on every side. Oh, it was peachy! But the stars were sublime! Ursa Major stared benignantly down upon its namesake, and possibly noted the insignificant humans upon its back.

Some there were who couldn't, or wouldn't sleep, and who seemed determined, on principle to keep all others awake. They roamed around, they talked, and groused, they shouted criss-cross questions. When the gray light of morning came, they were still going strong. I arose, cold and stiff, in the amiable humor of a bear in the spring-time, climbed over the hill to see the glorious splendor of the rising sun over the peaks, and descended the rocky slopes to our pool for morning ablutions. Chilly, but invigorating. Back to heat and breakfast, things somewhat improved. More snow-sliding and exploration.

Four of us wandered off together, chipping rock specimens as we went along. Fourteen-year-old Freddie came, too, and he was as plumb full of enthusiasm as I was. You know the old legend of rich gold being discovered on Bear Mountain—of the discoverer's death, the departure of his pal, and the subsequent failure on return to find the lode. We went farther and farther, until we could peer down into the rushing stream in the valley below. Laden with specimens, we climbed back over the snow to dinner.

After a siesta, another exploring expedition was planned—this time to the Watch Dog—a cliff overhanging the valley, and said to be hitherto unexplored. Seen from a certain angle, it showed a marked canine resemblance, the nose sky-pointed. The way was over a mile or so of slender rock-ridge. Gaining this, we viewed the stretch below, and with the binoculars surveyed the picnic party at Bear Lake—the children splashing in the water, and in the other direc-

tion, sailing up Johnson Straits, a magnificent ocean liner, Alaska-bound.

TRAVERSING a rock-ridge in a broiling July sun requires an objective, or, at least, enthusiastic determination, and our group soon dwindled down to our guide, a photographer, the camp superintendent, a young college student, Blueberry Bill, Freddie and myself. Leaving the ridge we met with an incline so steep, we pulled ourselves up by the aid of bushes, and descended ditto. Not until nearing the Watch-Dog had I ever seen anything so grandly chaotic. It was as though thousands of mammoth boulders had been dropped from a dizzy height, and lay piled in heterogeneous heaps, difficult to get through, over, or around. But Excelsior! We were at last scaling the back of the Watch Dog, and lying flat, peered over his snout at the panorama below. After gazing our fill, and taking snaps, we departed, tired but satisfied. Pure weariness may sometimes be accompanied by an exaltation of the spirit. The soul rejoices, and of the terrible physical drag one is scarcely aware.

Bear Mountain at sunset! The serried glorified peaks, rank after rank, suggested St. John's description of the New Jerusalem: "... the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. ..."

After watching the stars come out, and still facing the western glow, reveling in the evening air, the color and the sublimity of the far-reaching view, I dropped into the nothingness of sound sleep. It was a nothingness terminated by the morning call. Then for the home stretch.

No leaden packs! Down we scurried helter-skelter! Such fun; one's khaki regalia bravely standing the downhill slides. Why laboriously walk, when one can slide, though leaving a forest trail of dust behind?

This descent, however, almost proved Blueberry Bill's Waterloo. A bear at climbing, the downward trail was too much. "Gollies, boys, but I don't think I'll make it. I would rather climb up three times over!"

At length Camp was reached. I went to Mrs. C's, fell first into a bathtub, and out of that into a sleep. From the latter I could scarcely be aroused to be present at an afternoon tea in my honor.

Back to the harbor that night!

Reviewing this, my initial acquaintance with mountain-climbing, my sensations were of keenest enjoyment. What if the exigencies of camp life strained a few friendships, and some arrived back knowing other's peccadilloes a little too well! I came back with a vision of beauty as seen from Bear Mountain at close of day, and early dawn. So, "Au revoir," Ursa. Perhaps some day I'll climb you again!

My England

By Roberta Edwinna Clare

Oh, my bonnie, bonnie England is calling me today,
Alas! my bonnie England, I am drifted far away,
Away from friendly shores and ties, I can but sit and dream,
Oh, my bonnie, bonnie England, how far from you I seem.

Oh, my merry, merry England, I ever dream of you,
Of stretching hills, long winding roads, and skies of deepest blue,
Of fragrant primrose, yellow gorse, and ivy-covered wall,
Oh, my merry, merry England, your shores forever call.

Oh, my sunny, sunny England, 'what would I give to roam
Once more, through cooling glen and glade, along the road to home,
Where hopeful faces, longing hearts, and cheerful welcomes wait,
Oh, my sunny, sunny England, open wide for me your gate.

Oh, my fair beloved England, your memories so dear,
More precious far than gift, or gold, my life they fill and cheer,
I long once more to see the gorse, and ivy-covered wall,
Oh, my fair, beloved England, I'll hearken to your call.

Oh, my bonnie, bonnie England, I am come back once again,
And my heart with joy is singing a happy glad refrain,
The faces all are happy, the memories all come true,
Oh, my bonnie, bonnie England, I am drifted back to you.



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New York — Dec. 7 — Aquitania	Cherbourg and Southampton
New York — Dec. 10 — Transylvania	Londonderry and Glasgow
St. John — Dec. 10 — Athenia	Belfast, Liverpool, Glasgow
Halifax — Dec. 11 — Athenia	Belfast, Liverpool, Glasgow
Halifax — Dec. 12 — Ascania	Plymouth, Havre, London
New York — Dec. 14 — Berengaria	Cherbourg and Southampton
New York — Dec. 15 — Samaria	Queenstown (Cobh), Liverpool

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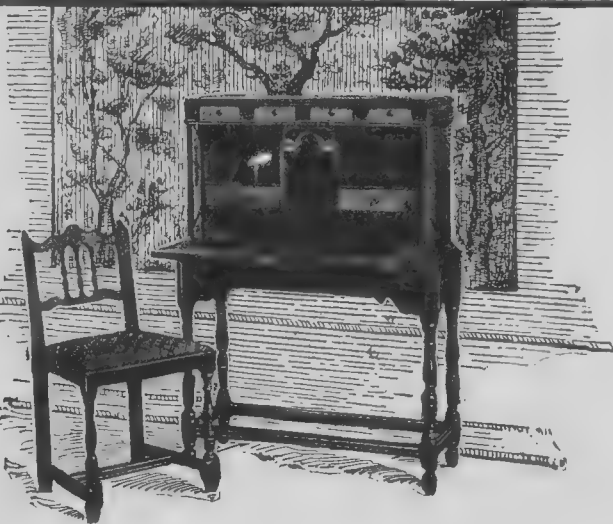
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Rare Shark God Found After Long Searching

By Francis Dickie

THERE is a famous saying that if you sit long enough in a chair in front of the Cafe de la Paix in Paris you will see almost everyone worth seeing in all the world.

There arrived in Paris recently from the South Seas, via Australia and London, Frank Burnett, F.R.G.S., famous as the gatherer of the finest privately-owned collection of South Sea relics in the world. He had just succeeded in obtaining the unique wooden image of the "Shark Goddess" of the Gilbert Islands, the only one in existence, for which he had searched for many years, but all trace of which was lost for nearly half a century.

In addition to the vast antiquity of the find, a very interesting story surrounds the queer figure. Another unusual happening in connection with the now first making known the story of the find is that the writer of this two years ago in Vancouver, Canada, said farewell to the explorer when he was setting off for his twelfth voyage to the South Seas. Then two years later, while walking down the Boulevard des Italiens, he met the explorer on the street, which indirectly bears out the truth of the statement made in the opening paragraph.

To the people of all the thousands of islands in the South Seas from Easter Island to the Gilberts, the shark was the most feared of living creatures, for it killed many of them while they were engaged in diving for shell-fish, and on occasions when their frail canoes were wrecked upon the numerous reefs which encircled their homes. So countless centuries before the white man came, the shark had been deified, and became the chief god in the native Pantheon. On Easter Island, the most easterly one in the South Pacific, the explorer found the great god "Make-Make" carved on the back of the huge megalithic statues. This was the shark god in one form; and Mr. Burnett in his journeying all through the far-flung islands from the Marquesas to New Guinea, in Samoa and the Solomons, traced the same shark god and, though under many different names it was always the pre-eminent deity. "Maraeas," or large altars, were erected to it, usually near a lagoon, beside which almost every fisherman's family had a small temple where prayers were offered to a particular shark that had been "pre-empted" as their special deity, and to which propitiatory food was regularly thrown. Because of this, numbers of these voracious monsters became so tame as to congregate regularly near the beach.

Mr. Burnett, while exploring in the Gilberts some twenty years ago, heard of the existence of a mysterious image of wood that was known as the shark goddess. He made a vigorous attempt to find this to add to his collection. Though failing to do so, he learned the following

interesting facts: The image was the only one of its kind known in the Gilbert Island group. It was found enthroned as an object of worship in "The House of Skulls" on the island of Apamama by Captain Davis at the time the British protectorate was declared over the islands in 1892. This temple was used by Tem Benoka, the king of Apamama, who also was the most powerful potentate in the group, as a receptacle for the heads of those chiefs of other islands whom he had slain.

When, in 1892, it was decreed by virtue of the British Protectorate, that all hostilities should cease between the warring tribes, and that all disputes in

future between native chiefs should be placed before the British officers, Captain Davis deemed it advisable that the "House of Skulls" and its contents should be destroyed, thereby removing any further incentive to head collecting. However, before Captain Davis' intention was carried out, word of it reached the old native who had filled the position of guardian and priest to the goddess most of his life. Great mystery indeed surrounds the matter of how the priest obtained the information, as Captain Davis is certain he said nothing to make known his intentions. Native telepathy, or sorcery is hinted



The "Shark Goddess" of the Gilbert Isles

at. At any rate, the old priest by night removed the god and kept it concealed until recently. Just before he died he revealed the secret hiding place to a white man who had done him a favor, and related the history of the rare figure which was to the effect that: Very long ago when the ancestors of the present Gilbert Islanders arrived at the group from the unknown to the eastward, the chief of the party had a daughter who exercised an abnormal influence over sharks. She was immune from their attacks. This led her to claim she represented the shark god. As its priestess, to those votaries who offered sufficient donations she undertook to place them under the protection of that deity, so that they would also enjoy immunity from attack. Her god very soon supplanted the ancient ones of the people. When she died, a female figure in her likeness was carved out of a block of wood that happened to have been brought from the far country to the eastward. This image having been placed in a house specially erected for it was thereafter known as "The Shark Woman," for the reason that her spirit was supposed to have taken possession of it, and resided therein, which eventually led to the image becoming an object of worship as the "Shark God" itself.

The truth of the tradition, so far as the great age of the idol is concerned, is borne out by the fact that it was carved out of an exceedingly hard and heavy piece of wood absolutely foreign to these islands, and of such a weight that it

Continued on page 105

Many Little Feet

Continued from page 15

the warm light that shone from the window of the shanty. He was suddenly very hungry and tired. His dogs had thrown themselves down and were rolling in the snow, legs in the air. It cut him to the heart to make the gallant brutes take up the bitter trail again, but they must.

Under the rules, each musher must carry all his own gear and take care of himself throughout the race. Whatever the weather, unless he had definitely given up, he was not to be allowed under a roof or to be handed so much as a cup of water.

"No, I guess I'll pull on a piece yet," said Billy. "Come on, Paddy boy, you got to mush some more before you eat. Come on, that's a fine lad."

Poor Paddy did not want to come on. Even willing Misery displayed distinct reluctance. Slick whimpered. Bucko snarled. But with great patience and gentleness Billy got them all to their feet and started on their way.

He found no good place to camp in the scrub willow and poplar country about the post, and travelled on at an easy pace toward the heavy timber on the lower ground, keeping a sharp lookout for the ghastly white trunks of the paper birch, the bark of which would provide him with a quick hot fire.

A winking spark at the foot of the slope he was descending, a chorus of wolflike yelps out of the darkness. His own team pricked their sharp ears and barked back defiantly.

The firelight shut out by a tall figure and a voice with a strong New England twang enquiring: "Who's tha—at?"

"Billy Fairlight—that you, Alaska?"

"Uh-huh. Figuring to camp?"

"If it's all the same to you."

"You're as welcome as the flowers in May."

Billy's team had halted without being told, and he tethered them well out of reach of Alaska's dogs, otherwise there would have been a most gorgeous free-for-all in three seconds. No sleigh-dog is ever too tired to fight. Billy took some chunks of raw beef out of the carriage and saw that each dog had his portion. Then he was free to look to his own comfort.

Kicking away the snow, he laid his rabbit-skin robe on the ground by the fire and sank down upon it with a happy sigh. Without a word, Alaska handed him a can of scalding black tea tasting strongly of birch-bark smoke; which, taken on a below-zero night on the open trail, is the most delectable of all drinks.

Billy drank gratefully and proceeded to eat a frugal supper of fried bacon and bannock; for a full stomach makes a slow traveller.

Alaska was a sportsman. He looked at Billy without a trace of envy. "Your dogs look to be in fine shape," he said, "Guess this is your race."

"What about your team?" replied Billy. "I don't notice much the matter with them."

Alaska shook his grizzled head. "It's too dark," he said; "my second dog's all in; snagged himself some place back there. I'll have to carry him the balance of the trip. But I used bad judgment just the same. I run 'em too hard. I been whipsawed right. I hate to own up, but it's true."

"How come?"

"Oh, it was easy enough to figure out, though I didn't tumble to it myself until it was too late. Them Chipok boys and Wolf Curry is in cahoots. Johnny went away like he was running a fifty-mile race, and by gosh, that's all he was running. They figured that if Johnny didn't kill out the field in the first fifty miles, Wolf was to carry on, and that's just what he done. He's

Continued on page 97

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\$1500⁰⁰ IN PRIZES

solve this message

BNERAN

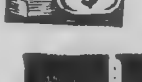
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BTERET

IMPORTANT

If your solution is successful in winning 125 points, the highest possible for being correct, you will receive an immediate surprise award.



SOLVE THIS PUZZLE.

The mysterious jumbled message printed on the above Banner contains four words purposely misplaced and when correctly placed is the slogan of a better hosiery service. Each little group of letters represents a word and the four words form the slogan. For example, the first group of jumbled letters is "BNERAN" and when put in its proper order is "BANNER." If you can solve this fascinating puzzle you have opened the way to being declared the first prize winner. Be neat and careful. Follow the rules.

RULES

1. Write answers in ink on one side of paper only. Put name and address and name of this paper in upper right hand corner, stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Put anything else on separate sheet. Don't send fancy or typewritten answer. 2. You must be 15 years or over to enter. Employees of this company or their friends are forbidden to enter. 3. Final awards will be made by a committee of three Toronto gentlemen having no connection with the firm. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions.

Prizes will be awarded by points. 275 points, the maximum, or nearest thereto, will take the first prize. 125 points will be awarded for the correct solution of the puzzle, 50 points for general neatness, appearance, spelling, punctuation and handwriting of entry, and 100 for fulfilling the conditions of contest.

What Is This Mysterious Message?

WIN FIRST PRIZE.

THE BANNER BETTER SERVICE

This is an advertising contest to introduce The Banner Better Service. We want to acquaint you and your friends with the better grades of Banner Hosiery made from pure silk, silk and wool, and pure wool, for every member of the family, and sold at money-saving prices.

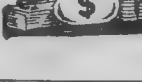
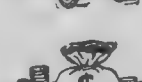
Every contestant who solves this mysterious message and is awarded over 100 points will be given the opportunity of gaining more points and a half dozen Guaranteed Wm. Rogers Spoons free by obtaining, at money-saving prices, a selection of Banner Hosiery. Lingerie, etc., selected from the Banner "Share These Values" Catalogue, that need not cost more than \$8.00.



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many subscriptions expire. A reference to the address label on the cover will indicate the status of your own particular account, and if you find that the month is followed by the numerals 27 you will know that your subscription has expired, or is shortly about to do so. The editors promise many good things for next year and no doubt we can confidently expect your kind support, in which event the coupon over in the corner may prove very handy indeed.

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The Goodness of Beef

27

Western Women Assemble Fine Exhibits for Canadian National Exhibition

Continued from page 82

storage case of dressed poultry—geese, fowl and chickens, poultry that had been there for eight months and looked as fresh as the day it had been put in.

In one corner was a large comfortable-looking nest, where a fine stuffed Plymouth Barred Rock surveyed the crowd—this breed being the most popular in this province. In the other corner was a miniature poultry plant.

Facts and figures of this branch of farming were told on a card: "In 1926 Manitoba flocks produced eggs valued at \$3,608,000.00 and exported 200 carloads of poultry."

Special Speakers

MANITOBA had many special speakers, these including Hon. W. R. Motherwell, who emphasized the training of boys and girls for a vocation and not a vacation; Hon. Robert Forke, Minister of Immigration, who gave some interesting reminiscences of when he came to this province as an immigrant boy forty-five years ago; Premier Bracken, who told with facts and figures the resources and advantages of this province; Hon. W. J. Major, attorney-general of this province, who stated that the W.I.'s had revolutionized the rural life of this province; Mrs. David Watt, Birtle, and F. B. Hutt, who gave a special welcome on behalf of Manitoba.

Premier Bracken stated that there were four things needed in Canada today, these being—

A better understanding between East and West;

A fuller recognition of the interdependence of city and country;

A more balanced development of industrial life; and

A more intelligently directed team play.

Saskatchewan

Saskatchewan had a most attractive display. Sheaves of every kind of grain and grass grown in this province formed an effective wainscoting for the back wall, above this were hung beautiful colored transparencies, showing the University of Saskatchewan, the parliament buildings, a threshing scene, herds of dairy cattle and Percheron horses, and the beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley. On the side wall were large photographs of the home of Hon. W. R. Motherwell, federal minister of agriculture, this showing the

beautiful trees, hedges and shrubs which he planted himself; of Seager Wheeler, five times winner of the world's championship wheat; J. C. Mitchell, three times winner of this honor, and a Red Cross Out Post.

But the real story of the resources of this province was told with seventy slides of stereo-motograph, which literally drew thousands of people.

The women's work was represented by specimens of towels woven from home-grown and home-spun flax, a number of these with cross-stitchery embroidery.

Another feature of the booth was articles of the famous Saskatchewan pottery, made from deposits of clay in this province that are declared to be better than the finest English clay. These vases, bowls, and tiles were made in the experimental laboratory in the University.

The fact that Saskatchewan has the lowest death rate of any province or country reporting vital statistics in the world, this being 6.8 per thousand, was also emphasized, this being attributed to the Seymour Plan, or the campaign originated by Dr. Seymour, Minister of Health in this province, against communicable diseases.

The booth was in charge of Miss Abbie DeLury, superintendent of Homemakers' Clubs and Miss Isabel Shaw, director of home economics in the provincial department of education of this province.

The special speakers on Saskatchewan Day included Hon. W. R. Motherwell, who told of the resources of his home province, referred to it as the home of the co-operative marketing and pools, and also urged the women to get behind the movement for world peace. W. B. Roadhouse, deputy minister of agriculture for Ontario, extolled the advantages of the provincial luncheons in promoting an understanding of the problems and resources of the various provinces; Nina Moore Jamieson, formerly of Saskatchewan, who extended greetings; Miss Abbie DeLury, superintendent of Homemakers' Clubs, who stressed the fact that too much importance was being put on material progress and not enough on the other side of life; Miss Isabel Shaw, who gave facts and figures about the educational development in Saskatchewan, and Lee Grayson, a prominent artist and health worker, who spoke about the advantages of Saskatchewan.

Legal Information

Continued from page 48

Fort Garry, Man.

Q. Ever since 1920 we have lived next to a dairyman. He usually keeps a pile of manure near our back fence, which makes the back yard smell bad, and sometimes it is very bad in our house. Lately it has been much worse. I have often asked them to move the pile and put it some other place, but they won't give me any satisfaction. Can I get damages from the dairyman? How much?—D. L. R.

A. We do not believe you can sue the dairyman for damages. You have allowed the matter to stand for so many years that we doubt that you can now succeed. We think it unlikely that you could yourself obtain any damages, although you might perhaps be able to get a court order compelling the dairyman to abate the nuisance. The court will not assist those who do not act promptly to protect their rights. However, it may be that the dairy as managed is a menace to public health in the district or that the stench is a public nuisance. If so you may be able to take proceedings as representing the general public and obtain an order of the court abating the nuisance. It is impossible to give you a satisfactory opinion without knowing all the details. Consult a lawyer.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they can't hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—Gladstone.

Celtic and Finno-Ugric Poetry

Continued from page 87

punishment, the task of learning to speak it. These Basques are a people of great antiquity and profound pride of race. Their most illustrious men have been Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier.

Their poetry is all comparatively modern and includes no figures of world importance. The following verses are by Tene, an accomplished Basque poetess of our own day:

Gone is the grace of summer! Gone at last,

It's laughter lies behind me.

Gone is the summer: that its grace is past
Mountain and vale remind me.

Gone are the loves of summer, and the morn

When we went sweetly friended
And gaily by thatched hut and hillside thorn

Our white-fleeced flocks we tended.

And as the deepening autumn shall adorn
The slopes with snow, transcended
Shall be my autumn woe, my heart
forlorn

Know even autumn ended.

Caught

Mistress—"Can you explain why it is, Mary, that every time I come into this kitchen I find you reading?"

New Maid—"It must be those rubbers of your heels, Mum!"—London Passing Show.

Forty-seven Years a Driver Without Lifting the Whip

MOTORS and aeroplanes develop and increase in numbers and the man in the street talks glibly of a horseless age under the impression that the horse is rapidly disappearing. Yet it is not a horseless age and in numerous instances the horse continues to maintain a very definite and important role in transportation. This fact was emphasised at Montreal recently by the attention focussed on Telesphere Leduc as the recipient of a special shield donated by the League of Justice for Animals, the occasion being the completion of 47 years continuous service with one company as a driver of horsedrawn vehicles.

Mr. Leduc is in the employ of the Canadian Cartage and Storage Company, at Montreal, which handles the freight deliveries of the Canadian National Railways, and his honors sit lightly upon him, as he expects literally to be in harness when the final call comes.

Today he is 74 years of age and has reasonable expectations that he will reach his father's age of 85 years, the elder Leduc having also passed his working years as a cooper in the service of the same company.

As to horses, Mr. Leduc believes that they will never be replaced and, in proof, points out that the eight or ten which the

company possessed when he first joined up have now risen to 300 in daily use on the streets of Montreal. Motors have made no impression on this form of transport because it has been clearly proven by actual experience that local railway deliveries of this character are more economically performed by horse-drawn lorries.

"I like horses," said Mr. Leduc when asked to tell something about himself, "and I have never beaten a horse."

One of the astonishing things about Mr. Leduc's service is that in all the forty-seven years he has never missed a day through illness, and this is confirmed by the records. Added to that, he is always the first man at the stables, rising each morning at 4.30 and reporting at a quarter to six. "I go to bed at 9 o'clock, and rarely as late as 10," said he.

Another of the extraordinary features of this man's record is that he has never been in a street accident and the company has yet to receive a claim because of any error committed in delivery by him.

A sturdy pipe and a stout and generous tobacco pouch are requisites for the day and so equipped Mr. Leduc looks upon life philosophically.



Telesphere Leduc and one of his equine friends



Photo by Courtesy of Can. Nat'l. Rys

Mr. Leduc "on the job." He has never missed a day in his forty-seven years of service, has never been in a street accident, and the company has yet to receive a claim because of any error committed in delivery by him

Song of My Sylvan Cot By Olive Macken

I have a little plot of land,
On which some modest buildings stand;
A cottage that is painted grey,
A barn that's full of fragrant hay.

Some trees are there, and flowers sweet,
And soft kind grass for tired feet;
A little stream goes murmuring through
My meadows, strewn with violets blue.

Good room there is for birds and bees;
Squirrels go scampering through my trees;
And wee brown mice, with lightning feet,
Go scurrying through my fields of wheat.

For those within my humble door,
There's plenty,—and a little more
For all who come, some sad, some gay,—
Trudging along life's broad highway.

I envy not those vast estates,
Whose high stone walls and tight-locked gates,
Hug to themselves their beauty rare,
Nor seek to lighten grief or care.

I ask of life no kinder lot,
Than just to keep my little plot;
To toil and play, spend and be spent,
And fill my days with sweet content.



Ten Thousand Dollars!

—by a stroke of the pen

ONE month ago James McKay was vaguely hoping, as he had been for years, that somehow, sometime, he would "strike it rich"—but beginning to wonder, with a growing disquiet, if he ever would. He had managed to save a few dollars each year—but his progress toward the financial independence he dreamed of was discouragingly slow.

* * * * *

And then, one day, by a stroke of the pen, he took the uncertainty out of his future—eliminated the "ifs" and "buts" from his dreams.

He decided to take a \$10,000 North American Endowment Policy. By doing so he made certain that, when he retires, he will have the snug sum of \$10,000 plus the generous profits paid by the North American Life on such policies. By the same policy he created an estate of \$10,000 for his wife and kiddies, payable to them if he should die.

The moderate yearly payments he makes on his policy are really an interesting method of saving money in a sure and profitable investment. Have you done anything definite to make certain of your future financial independence—to protect your family against the possible loss of your income?

Investigation of the North American Life Endowment Policy will show you how easily you too can solve the vital financial problems of the future "by a stroke of the pen." Send the coupon to-day.

Please send full particulars about your Endowment Plans.

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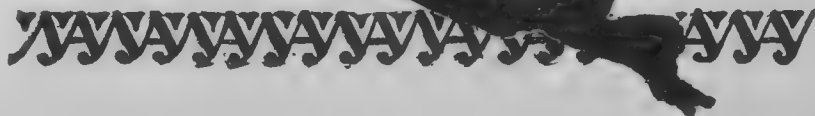
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USE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS, FOREIGN CHEQUES, Etc. ALSO FOR YOUR NEXT SHIPMENT

Some Ideas for Christmas

Continued from page 70

small tool called a moulder. Or, a little pallet knife is sometimes used, and instead of dropping the wax into place it is scraped off the heated end of the stick. The knife is heated and the wax applied with a brush-like stroke. Petals may be shaded by using a second or third shade and blending them with the hot tool. The outline of the petal or leaf must be kept as in the crepe paper design, and the edge always raised more than any other part.



The Basket

Would you believe that this adorable basket is made entirely of paper? Yes it is a woven basket, but crepe paper rope is used instead of raffia. The rope is very easy to handle and can be had in a variety of shades and colors. In fact, some women make the rope themselves out of crepe paper when it is not convenient to buy just what they want. I will take a moment to tell you how the rope is made. The crepe paper is cut across the grain from one to ten inches wide, depending upon the thickness of rope desired. The one-inch width makes a 1/16 inch rope and a 10 inch width makes a 1/2 inch rope. One end of the strip is fastened in a drawer or tied to some object. Then standing at a distance the strip is stretched as much as possible and the edges turned in. A loop is formed at the end, a pencil placed in the loop, the paper held steady with the left hand, and the pencil twisted with the right hand away from you with a wrist motion, until the crepe is tight and firm. A second strand is made in the same manner, an end of each strand is attached to some object and the two strands twisted together by turning the pencil in the opposite direction—toward the left.

The floral design is a decorated crepe paper cut-out, pasted on, as explained for the vase and book-ends. The entire surface is then covered with transparent amber sealing wax paint.

Weaving with crepe paper rope and wire is not at all difficult, as the wire is easily bent into the desired shape, and the rope is soft and pliable. There are many different weaves and stitches, and the possibility of creating an endless variety of baskets or trays in every shape, size, and color makes the work unusually attractive. It works up very quickly, and who would not like to receive a basket of some sort as a gift.

The Wire Doll

This attractive little lady is all ready to go skating. Her outfit is red with white "fur" trimming and makes a bright spot wherever she is placed in the Christmas decorations. One can, of course, always use one's own ideas for the dress and hat so I shall tell you particularly about making the doll itself. For the head, a small ball is formed of crepe paper or of cotton, and then a piece of white crepe paper is stretched smoothly over the ball. The ends of the paper are fastened tightly with spool wire. The features are painted with India ink and crayon. The ends of the fastening spool wire and the surplus paper are cut off to within about 1/4 inch. To make the arms, a strip of No. 7 wire is cut 10 inches long; each end is bent back 1/2 inch for hands, and with a 1/2 inch wide strip of white crepe paper, cut across the grain, the wire is wrapped over and over about 5 times. For the body and

Continued on page 100



Isn't this a Pretty Hat?

I got it from Hallam

Hallam's Fashion Book

has 56 pages with nearly 300 illustrations showing the newest popular modes from Paris, London and New York in

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YOUR NAME
(IN FULL)

STREET NO. OR RURAL ROUTE

POST OFFICE

PROVINCE

Many Little Feet

Continued from page 93

still ahead, but I bet his dogs is dead on their feet right now. I doubt he'll ever finish. Andy is laying back taking things easy, but you want to look out for him; he'll come with a rush when he starts. You won't have no difficulty passing Wolf—I figure to pass him myself—and that'll put you first and me next, but with a dog to carry, Andy'll likely nose me out. Anyway I'm pretty sure to be in the money, so I ain't worrying none. I'll know better next trip.

"I guess you are right," said Billy; "yes, sir, you are right."

"Well, let's get some sleep," said Alaska. "We'll need all we can get before we're through."

They rolled themselves tightly, each in his robe, feet to the fire, and dropped off to sleep with the ease of trained mushers. There was no need of an alarm clock. A man can keep warm in the open for only about three hours in twenty below zero weather unless he is moving or has a fire.

THE cold drove its piercing blade into them about two in the morning and they both stirred almost simultaneously.

"Hit 'er with a smile," said Alaska. "I wouldn't bother to start another fire."

They roused the dogs, each curled in a tight ball in the snow, and put the harness on them.

"You first," cried Alaska, when the shivering trains stood ready for the trail. "I don't figure to hit your gait. Good luck and watch out for snags."

"I'll watch," said Billy, and shook hands heartily with him. "Come away there, Paddy, Misery, Thunder, Mush, boys, mush. Flip, Bucko, Slick, Doughnut, tcha, tcha, tcha!"

Away in the heavy, frost-laden darkness, many little feet gritting on the dry snow and the runners whimpering mournfully. The northern lights were at play all across the sky, and a coyote complained of his woes to an indifferent world.

For the first half-mile Billy ran—ran until the warmth came back to his numb limbs and the stiffness went out of them. Then on to the runners; stand on one foot and kick with the other; change over and repeat.

The stiffness was out of the dogs, too, and they went faster and more easily. The speed crept up from six to seven to eight to nine miles an hour, and Billy forebore to push them farther. If they could hold the pace there was little likelihood of anybody passing them.

Out of the forest onto a big, reedy swamp, thickly set with muskrat houses. The northern lights whirled and eddied madly across the sky, and eerie shadows swept across the snow below them. It was bitterly cold, but luckily there was no wind.

How far ahead was Wolf Curry? Had he stopped to camp, and for how long?

Three o'clock, four o'clock, five o'clock, six o'clock. He was dozing again. The big swamp was interminable. The muskrat houses flitted by in a long procession; the reeds stood up stiff and straight on either hand. The northern lights had ceased their play for the night, and the sky was full of bright, hard stars.

Billy woke with a start. Somebody had cracked a whip out in the darkness ahead and his dogs were barking. Just a few short defiant notes, for they needed their breath for running.

Wolf Curry and seven worn out dogs, one of them limping, going at hardly more than a walk. If Wolf had driven his dogs mercilessly, he had driven himself also, for he limped too.

Billy swung out to pass, but whether by inadvertence or on purpose, Wolf's train blocked his path.

"Let me by," cried Billy.

"Go on, damn you, get by," snarled Wolf. "Don't you shoot off your damn mouth at me. You don't own this here damn trail."

A hot retort rose to Billy's lips; his temper was getting short, too, as a tired man's does in the small hours. But he remembered in time that he was out to win a race and two thousand dollars, and not to fight with Wolf Curry. Undoubtedly nothing would please Wolf better than to have dogs and drivers mixed in an inextricable tangle. It would delay Billy indefinitely and one or more of his dogs might easily be too badly mauled to travel.

Billy ran forward and took Paddy by the collar. Holding his whip ready in the other hand and keeping a watchful eye on Wolf's bristling train, he manoeuvred his own team around them.

Curry came forward truculently, flourishing his whip. At the moment Billy would have loved nothing better than to poke a clenched fist into his face, but he controlled himself. With a loud yell to his dogs he sprang to the guide-bar and pushed.

"Come back here and fight, you dirty yellow pup," shouted Wolf after him.

"See you later," replied Billy.

Curry's imprecations died away in the rear. Billy drew a deep breath. He was hot and shaking all over with rage. He repeated to himself the things he would say to Wolf at their next meeting.

But meantime the race had to be won. He was first, but where was Andy Chipok? There was still fifty or sixty miles to go, and much might happen before those miles were all traversed.

The east was paling, the sun would rise shortly. The end of the swamp was in sight, with high hills beyond, a difficult bit of trail.

A very difficult bit, all up hill and down dale; the dogs scrambling desperately on the sharp rises and running like mad to keep from getting run over on the descents.

Out at last on the smooth surface of Little Pig Lake, where another water-hole had been cut by the race committee. It was now frozen over, and Billy had to waste many precious minutes with his hatchet reopening it. But both he and his dogs were the better for the drink.

Away again, heading south at last. "Tcha, tcha, tcha; going home, boys, going home! Paddy, you old snoozer, come away there. Misery, Thunder, Doughnut. I will have to bust you wide open yet, Slick, you ain't pulling a thing but your mangy tail. Come on, Bucko. Tough, ain't it, Flip? You can do it though."

Bucko and Flip, runner dogs, the smallest and weakest, were flagging. Billy cast anxious looks along the course, but there was nothing in sight.

Stand on one foot and push with the other; change over, run a little, ride a little; pattering feet on the trail and the whine of the runners changing back to a soft hiss as the sun rose and the temperature with it.

Off Little Pig Lake, across the low portage to, Lily Pad Lake. A dozen more miles of level going and then the worst bit of the whole course, the trail beside Lily River.

ALL the dogs were tired now. Billy was leg-weary himself and there was a weight on the back of his neck. That interminable lake; the ache in his legs and back; the failing dogs; the

Continued on page 98

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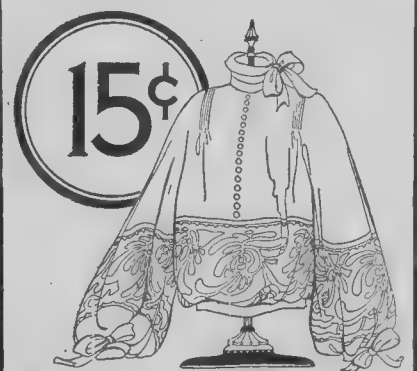
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Do You Know of Better Value or Anything More Distinctly Canadian Than The Western Home Monthly?

Many Little Feet

Continued from page 97

need of sleep; the tongue already parched again. How long could they hold the pace? What pace were they making? Was there anything coming up behind?

He could not see for the sun-dazzle. It was a pity, for if he could only be sure that nobody was challenging his lead he could let the dogs down. There was still a long way to go and he was not safe from pursuit yet.

Into the forest again, up and still up. Out on a bare hillside, a steep slope above him, a steeper slope to where Lily River brawled along its stony bed or dived under ice-bridges. A treacherous side-hill where the carriage was forever threatening to cut off the trail and go rolling over and over down to the water.

There could be no question of fast travelling now. The team slowed to a jog-trot, and Billy gripped the guide-bar, holding the runners on the slippery trail by main strength.

He knew he would have a fine view from here back over the trail he had come. He could see if Andy Chipok was yet in sight. But it was risky. He fought the temptation, but it was too much for him. He looked back. Was that a roving black speck down there on the lake, or was it imagination? He craned his neck. He forgot for a moment his position. His grip on the guide-bar slackened.

And suddenly it was wrenched out of his hands. He faced about to see the carriage swing violently to one side and start down the slope backwards, dragging the dogs after it. He yelled.

The gallant brutes dug their claws into the yielding snow, checked for a moment; and then the whole mass began to slide under them.

He plunged down the slope, missed his footing, pitched forward on his face, turned a complete somersault, and a moment later found himself lying among his struggling dogs in four feet of loose snow at the foot of the slope.

He got upon his feet somehow and set about disentangling his wallowing dogs from their harness. Then he examined them one by one carefully, and heaved a sigh of relief. There were none of them hurt, though Bucko had taken the opportunity to nip Thunder, whom he hated, and Thunder was most anxious to retaliate.

He forced them both to lie down, while he looked the carriage over. The frame had been wrenched and one of the runners split, but the injury was not serious.

The great question now was how to get back upon the trail. The slope above was too steep to draw the carriage up. He must work down along the river until he found an easier grade. The whole of the narrow valley was full of deep soft snow save where the treacherous Lily clove a path through it.

He set out to break trail. Having no snowshoes he sank to the waist at every step, while the team floundered along behind him. Progress was miserably slow and tiring to already weary legs.

There came a loud and mocking yell from above. Billy looked up to see Andy Chipok's hairy face grinning down at him. "He-yi," shouted Andy, "I see you later. Good-bye."

A wave of fury engulfed Billy; despair gripped him. Then he set his teeth hard. "I ain't done yet," he gritted, "I'll see you a lot sooner than you think." But Andy was already gone out of hearing.

It was not until he proceeded a good quarter of a mile, further that he got upon the trail again. He was tired, his

dogs were tired, but the race was still to be run.

"Tcha, tcha, tcha! Come on, boys, good boys. Game lads. It's a shame to hustle you, but you ain't going to let Andy Chipok and his team of mangy coyotes beat you. No sir. Good boy, Paddy. They'll be saying you're the finest dog ever looked through a collar, and they'll be right. Come along, Misery, you're tough, you bet you are. Wiggle your tail, Thunder, that's the lad. Slick, I'm going to have to take an axe to you yet; you ain't even trying. Doughnut, Flip, Bucko; tough sledding, lads, eh? But you're game; you're all game but that yellow pup, Slick. You're going home lads; tcha, tcha, tcha, tcha!"

THE trail wound a good deal and he saw nothing of Andy Chipok till he came to a little lake and glimpsed the other disappearing into the bush on the other side. Half a mile of lead and ten miles to go. Billy was so tired himself and his dogs so tired too that it seemed an almost hopeless task.

Heavy bush again, but a fairly level trail. It could not be long now until he reached the river, but hours seemed to pass. His legs ached, his back ached, his shoulders ached; he bent and snatched a handful of snow now and then to cool his burning tongue. What a trail!

Glory be, the river! Only three miles now. More glorious still, he had gained on Andy. Not more than three hundred yards separated them now. Could he do it?

He looked his team over and his heart sank. Paddy, incomparable Paddy, was still his mainstay and his hope. But Paddy's head was very low; he had lost his evenness of gait; he labored.

Misery was still pulling; he was inferior only to Paddy in the lack of that divine spark of leadership. Thunder, his mate, still struggled gallantly, but he was far gone.

Doughnut had all but reached the end of his tether, and as for Flip and Bucko, if they could only keep out of the way of the runners and did not have to be carried they would do all that could be expected of them.

There remained only Slick—Slick the shirker, the swiftest dog in the team and the freshest. Billy would have to use the whip on him, but he would have to choose the moment, for even Slick probably did not have more than one burst of speed in him now.

The first scattered houses of Gateway were in sight; the vanguard of the crowd had come even this far, and were running back now, shouting.

Billy measured the distance between himself and Andy. It seemed about the same. Both teams were far gone and both drivers. Andy stood with a foot planted on each runner, clinging to the guide-bar. He neither attempted to run or to kick.

If Billy himself could run he still had a chance to win. He must try. He was driving his dogs for the last ounce that was in them and he would drive himself to.

The winning post was in sight; the distance between himself and Andy had not appreciably lessened. The time had come. Billy's long whip had rippled in the snow behind him throughout the race; now he gathered the cruel thong up in his hand.

The very thought of lashing one of his dogs almost made him sick, but there was no alternative. His face went grim and he spoke in a voice that none of the dogs had heard that trip. They flinched under it.

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The Step Saving Kitchen

Continued from page 24

several thicknesses of newspaper, the garbage wrapped and put directly into the can at the right. The soiled dishes travel into the dishpan which rests in the sink and from it to the left drain-board; as they are wiped, they are placed directly from the left drain-board into the cupboard which is its immediate neighbor, either on the same wall or at right angles. This means that the dishes are washed, wiped and put away with the very minimum of movement—and again, the whole process should be carried out by a *seated* worker. The high stool I have already mentioned will serve admirably at the sink and no matter how accustomed you may be to standing at such tasks as vegetable paring, dishwashing, ironing, etc., you will very soon adjust yourself to the energy-saving plan of sitting on your high stool, with your feet comfortably tucked on the wide step that replaces a rung on one side, in the best stools. I have illustrated in detail a very excellent sink arrangement. The sink, in the first place, is placed high enough so that the worker need not stoop when employed at it. This only means a few inches of extra pipe and a very small job of plumbing if you are at present cursed with a low sink. In the meantime, until you can have its level made higher, place a flat baking dish or a small wooden platform on four pegs, under your dishpan, and save yourself at least that much back-ache. It pays!

Recommendations for a sink usually include a drain-board on each side. This is by all odds the best arrangement. If, however, you are very short of space, you may prefer to have a small table at the right side of your sink, instead of a drain-board. It will receive the soiled dishes and so on, just like a draining board, and may serve some other purpose you have in mind at the same time. I would strongly advocate in such cases, that this little table be portable; it is easy to make it so—just add four small wheels or big ball-bearing castors, so that the table may be very easily wheeled about from one part of the kitchen to another where it can be most useful at the moment. You will find a little wheel table like this a real step-saver when it comes to setting the table in the dining room and clearing away after the meal; a single trip with the wheel table will replace several with even a large tray.

You will note that the dish cupboard, illustrated with our sink, stands at right-angles to it, against the neighboring wall. The person who lifts dishes from the left draining board and wipes them, places them immediately on the cupboard shelves. Another very convenient arrangement is a set of shelves directly over the drain-board, which will usually accommodate the dishes that are in daily use; this is an excellent plan if the cupboard that holds the bulk of the dishes cannot be placed close to the sink.

Our chart does not show where the pots and pans are stowed. My preference is to divide these up. Things I place directly on the stove—frying pans, broiler, coffee and tea pots, etc., I like to keep on a rack or narrow set of shelves just beside the stove. And whatever you do, plan some simple kind of a rack for your pot-lids so that you only need to reach for the one you want when you stand beside the range. There are metal racks that can be purchased and it is easy to make simple wooden ones at home.

Such saucepans as are used first at the sink, where they are filled with cold water or where vegetables and so forth are placed in them, should be kept beside the sink; likewise, all baking pans are at their best in the baking cabinet or on the shelf that you will

observe underneath the fitted work table.

Mention of this work table brings me back to a statement I made at the beginning. Many of my readers will have possessed all these convenient kitchen fittings only in their fondest dreams. I know quite well that many of you feel that you have the most inconvenient, ill-equipped kitchen in the whole world. But even if it seems as bad as that, I know that if you will study what I have said about the placing of equipment, you will be able to improve a kitchen that you find awkward. Perhaps putting your work table in a different position will help a lot; maybe it would aid you to add one or two small tables—certainly putting one of them on wheels. Get your high stool—if it means fitting an old chair with long legs. Put some kind of rack on shelves in the right places for your pots and pans and for their covers, and arrange a convenient receptacle for clean dishes. A country reader here and there may say that she has no sink and likewise no handy cupboard. I would say to such readers—urge a sink and indoor water supply on the men of the household as your next necessity; in the meantime put it up to them to keep a convenient water barrel filled for you right by the entry door and beside your work table; on which you probably place the dishpan when it comes to washing up, put some simple shelving to hold the constantly used dishes. A series of grocery boxes piled on their sides, one on top of the other, with hooks in their backs for the cups if you like, can be given a coat of paint and will serve at least a temporary purpose very well. The main thing is to identify your own needs and set about meeting them in the best way you can.

You will find such a work table as we have illustrated quite within your reach, no matter what your limitations may be. Place the table in the corner, get your shelves in place and collect canisters, boxes, and any kind of suitable containers for the ingredients that go into your most frequently made dishes. Put little hooks or nails along the edges of these shelves to hold all the little tools you use so constantly—don't stow them away in a drawer that you have to pull out every time you want an egg-beater or a can-opener. The only utensils that need to be put away in cupboards and drawers are those that are used so seldom that they would gather dust between times.

I have shown no place in my illustrations for brooms and cleaning materials. Some of you will have tall, narrow broom-closets already built into your kitchens. Such broom closets can be bought nowadays, just like kitchen cabinets. They will have a shelf or two for cleaning materials and racks on which the brooms can be hung. Failing a closet, an open rack may be placed in a convenient corner of the kitchen with a shelf above it for the small things; you can hang a curtain around the edge of the shelf, if you like. Sometimes you can put your rack in the cellar-way, just inside the door from the kitchen, or hooks for the brooms at the bottom of the back stairs, so that in either case you need only open a door to grasp the broom or mop you want.

Doubtless you will have many opportunities for adding little conveniences of your own that will exactly fill a particular need. Don't hesitate to strike out on new and individual lines! The clever housekeeper is the one who first realizes her necessities and then looks about for whatever means are at hand for taking care of them.



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY WINNIPEG - CANADA

Dear Subscriber:

Christmas is "just around the corner" and once again you are faced with the gift problem.

May we suggest that a year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly makes an excellent present. Last year many of our readers very quickly and effectively disposed of a great deal of worry and trouble by sending us a complete list of names and addresses of their relatives and friends.

That the experiment was successful is indicated by the fact that during the past few weeks we have received many letters inquiring whether our Special Christmas offer will hold good again this year.

As a matter of fact a subscription to a magazine is a very happy idea because a copy arrives at your friend's house, not once, but twelve times during the year and on each occasion the donor's thoughtfulness is remembered.

In each instance, of course, a handsomely embossed greeting card is sent to arrive on Christmas morning, explaining that the magazine will be mailed through your courtesy.

By all means take advantage of this offer which will relieve you of a lot of bother at the busy season.

Yours very truly,

The Western Home Monthly

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Many Little Feet

Continued from page 98

"Here's where you get yours, Slick. You're going to pull now, or I'm going to cut the heart out of you."

He took a firm grip on the guide-bar and braced his feet. He must make absolutely sure of his aim. The right dog only must even be brushed by the lash.

The thong whistled through the air and bit into Slick's quarters like a striking snake. The shirker yelped and sprang forward. It was suddenly borne in upon him that the time for hanging back was past. He ran as he had never run before.

Billy dropped off and ran too. The breath whistled between his teeth; there was an agonizing tightness in his chest; he was one huge ache from head to heel.

He had no time to notice the roaring crowd on the bank; he did not even hear them.

He kept one eye on Slick, ready to leap up and lash him the instant he flagged, the other upon Andy Chipok's broad back. The winning post was so close now and yet so far away. There was a roaring in his ears; he did not know whether it came from within or without.

But they were gaining at every stride; Paddy swung out to pass and they lost a few yards. He saw Andy look back with a flash of white teeth in a furious snarl. They were twenty yards from the winning post. Paddy had already passed Chipok's carriage; Misery and Slick, just behind him, seemed to have new life in them.

Billy saw Andy's whip go up. There was a yelp. He had slashed Paddy across the face. Again the whip fell, and Paddy crumpled.

Billy went mad. He sprang from his carriage, leaped across the intervening space, and brought the weighted butt of his whip down on Andy's skull. The big man flung up his arms, and fell as if shot. His dogs swung out from the track and entwined their traces about the row of posts that marked off the course.

Pandemonium broke loose, as the crowd swarmed on to the track. Billy stumbled forward to where Paddy lay like one dead on the snow, blood flowing from his mouth. The rest of the dogs had dropped where they stood, and lay with lolling tongues, too tired even to roll.

Lying at full length beside him, Billy took his lead dog's beautiful head in his arms. "Oh, Paddy, Paddy," he cried, "you're not dead." Tears were coursing down his cheeks.

Paddy's eyes opened. He put out a feeble tongue and tried to lick his master's face.

An excited, shouting crowd milled around them. Men were lifting the half-conscious Andy to his feet. It was some moments before the police could clear the course. But Billy sat through it all, blind to everything but his beloved dog.

The judges approached him. "Can you finish, Fairlight?" asked one. "Chipok's disqualified for his dirty trick. If you can get your dogs up, it's only twenty feet to the post."

Billy got slowly to his feet, and stooped to lift Paddy. One by one the others struggled up. With Billy almost carrying his leader, the exhausted train staggered the twenty feet to victory, the championship of the mid-North, and a two-thousand-dollar prize.

Some Ideas for Christmas

Continued from page 96

legs two pieces of the wire are wrapped in the same way, with black crepe paper, the length of the wires depending upon the height the doll is to be. The wires are then placed; the two black ones vertically and the centre of the white one at the neck horizontally. They are all fastened together securely with a strip of spool wire. The black wires are now twisted together from the neck down 2½ inches and then separated. The twisted wires are wrapped with a strip of red crepe paper over and over until the body part measures about ½ inch in diameter. This completes the frame work of the doll. The arms and legs can be bent as desired. The dress can easily be copied from the illustration. The white trimming is ordinary cotton batting. The wire can be bent for feet so the doll will stand alone, or when a long skirt is used it will act as a support for the doll.

Wrapping Your Christmas Packages

With the assortment of wrappings, tyings, seals, tags and cards that it is now

so easy to obtain Christmas packages can be so distinctively wrapped as to add worth to the gift even if it is no more than a handkerchief. The plain white or red or green tissue is quite ordinary when merely tied with a ribbon, but with the use of a few seals and decorated gummed tape the whole package can be transformed so that it is almost too pretty to open.

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Household Discoveries

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If you wish a pretty table decoration during the winter months, plant dry grapefruit seeds in one of the fancy baskets so popular now and you will soon have a dainty green fern-like plant.

For the Child Who Dresses Himself

If a piece of narrow elastic is sewed across the bottom of the legs of children's winter underwear, the small child can put his own stockings on smoothly and snugly without any help from mother.

Slips for the Growing Girl

When making a slip for a growing girl, make the shoulder straps longer than necessary at the time and overlap

the extra length. When the slip becomes too short let out the shoulder straps.

To Save an Egg Yolk

If only the white of an egg is needed, puncture the shell and let the white drain out, then seal with tissue paper. If kept in a cold place the yolk will stay fresh and moist for several days.

Attractive Hanging Basket

Soak a sponge in warm water and sprinkle it with bird seed, making sure that the seeds go down into the holes of the sponge. In a couple of weeks the result will be a pretty ball of green. If sponge dries out, sprinkle it with warm water.

How Money Is Made At Home~



THE WORK IS PRIVATE

In the privacy of their own homes, men and women all over the Dominion are knitting wool socks for us with the Auto Knitter. Some devote all of their time to the work, others just odd hours and half hours during the day.

EVERYTHING DONE BY MAIL

The finished work is sent in by Parcel Post. Upon being received it is weighed and counted and the amount of yarn that has been used is returned to the worker together with a pay-checkue paying for the knitting.

PAY-CHEQUES NEVER FAIL

Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars have been earned by Auto Knitter workers. Whether a few dollars a week is wanted for little extras or a steady income is required—the Auto Knitter will provide it.

You have no doubt heard of many ways of earning extra money, but most of the plans mean hard work and very often house-to-house canvassing. Our plan requires no selling of any kind on your part. You work privately just when you wish, happy in the knowledge that a pay-checkue awaits your finished work. We offer men and women everywhere an opportunity to earn extra money without leaving home.

\$65.00 a Month Right at Home



do, yet during the last six months I averaged \$65.00 a month clear profit.

Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Saskatchewan.

When Mrs. Stevens took up this work she started without experience of any kind—just desire for some extra money. And she has told in her own words how she succeeded right from the start. And the profits this worker enjoys are so easily earned! Just a few pleasant hours now and then devoted to a light, easy occupation; one which does not prevent her from looking after her family and household cares.

Wouldn't you be pleased to earn money this way? Money of your very own to spend just as you like? Then why not have it! There is no reason at all why you cannot do what hundreds of others are doing. No reason why you cannot share in the thousands of dollars we pay out every month.

"For a long time I had been looking for a way to make extra money. Then one day, two years ago, I noticed an advertisement of the Auto Knitter. I wrote to the Company and in a short time I had a machine. In two or three days I learned to make socks. I have two small children and my housework to

Your Pay-Cheques Come by Mail

One thing that greatly appeals to our workers is the simple way in which our business is done. There is no fuss or bother about making out bills or forms. When a few dozen pairs of socks are ready they are sent to us by Parcel Post. By return mail we send a Money-Order paying so much a dozen for the knitting; also, a new lot of yarn. We send this new yarn so that more socks may be knit, and we replace it just as often as work is sent in. From this you can see, that with an Auto Knitter in your home, you need never be without money.

What We Do With the Socks

Auto Knit socks are retailed by over three thousand dealers in Canada. With such a tremendous outlet, you can understand why we are continually wanting more workers. Auto Knitting simply means that instead of maintaining a knitting factory here in Toronto, we have the work done privately at home. If you feel that this is something you would like to do, by all means let us hear from you.

This Coupon Will Bring Full Particulars

All we ask is that you send us your name. Without the slightest obligation on your part we will show you how you can turn your spare time into easily earned cash. No matter where you live or when you start, you can work for us. Clip and mail the coupon right now while you are interested, you will be delighted with what we send.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co. Limited
Department No. 5611
1870 Davenport Road, Toronto 9, Ont.

Dear Sirs—

Kindly send me full particulars about Auto Knitting. It is understood that this does not obligate me in the slightest way.

Name.....

Address.....

Province.....

Publication—Western Home Monthly, Nov. 1, 1927

SOMETHING TO LEARN Bed Time

The night is different from the day
It's darker in the night;
How can you ever hope to play
When it's no longer light?

When bed-time comes, it's time for you
To stop, for when you're yawning
You should be dreaming what you'll do
When it's to-morrow morning.
"Goops" by Gelett Burgess.



GRATEFUL

The table's unpretentious, the bill of fare is old,
Warm cereals are lacking, the toast is hard
and cold;
The dining room's unsheltered, a windy, chilly
place
But every little snowbird has said his little grace!

Lone Dog

I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog, and
lone;
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on
my own;
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly
sheep;
I love to sit and bay the moon, to keep fat
souls from sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog licking dirty feet,
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my
meat,
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled
plate,
But shut door, and sharp stone, and cuff
and kick and hate.

Not for me the other dogs running by my
side,
Some have run a short while, but none of
them would bide.
O mine is still the lone trail, the hard
trail, the best,
Wild wind, and wild stars, and hunger of
the quest!

—Irene Rutherford McLeod

(Do you know any people like the
"Lone Dog"? There are nearly always
some at school. They want to make
friends but don't quite know how. They
are inclined to sulk in corners by them-
selves, and refuse to join in games or fun.
They don't enjoy life much do they, and
yet the Lone Dog rather enjoyed being
alone, in his own queer way.)

A Talk With Bobby Burke

Dear Cosy Corner Members,
Now don't be frightened, Bobby Burke
isn't going to take up a lot of the Corner
every month to talk to you, but just now
after the holidays with my mind all full
of good things to say I feel like talking or
rather writing to you, and I hope you
will enjoy it, as I do.

Last month I took you on a very fast
trip through several countries of Europe,
now would you like to hear a little bit
more about some of the oldest of them?
Of all the old old places, that we were in
this summer, the very oldest of them was
the buried city of Ostia, which is about
fourteen miles from Rome. It was the
first colony founded by Rome and now all
that remains of it are the lower stories of
buildings, the streets, in which part of the
paving is still quite good, and the beauti-
ful Coliseum which has been restored.
This ancient city is buried or was buried
in sand, and it is only forty years ago
since they began to dig it out. So well
have they progressed that you may now
walk down several streets, peering into
remains of ancient houses and palaces,
climbing stairs built many years before
Christ was born, and getting some little
idea how people lived in those far off days.
In the fields around the city you may see
large mounds, with sometimes a broken
pillar or a few stones to show that there
also lie other streets and houses of this old
old city. Does it amaze you to know that
the people of those days had a waterworks
system? Well they had, and a good one
too. Ditches have been dug in the streets
and lined with bricks, and through them
are laid pipes made of clay. These pipes

Continued on column 4

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

The Pinkity Winkity Stories

By Marion Wathen Fox

The Pink China Teapot

WAS'N'T Pinkity Winkity the happy
and proud little girl when she start-
ed off home from the fairies' party
carrying the beautiful pink and white
china teapot for her mother! She carried
it just as carefully as she could, for it
would be terrible if anything happened
that lovely, lovely teapot for her mother!

But, she had stayed just a little too
long at the fairies' party for now the
moon was going down. When she came
near the big gray rock it almost hid the
moon, it was so dark for just a few
minutes, that indeed Pinkity Winkity
could scarcely see the path, and then—
if she didn't stumble on a rock and knock
the pink china teapot out of her hands!
It fell with a crash right on the very
stone on which she had stumbled. Just
then the moon came out from behind the
big gray rock and then Pinkity Winkity
saw, the spout was broken right off the
pink china teapot; she could see its
silver lining gleaming all the way
through the spout. Oh—dear! Oh—dear!

Pinkity Winkity dropped right down
by the side of the path and began to
cry and cry.

"Oh, my lovely, lovely teapot! I wan-
ted it to give to my mother! And now
it is no good," she sobbed.

But just then a voice from somewhere
said,

"Why—if here isn't a little girl sitting
all alone by the side of the path crying!
Little girl, what are you doing here at
this time of the night crying? What is
the matter, dear? Tell me and perhaps
I can do something to help you."

So, Pinkity Winkity looked up through
her tears and if there wasn't a little old
woman with the brightest and kindest
eyes Pinkity Winkity had ever seen, and
wearing a blue cloak and a blue bonnet.

"I'm Pinkity Winkity," she sobbed. "I
was up at the fairies' hill-top at a party
and they gave me a lovely, lovely pink
china teapot for my mother, and the
moon got hidden back of the big gray
rock and I tumbled on a stone—and—
and broke—my—lovely teapot—and now
I can't ever give it to my mother for—
for the spout is broken off—oh dear!
dear!" and Pinkity Winkity cried louder
than ever.

"Poor little girl!" said the little old
woman, "but perhaps I can mend your
teapot."

"Oh—no, no! The spout is broken right
off. Nobody can mend it now," sobbed
Pinkity Winkity.

"But, Pinkity Winkity, there's scarcely
a thing in the world broken so badly
but that I can mend it. Pick up your
broken teapot and come with me—I'll
have it mended for you before the moon
goes down behind the hills. It shouldn't
be hard to mend a teapot that a little
girl was taking to her mother."

So Pinkity Winkity got up and
brushed the dust from her teapot and
followed the little old woman in the
blue cloak to a little house back of the
gray rock.

Right away the little old woman
opened a very strong trunk. In the strong
trunk was a very strong box. She opened
the strong box and there inside was a
beautiful, beautiful box made of gold.
She unlocked the golden box with a
little golden key and said, "Look into the
golden box, Pinkity Winkity!" So Pink-
ity Winkity looked in, but the box
seemed to be empty—Pinkity Winkity
couldn't see a thing.

The old woman put in a spoon and
filled it from the golden box with stuff
you couldn't see, and rubbed this on the
broken teapot. Almost right away the
spout was fastened on so well that you
couldn't tell it had ever been broken.

"Here's your teapot for your mother,
Pinkity Winkity. It's just as good as
when the fairy gave it to you. Even
they could not see the place it was
mended," laughed the little old woman
as she handed the teapot back to Pinkity
Winkity.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you! kind
little woman," laughed Pinkity Winkity.

"But however did you mend it when
there was nothing in the golden box and
nothing in the spoon?" asked Pinkity
Winkity in surprise.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the little old
woman. "There are lots of wonderful
things in the world you can't see. That
box was full of the most precious stuff
in the world. It will mend almost any-
thing. Now, my dear you'd better hurry
home, before the moon goes down."

So Pinkity Winkity thanked the little
old woman again and hurried home carry-
ing the teapot more carefully than ever.
But all the way she was wondering
about what was the name of the precious
stuff in the golden box—the stuff that
would mend things.

"I'll ask my mother," said Pinkity
Winkity. "She will be sure to know."

Her mother was exceedingly surprised
and glad to get the lovely teapot, and
said,

"Did I ever see such a magnificent
teapot! And to think it's for me! Why,
it's a teapot fit for a queen! and she
hurried to make a cup of tea in it.

"Oh, dear—a—me! dear—a—me!" she
called sadly back to Pinkity Winkity.
"There are only three leaves of tea left!
And that will not make a cup of tea even
in a beautiful pot like this."

"It might, mother," comforted Pinkity
Winkity. "You see this is a fairy teapot,
and there is no knowing just what it
might do!"

So her mother dropped in the three
leaves of tea and poured on the boiling
water. She let it stand awhile and then
poured some out through the lovely spout
with the silver lining, and—if the tea that
came through the spout wasn't the most
beautifully colored tea they had ever
seen and just as strong as though it had
been made with a whole spoonful of tea.

"It's a magical teapot! Oh it's a
magical teapot!" exclaimed Pinkity
Winkity's mother. Just to think it will
make tea with only three tiny bits of
leaves!"

Now, on account of both Pinkity Wink-
ity and her mother knowing well that tea
was not good for little girls, of course
Pinkity Winkity never drank it. But now
Pinkity Winkity's mother said, "Pinkity
Winkity, just this once, you may drink
tea, so that you may know what wonder-
ful tea this magical teapot from the
fairies can make."

So Pinkity Winkity took up her little
blue cup and her mother started to pour
tea from the magical teapot into it. And
out of the spout there came—milk. Pink-
ity Winkity and her mother could
scarcely believe their eyes.

"Ha! Ha!" they laughed. "The fairies
know what is good for little girls! What
a joke! What a joke!"

entered the houses and supplied water for
the baths, which were in shape like our
own baths only instead of being made of
tin or porcelain they were made of marble
or stone. The floors of these houses were
inlaid, and there are several floors which
still show the pattern, which in many
cases was much like the patterns on the
linoleum or oilcloth used on our own floors.
The Coliseum which was the theatre of
those days, is built in the shape of half a
circle, and it has been re-built so that it is
as beautiful as ever. From its seats you
may look out over what was once the
Forum or meeting place of the people,
and all that is left of this place are rows
of lovely pillars, which mark the places
where the ancient guilds of boatmen,
raftmen and others had their offices, and
where there was a temple to a heathen god.
It is very wonderful to walk on the old
old pavements of these roads, to climb
the ancient stairs, to look down on the
lovely floors, and to know that hundreds
and hundreds of years ago strange people
walked and lived in these streets, indeed
were buried here, for one street has a row
of tombs where bodies used to be laid.

It is a city of silence and age,
and next to Pompeii the most wonderfully
preserved ruin of a city in the world.
Can you picture it a little bit lying out
there in the hot Italian sunshine, now
several miles from the sea when it was
once right on its shores? In the long
years since the sand has not only sifted in
and covered the city but made a great
difference along the ocean shore as well,
and has filled in miles of water with land.
To spend a few hours in such a place
makes you know that the world is very
old and that many people have lived
before us, and learned all that we know
and much more, and we are not so wonder-
ful as we would sometimes like to think.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

Alice Adam of McDonald's Corner,
Ont., who signs herself a "Cosy Corner",
sends us a few riddles which follow below.
Alice you win a gold button by sending in
competitions which appear under the
heading of "Something to Do."

Riddles—A yardful, a houseful, and
can't catch a bowlful—Smoke.

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup.
All the kings' horses couldn't pick up.—A
well.

Ruth Scouler of 1610-10th Ave. E.,
Vancouver, writes a very interesting
letter with the following direction for
signing your name. Try and see how
you succeed.

Fix a mirror upright on the table, and
lay a piece of paper in front of it. Then
hold a newspaper or sheet of cardboard in
the left hand so that you are unable to
look directly at the paper and try to sign
your name by looking in the glass.

A simpler experiment is to try and draw
a square in the same manner. There
will be very little difficulty in making the
four sides fall into position but when you
try to draw diagonals from corner to
corner you will find it is a different story.

Mary Swan of Swift Current belongs to
a lot of clubs but wants to join the Cosy
Corner too. We have to earn our gold
buttons in the Cosy Corner Mary. Try
one of the competitions in "Something to
Do" and see if you can't win a button.

Violet Edwards of Shining Bak, Alta.
(such a pretty name for a post office),
loves the Pinkity Winkity stories, and
although she's ten, and a tall girl, says she
is a bookworm. She has yellow hair and
blue eyes. (Quite a nice bookworm).
Violet brings home seven cows every
night. She has a lot of pets, calves, cats,
and a horse.



Home from School

When I come home from school each day,
I want a sandwich right away.
But when a fellow studies so,
He's got to eat a lot, you know.



*Something to Do for November***Christmas Cards**

Christmas that old Time Stealer is on the way. Have you thought about your Christmas cards yet? Bobby Burke has, and here is a chance for the Cosy Corner artists, and we haven't given them a chance for quite a long time. I want you to design a Christmas card. Now this means you must make up the picture on it, draw it and paint it yourself, print the greeting, or the verse you choose and do it all yourself. This is one kind of card—now here is another for those who, like Bobby Burke, are not lucky enough to be able to draw or paint.—Cut out from advertisements or anywhere you choose, figures or pictures you think would make a nice card, mount these, write or print your greeting and send that in.

There will be two prizes—a box of paints and a gold button for the best drawn and painted card; a box of paints and a gold button for the best pasted card.

There will be other gold buttons too for second and third in each class.

Remember these points will count—your own idea, neatness, cleanliness, printing or writing the verse you choose.

Send in your cards to Bobby Burke so that they will reach Winnipeg before December 10th, and the prizes will be given in the January number.

Reading

There will be a prize of a gold button for the best, shortest and neatest written description of the most interesting book you have read this year. Be sure you give the name of the book so other people may read it too if you liked it.

Alphabetical Alliterations

Ida indulged innocently in innocent ices in Inman's inn.

Julia Jennings's joyfully joined Jean Jeff's jingles.

Kind Keith Kent kept Kenneth King's keepsake kite.

Lovely Letitias loving lover loves lovely loving Letitia.

Muriel Meredith mastered Mendelssohn's melodious melody magnificently.

No noise, no nonsense, near noble Nora's new newsy nook.

Oswald Osborne owns Old Oaks on Owen Otter's oat land.

Pretty Phillis popped pleasantly past Poncesfort's prosperous Plantation.

Quarelling quails quickly quelled quietly quivering quails.

Ray Renold's rill ran rapidly rippling ripply reveries.

Steadily stately stalwart students swept snow stormed steps swiftly.

The thirty tourists travelled through tall towering trees.

Untiring urchins usefully used Ursala Ullin's ulster usefully.

Vivian Vernon viewed Violet velvet visions vividly.

Willingly Willa worked wonderful work with worsted wool.

X child, X girl, X miss, X name, X home, X town, now please Xplain.

Yales young yearning youthful youths yachted yesterday.

Zealous Zebel Zanzilla zone is zenith.

Puzzle Paul's East and West

Forward eastward just for fun,
begun fun's westward Forward

Forward eastward, one more run,
fun is fun laughing are All

Forward eastward a slow pace,
race stepping a Peak's Puzzle Though

Forward eastward, one grand run,
fun for just all Mount Merry Down.

(One line forward, one backward. East and West.)



A Pot Full of Puppies

Make Gifts of Music at Christmas Time

*Order Them Today. Pay For Them After the New Year.
Nothing Could be More Acceptable.*

Pianos, Player Pianos, Phonographs, Organs, Small Instruments, Radio Sets, Phonograph Records and Player Piano Rolls

Such gifts as these last long after the excitement of Christmas has passed. Each time they are used they recall the giver. Everybody enjoys music in its various forms. Nothing that you could give would be more acceptable. Our easy payment plan makes the payment of any of these gifts a simple matter—a small cash payment and the balance on terms to suit your convenience.

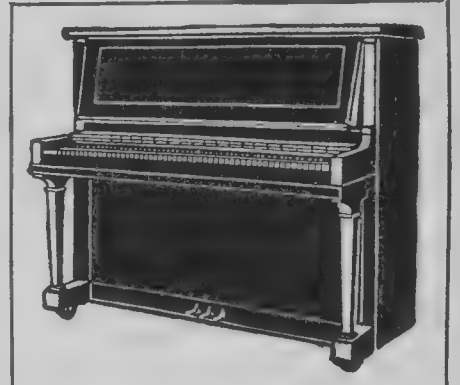
New Pianos on Easy Terms

A Few of Our Other Specials

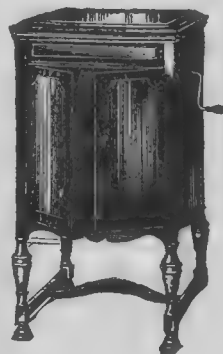
Canada	\$385
"Special"	
Ennis	\$415
"Colonial"	
Bell	\$445
"Studio"	
Gerhard Heintzman	\$495
"Puritan"	

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Thoroughly overhauled and in good condition. **\$265**
Upwards

The Ennis piano "Bungalow Style," finished in either Mahogany or Oak with free stool and freight prepaid to your nearest station at a special Christmas selling price that means a saving of over \$50 to \$75 on similar values which might be secured elsewhere, one of the greatest bargain offers we have ever made. Pay \$25.00 now—have your piano shipped now or for Christmas, whichever you prefer, and pay off the balance at the rate of \$10.00 monthly. Half-yearly, or full payments arranged on one-quarter cash payments if you prefer them. This piano has a rich resonant tone, is exquisitely beautiful in design and finish, and guaranteed by both the manufacturers and ourselves at this special price **\$395**



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\$145.50	\$108.50
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AGENTS—READ THIS. Forde Suits and Overcoats made to measure at \$17.50 delivered. Absolutely no competition. Guaranteed \$25.00 and \$30.00 values. Real full lined tailored garments from fine worsteds and all wool tweeds—not cotton work garments. You sell three to one against all higher priced lines. Experienced salesmen can make real money with this line. Part time agents can sell their friends and neighbors and earn easily \$10.00 daily. Free suit or overcoat if you mean business. Wonderful selling outfit free. Write for yours today. Forde Clothing Co., Dept. 112, P.O. Box 2384, Montreal. 11-27

ASTONISHING PROFITS are being made every day by men and women taking orders for the Famous Lionel Custom Quality Dress shirts—work shirts—windbreakers—neckwear and outdoor clothing. Most complete line in the country. We deliver and collect. You take your profit every day. Experience unnecessary. Big outfit and Salesmanship manual is yours for asking, absolutely free. Write today. Lionel Mills, Dept. B.18, Box 1404, Montreal. 11-27

AUTO TOP TRIMMINGS

AUTO TOPS AND TRIMMINGS—Seat Top and Radiator Covers. Upholstering and Trimming. Winnipeg Top & Trimming Company, 780 Portage Ave., "The Auto Top Shop." 12-27

BOOKS AND NOVELTIES

NOVELTY CATALOGUE, listing latest Novelties, Masquerade Supplies, Magic Tricks, Joke Novelties, Toys, Etc. Sent free postpaid. United Sales Co., Station B, Winnipeg, Man. 11-27

DOGS

ST. BERNARD PUPPIES, registered, Champion pedigree, popular prices, delivery guaranteed, photos submitted. Halvetia Kennels, 181-W McKenna Avenue, Montreal. 11-27

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MINKS—Best foundation stock. Stanstead Fur Farms, Stanstead, Quebec. 1-28

RAISE MUSKRATS; mink, raccoon for big profits. Write Fur Farms Bureau, London, Ontario, Canada. 10-28

SILVER FOXES—"Notes from my Diary," booklet form, sixth edition, price 25 cents. A little treatise of practical information, boiled down, and printed in simple language. Thousands of testimonial letters testify to its value. Dr. E. A. Randall, Truro, N.S., Canada. 11-27

HELP WANTED

GIRLS—WOMEN WANTED. Learn Gown Making. \$35.00 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons FREE. Franklin Institute, Dept. R 526, Rochester, N.Y. 11-27

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 2190 Broadway, New York. 3-28

EARN \$25 WEEKLY UP at home clipping newspapers and addressing envelopes. No canvassing. Everything furnished. Spare or full time. Particulars for stamp. Gillies Mailing Service, Box 8, Sydney, Nova Scotia. 11-27

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WANTED, persons to grow mushrooms for us all winter. Earn upwards of \$25 weekly, using waste cellar spaces. Illustrated booklet sent for for stamp. Dominion Mushroom Co., Toronto 3. 11-27



FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN WANTED For railroads near their homes — EVERYWHERE. Experience unnecessary. Beginners \$150-\$250 monthly. Also clerks wanted (which position?). Railway Association, Box M-20, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. 11-27

MUSIC

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SONGWRITERS WANTED—You write the words, we'll compose the music. Frank Peters, Box 3733, Winnipeg, Man. 11-27

NURSING

PRIVATE NURSES frequently earn \$30 a week. Learn by personal correspondence. Catalogue No. 9 free. Royal College of Science, Toronto 4, Canada. 11-27

PERSONAL

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FOR SALE

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The Poacher

By Dan McCowan

A FILMY mist hung low amidst the leafless alders and all the bracken fronds were tipped with dewy pearls. Smoke from a woodman's fire rose reluctantly in the dank heavy atmosphere and then trailed away in wisps of faded blue. Here and there a spider's web, beaded with tiny globules of moisture, caught the eye and compelled admiration for the symmetrical snare of this weaver of silken thread. Perched high on the fire-blackened stump of fir, a crow cawed raucously. It seemed a place of profound melancholy, a place of mouldering leaves from whence sunshine and colour had long since departed. And then, into this drab picture, an English cock pheasant walked. In contrast with the dull setting this bird seemed unusually brilliant of plumage, seemed like a living jewel. But then, it was nigh twenty years since I had seen one of these birds of the spinneys and copses and after such lapse of time one might reasonably be excused for having but hazy recollection of the exquisite hues and pencillings that are present on the feathers of this aristocratic game bird. Here in the coastal woods of British Columbia the type has lost little of the inherent dignity and has retained all of the pert carriage that is so characteristic of its progenitors in the game preserves of Britain. Causing the creature to take to air and watching its graceful flight above the alders and across a meadow by the Frazer river there came a sudden surge of recollection from far away and from bygone days. Days when, as a small boy, I had helped to drive hosts of pheasants from covert to the waiting guns and, inwardly, had been vexed at the wanton slaughter that invariably ensued. Into this moving picture of the memory there came also certain individuals who were considered wise in the ways of birds and beasts and fishes. Grierson, the gamekeeper, for instance, a man who swore profusely at wayward sporting dogs on the grouse moors and vehemently at shortcomings of fellow curlers on the icebound lochans yet who on Sabbath days in the place of worship stood by the plate with becoming decorum and had a friendly nod for young and old alike.

More vivid perhaps was remembrance of Sople Alick, the poacher, secretly admired for his amazing knowledge of the manners and habits of creatures of the woodlands and meadows. To adventurous youth he was ever a mentor to be heeded for none could reveal such secrets of grave import as this lean visaged keen-witted individual who scorned the hired men of the manor and who laughed in his sleeve at the law. Oh, how deftly could he braid a horse-hair fishing line, how neatly busk a Greenwells Glory or tie a March Brown fly. His ferrets, carefully concealed in the hayloft above the byre, seemed always more lithe, more sleek and deadly than those of either "Gamie" or rabbit-catcher. The bird lime that he made from the bark of the holly tree held the feet of captive birds in a grim tenacious grasp; the "Cleeck" that he carried in his outer pouch was not a golfing implement but a large sharp hook that in its day had pierced and grassed many a silver salmon from the linns and fords of Findoglen river.

The methods adopted by this doyen of the poaching tribe were as ingenious as they were varied. He was amazingly clever in adapting the means at his command to the furtherance of his plans. His alibis being flawless, the Justices of the Peace and he were unacquainted,

judicially. Seated in the lee of a dry-stone dyke, his well seasoned "cutty" filled and lit, he would at times tell of exploits in which he had figured, not prominently, and, knowing that his confidences would not be betrayed, spoke freely of deeds done in the darkness and of the way his would be captors were confounded.

WHEN, in the back-end of the year, the sea trout came to spawn in the hill burns of Glengoinan it was known that poachers took heavy toll of these fish by placing quantities of unslacked lime in the upper reaches of the stream. But this was a messy substance to transport and so the Sople one had recourse to soap powders which proved equally deadly to the fishes and besides were more portable and less conspicuous than lumps of dusty lime. The use of a great flaring flambeaux, commonly employed in luring salmon within reach of the gaff during night poaching, had also the power to attract sundry water bailiffs. A small acetylene lamp illuminating but a small area of the stream surface was much more serviceable to Alick and, being quickly extinguished in time of need, was infinitely safer. This was the light that oft-times flickered eerily at night in the hazels fringing the limpid streams and that flitted like will-o-the-wisp amongst the saughs that grew by the Fiddlers linn.

Pheasants were most easily taken when roosting, a sulphur smudge under the trees where the birds habitually roosted serving to bring them quickly to earth and to an untimely death. Muirfowl, feeding on buds in the birch tree tops, offered a tempting target to such an excellent catapult shot as this poacher proved to be. The method of taking partridges in winter was by trapping. When a farmer had removed a hay rick from the field, these plump brown birds were wont to resort to the stack site in order to obtain the seeds that lay in abundance on the ground. This was Alick's opportunity. In such places and after dark he placed a number of small steel traps, (similar to those used in Western Canada for taking marten) upon the ground, concealing them with leaves and with wisps of hay. When, at daybreak, a covey of partridges alighted on the spot, it was not long until one luckless individual stepped into a trap and was caught. Instead of taking immediate flight, the other birds invariably ran around the captive in circles and soon each trap held a feathered victim.

Brown hares were usually snared but, being comparatively valuable prey, often justified the risk of a shot from the short barreled gun that was carried closely concealed in the breeks of the lawless hunter. Rabbits were of course ferreted from their warrens. Fleeing in terror from the weasel-like beasts that penetrated to their benmost bores, they emerged in hot haste only to be enveloped in the meshes of a baggy net spread over the entrance to the burrows.

In such ways as this did the expert poacher play a lone hand and, master of his illicit craft, took share of what he considered was his by right. Strange as it may seem, when streams and lochs were frozen and season of Bonspiels had come, it was the Gamekeeper who, anonymously, paid Sople Alick's curling fees. For the keen eye and steady hand of the fearless poacher oft-times gave victory to Grierson's rink and brought fame to the club wherein they were brother curlers.

For Thanksgiving Comes

For no rich pomp do I give thanks,
Or any wealth of power.
I have no fame to make me proud
In this most humble hour.

But one in need asked help of me
And I could give him aid—
A lift along a lonely road,
And faith to one afraid.

For this great boon that Thou didst
grant,
Take, Lord, my thanks today—
When one I love cries out to me,
I need not say him nay.

— Annie Crim Leavenworth, in the New York Times.

Announce- Classified Advertisers

Commencing with the January, 1928, issue of The Western Home Monthly a slight increase in the classified advertising rate will go into effect. This has been made necessary through an increase of some 12,000 subscribers in the past year. The growing popularity of Western Canada's only magazine means that although you are paying out slightly more for an advertisement you are reaching more homes for your advertising dollar than ever before. The new rate will be 10 cents a word, minimum insertion \$1.50, and still the cut rate on orders of six insertions for the price of five.

Romance of Manitoba's Proposed National Park

Continued from page 54

Proceeding down the river for another two miles, we again enter the Park, taking the trail over to Lake George. This is our "long portage." All our supplies, equipment and canoe must be carried a distance of one and a half miles, but, nothing daunted, we apply ourselves to the task and, in due time we see the welcoming sight of water glinting through the trees.

Lake George, the fisherman's paradise, where the big speckled lake trout abound. This is the country home of the Manitoba Hunting and Fishing Club, and many a "tall" story has been told of an evening around the blazing log fire in the intimacy of the club house.

Down the lake for five or six miles we pursue our way, the translucent water, smooth as a limpid pool in the soft glow of the evening sunlight. Here and there on either shore are small clearings where a few hardy pioneers have erected their log cabins and are going ahead making a home in these ideal surroundings. These men, nearly all of whom are returned soldiers of the Great War, have homesteaded their quarter sections on this lovely lake and will enjoy an exclusive privilege, inasmuch as all the land in this area has now been withdrawn from further homestead entry. Thus they may feel like the feudal lords of old that they are, indeed, monarchs of all they survey, unfettered and untrammelled by the conventions of a modern civilization.

A few more portages, across other lakes and we are back in the Whiteshell nearing home, bronzed and invigorated by that contact with Mother Nature wherein spring the powerful, vitalizing forces of our being. Refreshed in body and mind, we feel re-equipped for our struggle in the workaday world, thankful for that glimpse into nature's bountiful storehouse of divine beauty and art—in all the splendor and magnificence of its natural simplicity.

Rare Shark-God Found After Long Searching

Continued from page 41

could not possibly have drifted there. It is also quite evident that the tools used in fashioning it were of the most primitive kind, such as adzes made from the shell of the giant clam, the only available material for the manufacture of tools before Europeans arrived.

Though Mr. Burnett was foiled in his first attempt to secure this rare piece of early native work when he was in the Gilberts a dozen years ago, he continued with true collector's zeal to hope. He returned to this portion of the South Seas recently to again take up the hunt. In this last visit he learned of the death of the aged priest, and of the white man who had been given the god. But the white man had gone to Australia. The collector followed him several thousand miles till, at last, in Sydney, he succeeded in locating him, and secured from him the precious "Shark Goddess," the object of his long search.

Into the Sunset

By Lina Williamson

*Into the Sunset, hand in hand,
We go, unfearing, and in peace,
Knowing there is a better land,
And God's sweet mercy will not cease.*

*The golden light of dying day
Shines o'er us softly as we go;
At morn our steps were light and gay,
With evening they are growing slow.*

*Onward into the sunset light,
For is there not a land more blest?
And hand in hand to Death's dark night,
And God at last will give us rest.*

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The Western Home Monthly

Stovel Building,
Winnipeg, Can.





Our Country's History

EVERY Canadian has reason for deep satisfaction that the Canadian Clubs, both the men's organizations and the women's, all across Canada, are taking united action to stimulate the study of Canadian history in the schools from Atlantic to Pacific. No country's history has more of heroism, of thrilling adventure, of romance and color and interest and inspiration than our country's history has. Every Canadian should know Canadian history, and know it well.

Youth and Years

NOTHING has changed more in this world than the idea and the fact (for it was a fact only a few generations ago) that a man was old at fifty and a woman at forty. The fact is now that at these ages men and women, having outlived the violent vitality of their youth and acquired the experience of living which can come only from living, are beginning to live as mature human individuals. They are coming to what is best in human life. A soul that has been forty, fifty or sixty years or more in this world can still be young. The bodies, it is true, in which our souls are housed do not always preserve their youth as well as the souls do. But the improvement in that respect is becoming more and more remarkable. A young soul in a body that has been properly used in its youth is the finest thing in the world.

The World's Food

IN 1696 Gregory King, a learned man who was a pioneer in the study of statistics, calculated that it would take until the year 3500 for England to have 22,000,000 people—"in case the world," he was careful to write, "should last so long." He computed that by the year 1900 the population of England would be 7,500,000. Actually it was 32,500,000. Was Gregory King a poor calculator? Not at all. The plain truth of the matter is that he could not take into account, nor even imagine, what was coming. At the present time learned calculators are figuring how long it will be before there will be as many people in the world as the world can produce food for. But they can neither know, nor imagine, what is coming, any more than Gregory King could in 1696.

The Mystery of Smell

IF, WHEN you were a schoolchild, you carried a tin lunch-box which sometimes had gingerbread in it as part of your lunch, it is worth while to take such a box now, if you can find one, and put some bread and butter and gingerbread in it, and then shut your eyes and be surprised to find how your nose can carry you across the years and land you, a schoolchild again for the moment, amid the sights and sounds of the old schoolhouse. These vivid flashes of memory which the sense of smell can bring us sometimes are among the mysteries of our lives. How much more wonderfully equipped we should be, if we had that sense as highly developed as the dog has it! The human brain is pre-eminently a sight-brain. The dog's brain is a nose-

brain. The dog seems to recognize certain emotions through his nose. Fear, for example, and the absence of fear. Suppose we humans could develop our noses, so that in like manner we could distinguish, say, sincerity from deceit. Consider in what measure life would be improved!

For Health and Length of Days

THE records show that in the "Merrie England" of two hundred years ago three out of four infants died in their first year. The infantile mortality in Great Britain is now less than one in six. The Chief Medical Officer of Great Britain, Sir George Newman, points out further that the comparison is still more striking in regard to the longer life lived now by the average human being everywhere. "The one man most largely accountable for this progress," he adds, "is Louis Pasteur, the great French scientist, who deserves to rank as the one person whom humanity has most reason to remember with gratitude. On his work in placing the nature of infectious diseases beyond question are founded modern preventive medicine and sanitary science." In no study and practice has there been a more steady and certain movement toward that knowledge of nature which alone can control nature. In no study and practice is it being made constantly clearer that man's fate is largely in his own hands.

Wrong and Right

THE Toronto reader of The Monthly who has sent a letter on the subject of the religious instruction of children does not give weight enough to the fact that we are all born with inherited animal instincts, which during our lives must be held in check by moral strength which is best acquired in our homes in our early formative years. A thing that everybody who thinks knows, but nobody seems to realize, is that morality based on early inculcated feeling is more compelling than morality based on logic. The man who is honest because honesty is the best policy is not so honest as the man who is honest not because he has reasoned it out that it is safer to be honest, but because he has an inner moral sentiment which makes him do what is right because it is right. And is it not so with the other virtues?

Character Reading

FROM a Winnipeg reader The Philosopher has received a letter asking if he believes in palmistry. Well, one's character has a great deal to do with shaping the course of one's life, and the power of judging character in individuals and of judging what their lives have been and are likely to be is sometimes strongly developed. That power seems to have something of the subconscious in it at times. A woman fortune-teller not long ago told The Philosopher that she depended on study of all the characteristics which she could observe in the people who came to her "to have their hands read," and trusted what she called her intuition, and that the palmistry she used was, to use her own expression, "applesauce."

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The Western Home Monthly

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What the World is Saying

What About Santa Claus?

Mussolini says a man with a beard is never great.—Vancouver Sun.

Why Not A Skye Terrier?

The Royal Air Force rejoices in an Airedale as its mascot.—London Daily Mail.

And a Flattened One May, Too

A sharp nose, according to physiological authorities, indicates curiosity.—Journal of Psychology.

But What If It Busts?

An advertisement says: "This appliance will reduce your hips, or bust."—Victoria Colonist.

Can It Be There Is None Nearer?

The Times asks: "How Near Is Beer?" As nearly as we know, Canada.—New York Evening Post.

The Beauty of Brevity

A woman's dress used to be a poem. Now it is an epigram—short and striking.—Lethbridge Herald.

When a Husband Flies

The wife of an aviator is the only woman who is always glad to see her husband down and out.—Hamilton Spectator.

Looking Forward to the Golden Age

Disarmament is a help, but what the world needs is a history that reads the same in all countries.—Toronto Globe.

For a Time, At Least

In the burning of a trainload of automobiles at Detroit, a few pedestrians' lives may have been saved.—Edmonton Journal.

A Test of the Optimistic Spirit

A 100 per cent optimist is a man who believes that the thinning out of his hair is only a temporary matter.—Neepawa Press.

A Kind of Man We All Like

We like a man that comes right out and says what he thinks—when he agrees with us.—Indian Head News.

Lured by Phantom Lucre

Many men who gave up believing in Santa Claus long ago, still think they can win on the stock market.—Montreal Gazette.

What One Nut at the Wheel Can Do

It takes about 1,500 nuts to hold an automobile together, but it only takes one to scatter it all over the landscape.—New Westminster British Canadian.

Solid Ground for Confidence

Outside capital has shown that it has plenty of confidence in Canada. The time was never more opportune for Canadians themselves to reveal their own confidence in their own country.—Canadian Finance.

And Some Men Past Twenty-one

Most girls of twenty-one have as much sense as most young men of twenty-one. Any woman younger or older than twenty-one will admit that.—Ottawa Journal.

Destructive Stuff

According to an unofficial report, the practice of dumping confiscated liquor in the streets of New York will soon be stopped. Well, it's about time; look at the condition of the paving now!—New York World.

Motoring Item

A motoring expert observes that a motor-car can get you any where. Yes, we've noticed it. Wherever you are, they get you.—Kitchener Record.

Would You Say "In Force"?

There are over one million laws in force in the United States. Another one is evidently needed, making murder illegal in Chicago.—London Opinion.

A Sister, Under Her Skin

The Queen of Holland's daughter is going to college, we learn, not as Princess Juliana, but just as plain "Miss." After all, under everything, that's just what she is.—Saskatoon Star.

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